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ON THE VELDT  
IN THE SEVENTIES

SIR CHARLES WARREN



**ON THE VELDT IN  
THE SEVENTIES**









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**ON THE VELDT IN  
THE SEVENTIES**









# ON THE VELDT IN THE SEVENTIES

BY

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

SIR CHARLES WARREN

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## P R E F A C E

I HAVE been requested from time to time (by friends who are interested in the welfare of South Africa) to give my views as to the condition of the country with which I have been connected for so many years.

It appears to me that I can best do this by first gathering together the impressions I received some five and twenty years ago, when my duties brought me into intimate acquaintance with the peoples and their varied interests; and subsequently, if practicable, by following up with further accounts showing by our experience in the past how we may be enabled to avoid or surmount difficulties in the future—difficulties which all, who know the country, can clearly see ahead of us.

The bulk of the volume which I now place before the public consists of extracts from my journals and letters to my wife and children; and the difference of tone of thought and expression running through the volume is due, in a measure, to the various ages

**PREFACE**

of those to whom the letters are addressed. This will account for childish anecdotes and scraps of natural history, interspersed about the book, which I have retained by desire of those who have read the manuscript.

**CHARLES WARREN.**

**RAMSGATE,**

*October 1902.*

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LAYING THE BOUNDARY-LINE  
FROM THE  
ORANGE TO VAAL RIVERS

CHAPTER I

IN the autumn of 1876 I was engineer, for Works, to the War Department small arms and gunpowder factories, and felt that I was fast drifting into civil life, while all my aspirations were in the direction of a life of military activity. At this time I was offered an appointment as engineer to harbour works in Australia, at £950 per annum, and was considering the *pros* and *cons* when I received a communication from the Colonial Office asking whether it would be agreeable to me to undertake the duties of Special Commissioner in laying down the Boundary-line between Griqualand West and the Orange Free State for her Majesty's Government in conjunction with an expert from the Orange Free State.

Here was the very chance I wanted ; I felt that the work would exactly suit me, and closed with the



## 2 LAYING THE BOUNDARY-LINE

offer. The Colonial Office was most considerate in every respect ; all my requests were attended to [C—1814, July 1877] and on Oct. 13, 1876, I received instructions as to my course of procedure, which involved a triangulation, survey and beaconing off of a long slip of ground through which the boundary-line was to pass, from the Orange River near Hopetown on the south to the Vaal River near Fourteen Streams on the north, so arranged as to include the Diamond Fields in British territory. The subject of minor concessions of land was left entirely in my hands, Lord Carnarvon informing me that, while adhering to the general spirit of the agreement with the Orange Free State, I might consider myself at liberty, without sacrificing material points, to make such concessions in minor matters as I might consider fair and expedient, and as might seem necessary in order to prevent disagreement or controversy in the future ; and I was further informed that Lord Carnarvon attached quite as much importance to a settlement which in matters of detail would be final and satisfactory to both sides, as to the actual precision of the survey work. My communications with the Colonial Office ended with a kind letter from Lord Carnarvon's private Secretary (now Sir Montagu Ommanney, Under Secretary of State) saying, "I cannot sufficiently congratulate the Colony on obtaining your services."

I received letters of introduction from my commanding officer (afterwards Col. Sir Peter Scratchley, K.C.M.G.) who said : "I intend to send

a memo. about your services in the districts as a slight recognition of my debt to you for the steady, indefatigable way in which you have worked. As I say to Sir Henry Barkly, I could not wish to come across an abler officer or a better fellow." I also received many letters of introduction to people at the Cape, from my old friend Col. Anthony Durnford (killed at Isandlwana); he had just returned from the Cape after the Langalibalele episode, where he was seriously injured in the shoulder; he ended his letter, "Good-bye, old fellow—if we never meet again—God bless you!" [We never did meet again. He was one of the best of soldiers and truest of friends, and died the death of a hero.]

The following account of my life on the boundary-line is taken principally from my diary, and from my letters to my wife and children, and I may observe that the views I have expressed of the people, whites and natives, were my first impressions, which were modified somewhat as I remained longer in the country and understood them more fully.

My staff consisted of two non-commissioned officers R.E. from the Ordnance Survey (Sergeant Kennedy and Corporal Randall).

We left England in the Union ss. *Danube* October 26, 1876. Our fellow passengers were not numerous but very amusing. The principal parties (who I came across subsequently) were two shikaris going lion hunting towards the Zambesi (Colonel Saltmarsh and Mr. Brooks); Messrs. Porges and Rube on business to the Diamond Fields; Mr. and Mrs. Atwood of the biscuit-baking firm, Capetown; two



#### 4 LAYING THE BOUNDARY-LINE

Frasers, brothers, going to Basutoland; a Natal farmer, wife and son; Mr. Alexander, engineer; many others, mostly ladies.

The most amusing certainly was M. Porges, he evidently knows the value of money though he has never known the want of it. He was the life of our party, and I saw a good deal of him. He is not naturally by any means a butt, but he often made himself our butt for our amusement, and acted most cleverly. On crossing the Line the Captain forbade Old Neptune to come on board, so in lieu we got up a *charade*, the word being given by Porges, half English, half French, Don Quichotte (Quixote) or donkey shot. Our engineer was turned into the "Don" (Don Juan) and made to make love to two or three ladies at one time; the rehearsals were some of the most inexpressibly funny scenes imaginable; after much coaching, at which many of us assisted, he became an adept. In the last scene M. Porges was Don Quixote and shot me, a donkey dressed up as a lion. I brought down the house by an impromptu as I lay dead: pointing at Porges in his grotesque costume—"Better a dead lion than a live donkey." M. Porges was the more amusing because there was so much ponderous dignity mixed up with it, and while putting us for ever on the grin he kept his own countenance severe. At the time of crossing the Line we had boisterous sports; amongst others bear-basting, and I gladly allowed myself to be swung in a sling, and beaten black and blue with knotted handkerchiefs for the sake of seeing the magnificent Porges going through

the same ordeal shortly afterwards, glaring at us and looking very like being out of temper yet ever keeping it under control.

We neared Capetown on November 20, anchoring at 4 P.M. As we approached land during the day, we were much impressed with the extraordinary effect of the mirage on the sea-coast. The whole of the barren sandy shore was transformed at midday into a beautifully cultivated coast with numerous lines of waterfalls running over into the sea. The deception was most perfect, but at times the waterfalls resolved themselves into stretches of low sand, and the rising ground behind disappeared. Table Mountain was most striking in appearance, but was looking parched and dry though the summer was barely commencing. But at sea the temperature was cold, and I was still wearing my overcoat when we entered the harbour, and a sudden change to sultry heat was experienced. This always does strike people from our isles very much, owing to the intensely cold water from the Antarctic Ocean washing the shores of South Africa.

The harbours and surrounding buildings present a very unfinished, unkempt appearance: the docks seem very small for large vessels, and the strong current sweeping across the entrance makes it difficult for ships to enter, as the stern may be swept against the jetty after the bow has entered; we ourselves very narrowly escaped coming in contact with the wooden jetty. Capetown nestles picturesquely under the mountain side, but the absence of trees is a great drawback, and the



## 6 LAYING THE BOUNDARY-LINE

chaotic state of the foreshore detracts altogether from our proper appreciation of the grand view behind it. Hansom cabs abound in the streets, and the drivers, mostly Malays (Moslem), wear the Malay straw hat raised some inches above the head, supported on a circular band of metal which fits the head. The streets of Capetown are far too wide for the limited amount of labour that the municipality can afford to bestow on them, and the pavements or footpaths on either side are appropriated by the owners of the cream-coloured houses, and are used as Dutch stoeps; that is to say, they have seats put across them, a custom very pleasant and even necessary for the occupants, but causing the white pedestrians who have to walk in the roadway to utter many things. Probably the reply would be that white people should ride and not walk like natives.

At the Custom House I had an amusing scene with the chief officer. I was taking a silver presentation plate through to Major Lanyon, which they insisted on opening though the invoice stated exactly its nature. I felt sure that they would spoil it with their rough hands, so I said I would rather kick it into the sea than have any more bother with it, and gave it a good kick. They gave in at once and said it could be of no value if I could kick it, and so I got it through without injury.

St. George's Hotel was stifling hot, but there were neither mosquito-nets nor mosquitoes in my room. I was much struck with the profusion of delicious fruit and vegetables of great variety which the hotel afforded.

*November 21.*—After calling on Captain Mills (afterwards Sir Charles Mills, Agent-General for the Cape Colony) I paid my respects to Sir Henry Barkly, High Commissioner, who received me most cordially, and told me that the arrangements for the details of the boundary-line were left entirely to my discretion, but that if I ever wanted any assistance or advice he would be most happy to afford it. I then called on General Sir Arthur Conynghame, and on the following day visited the Astronomer-Royal, Mr. Stone, and the late Astronomer-Royal, Sir Thomas Maclear, relative to connecting the boundary-line survey with that of the Cape Colony Triangulation, and got valuable information from them on various points; but on visiting the Surveyor-General, Mr. de Smit, I ascertained that the Cape Colony Triangulation did not go farther inland than 200 miles, and that therefore no junction could be made.

Before leaving Capetown I dined with Sir Henry and Lady Barkly at Government House, and there met Admiral Sir William Hewett, the Flag Officer of the Cape of Good Hope Station [under whom I subsequently served during the Egyptian War of 1882-3]. He was full of his recent visit to Natal, and spoke in most glowing terms of one he had met there—"a born soldier." It was on his road from Durban to Pietermaritzburg that he met him, an Englishman, driving a Cape-cart with six horses and giving directions to the Kafir labourers on the road. "The man was in plain clothes and doing civil duties, and I did not ascertain his name, but I recognised



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him as a born soldier : his method of dealing with his workmen was perfect ; they were drilled into order and hung on his words as though he were a superior being." This description interested me very much, and I said, "That must be Colonel Anthony Durnford, R.E." (subsequently killed at Isandlwana). Sir William replied : "I don't care who he is : he is a born soldier whoever he is." I was very much gratified to find that Durnford should be so readily recognised for his soldierlike qualities even when doing the civil duties of Surveyor-General of the Natal Colony.

Just before I left Capetown the vergers of the Cathedral came over to tell me that one of the Sisters wished me to go over their Children's Home. I do not know them, but I had met one of them in the train and offered to take anything for them to Kimberley : they are not, however, of the same order as those at Kimberley.

I went over the Home. There are two kinds of dress used by the Sisters, black and grey : I think that the latter are novices. They have eighty-three children in the school and are much in want of funds ; there is also a refuge. There are no bedsteads, for want of funds, and the children sleep on the floor on mattresses. They are all colours and seem to get on very well together : many are orphans. This organisation of Sisters must be very helpful to the bishop. I cannot think why we don't have something of the kind in Palestine ; it is very like the German system.

## CHAPTER II

WE arrived at Port Elizabeth (Algoa Bay) on Sunday morning, Nov. 26, 1876, after a forty hours' run in the *Danube*. We stopped at Mossel Bay to put down Sir John Coode, C.E., who is on a tour of inspection to the several harbours. He seems to have little hopes of doing any good there, but was desirous of going on to the Knysna, where there is a land-locked harbour, and at least fifteen feet of water on the bar. According to all accounts the country about George and the Knysna is the most beautiful in the world; splendid forests, flowers, climate. You can ride through miles of red geranium, you can shoot elephants (if you have a permit), you water your horse every three miles at the running streams. This is to be the harbour of the future (according to current account) and it can be so easily defended. With all these advantages I hope Sir John Coode can push the matter, but his instructions appear to be only regarding Mossel Bay.

Algoa Bay is said to be most thriving port in South Africa, 14,000 whites and 3000 Kafirs, but from the sea it seems quite a small place with clean-looking buildings; the absence of trees is the



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most remarkable want. There is simply a wide open bay with a surf of great violence and beach-combers in strings on the shore holding hand and hand, stretching right into the surf and bringing goods and passengers on shore among them : a very turbulent proceeding at times but a necessary evil. They say that vessels cannot ride safely at anchor in a south-easterly gale and have to cut and run.

From the sea the plains above the town look like Clevedon in Somersetshire, but the coast-line is barren and rocky and contrasts strangely with the brand-new houses ; everything looks so clearly cut in this bright climate.

We were able to land in boats and put up at the Phoenix Hotel where we got our coach tickets for Kimberley.

Hearing the church bells going, I had just time to change my clothes and make for a new plastered building of cruciform shape ; a very ugly church outside but the service conducted well, somewhat ornate. A good choir of six men and fourteen boys, and a decent organ. The minister had an excellent voice and led the whole service, including the singing. The psalms and all responses were chanted. The boys sang well and rather loudly, but I should not have considered it different to any service at home ; I should say that it was a good deal above our average. A good sermon on the Second Coming ; no communion. I cannot say what an effect it had, this first joining a service in church with our people grown up in a colony ; what a bond it is between us !

In the afternoon I came in for a tough job. It was very hot, but I felt restless staying indoors and walked through the town into a fine church and seeing a young man puffing away at the organ bellows and looking at the last gasp, I offered to lend a hand while he rested a bit; after a time the music did not cease, and the organ blower did not come back, and I began to perspire very freely. I did not like to incommode the people by ceasing to blow, and gradually it dawned upon me that it could not be a church of England that I was in. Presently the people began to flock out, and they all seemed to scrutinise me as much as to say, "You are not one of us." However, I pegged away until the organist stopped, and then I took a look in and found it was a Roman Catholic Church, and bolted. [I never met that young man, the organ-blower, again, and I think he did not wish to meet me.]

In the afternoon I went with Porges and the Frasers to see the gardens of Port Elizabeth. What keeps striking me so much is the absence of trees, otherwise the general appearance of the country is like Cornwall. The houses all seem new and look well with balconies and verandahs. I never realised before that the ox is a majestic animal: I can understand now why he appears on the standards of the Children of Israel. The ox out here is a splendid beast, walking with a freedom of step that I have always ascribed only to the lion. As they draw the waggons through the street they look as though they were doing it of their own free will, for the love of the labour; they look absolutely independent



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and free. Above the town at the height of about 200 feet from the sea is a level plateau with coarse grass. Here are an observatory, and a pyramidal monument to Elizabeth Donkin who died in India in 1815, and a cemetery and then the town gardens. Oh, what a disappointment ! A pond of water and some trees and flowers in a most unkempt condition, quite melancholy to see. The trees are principally fir and blue gums, and the flowers are petunias and geraniums. There is wanting a little artistic skill, and a good deal of labour to make these gardens presentable.

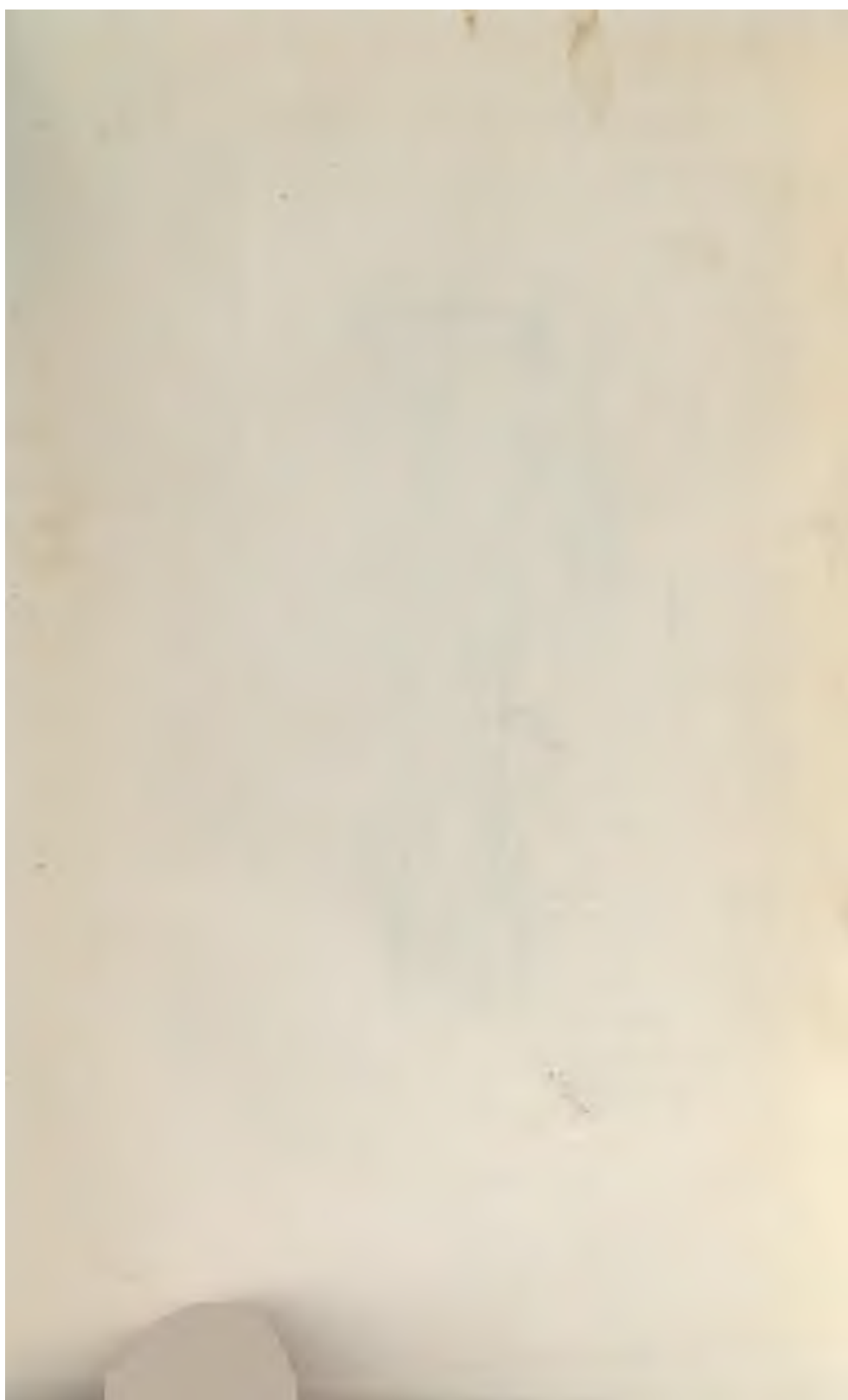
The Malays, who are Moslems, are dressed in nice, bright, clean colours, and they inhabit their own quarter of the town ; I like the look of them. The Kafirs are scarecrows ; they wear our old clothes and very bad ones too, instead of their national costume (if they have one). What guys they all look ! What a lot there is to be done in this country, and the dust is insufferable. Major Lanyon has telegraphed to ask me to stay with him at Kimberley.

*Tuesday, Nov. 28.*—We rose early and started by train for Sand flats, over an undulating bush country ; such a desolate scene. The veldt is quite dry, and the scrub or bushes have lichens hanging down from them like beards, as though they had been immersed in a sea full of sea-weed and the water suddenly drained off. A most melancholy sight. Then by coach to Grahamstown where we arrived in the evening.

The style of hotel accommodation up country



GRAHAMSTOWN



would be amusing if it were not so singularly uncomfortable; it is cheap enough. Bedrooms which have six to ten or more beds in them, and the washing to be done in the open air in the back yard; it reminds me of the Ventas of Spain, but not so amusing. I cannot express my sensation regarding the voyage up to Kimberley as anything else but dreary in the extreme as far as outside circumstances, though being a merry party we were very happy all together.

The very sullen look of the Kafirs disturbed me; so different to natives I have met in other parts of the world. Everywhere else I have found the native looking upon the Englishman as his friend, but here the Kafir looks gloomily at us as his natural enemy; there is no greeting, no "Good morning." How hateful all this is! [At this time the discontent had begun which culminated in the great rising of 1877.] We passed through Cradock, Colesberg, the Orange Free State, staying for the night at wayside hotels, and reached Kimberley on December 4 early in the morning. What a dreary country we have gone over, uninteresting in the extreme for 400 miles! I did not think it possible that there could be 400 miles of such vacuity.

Imagine an uncultivated country with large plains and only small flat-topped mountains; without corn-fields, without trees, without terraces or vineyards; without a single ruin or vestige of the past; with absolutely no history of any kind reaching back a hundred years. A general scene of desolation, farm-houses (or inns) 15 to 30 miles apart, with nothing



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to eat in them save bread and butter milk, and meat—tough meat too. I wonder if I am becoming a pessimist.

The rains take place in summer so that wheat cannot thrive, and if rain by any chance does fall in the winter the long grass rots on the ground and the cattle starve; moreover, the winter in the uplands is said to be severe in the extreme. Yet with all this I find the summer, in spite of its heat, extremely pleasant. This is the same latitude as Gibraltar, but the sun is not nearly so oppressive, and one feels so wonderfully well—all alive!

I have felt more cold than heat as yet, though it is midsummer, and I have often had to don my overcoat.

Yet here and there were objects of interest, the great white-ant heaps, and the holes made in them by the ant-bear with a long snout; then two kinds of merckats which inhabit cities on the route, and also snake communities. The thorny mimosa is almost in blossom, and the wild jessamine just out. Yellow wild cats to be seen. They seem to milk the sheep in this country: they have only one lamb each and bear for six years. The stages average  $16\frac{1}{2}$  miles each, and our rate was  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, going for about 16 hours a day, temperature  $85^{\circ}$  to  $90^{\circ}$  F. during the day and cool, even cold, at night; the plateau of the Orange Free State is some four thousand feet above the sea.

As I approach Kimberley and the western boundary of the Orange Free State, where I am to spend so many months, I must confess I see nothing

interesting or prepossessing in the appearance of the country—miles and miles of nearly dead level steppes, gently rising every few miles and culminating in flat-topped hills of iron-stone or trap, and falling again and rising up to another range of flat tops. The slopes so imperceptible that they can only be detected at long distances. Here and there deep sluits or gullies in the shaly soil, running into the Riet and Modder rivers, which are merely bigger and larger gullies running through these nearly level plains: with only a dribble of water in them except in the heavy rains—then they are a fine sight, they say, roaring torrents sometimes overflowing the plain.

At the junction of the Riet and Modder rivers we came to a large store, half tent, half corrugated iron (Berry's), and after crossing the river we approached the Diamond Fields, whose galvanised iron roofs and walls shone brilliantly in the sunshine, a dazzling white.

I am glad to be over the journey, for it had its inconveniences, though I enjoyed myself immensely. The food bad, the accommodation bad, our Boer hosts both insolent and grasping: they gave us the bare necessities of life, charged us as though we were in first-class hotels, and treated us as intruders. Owing to the dryness of the air, the bread, said to have been baked in the morning, had to be parted with a hatchet in the evening, and the beef was too tough for mastication—had to be bolted.

We were highly amused with one of our fellow passengers from Grahamstown, a vivacious



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Afrikaner Englishman, who laid down the laws, put us all to rights and kept us amused. On getting to one of the Boer inns he disappeared as a passenger and reappeared as the waiter of the inn under Boer supervision, and a very good one too, most civil and obliging, but no longer passing as the man of fortune and means on his way to shoot big game in the interior. I could see by his eye that he thought he had scored. [Some months after I passed this house and found this same waiter sitting on a stone, dull, abstracted, and dejected, I tried to rally him with no effect. Again I passed the inn and found he was gone, a victim to consumption.]

*Dec. 4, 1876.*—We arrived at Kimberley on the coach so early that there was no one from Government House to meet me, and being a stranger to Major Lanyon I put up at Mrs. Jardine's hotel to get a wash and breakfast. [Here I made the acquaintance of the kindest of landladies, and one of the best of women, Mrs. Jardine.] Her hotel was a novel building to me. An enormous eating-room with very small single bedrooms opening out all round, and in front the bar and sitting-room. Soon I was discovered by Major Lanyon (afterwards Sir Owen Lanyon). I was well wiggled for not coming to him at once, and he treated me most hospitably, as his reputation is so to do.

Here I met my future colleague, Mr. Jos E. de Villiers, Government Surveyor, who had come over to meet me and carry me up to Bloemfontein to pay my respects to President Brand, of the Orange Free State.

*Dec. 5.*—Jos. de Villiers took me in his Cape cart to his house at Boshof, over thirty-five miles ; here I made the acquaintance of his wife, and on the following morning we got up very early and drove straight through into Bloemfontein, the whole distance by Boshof from Kimberley being 120 miles.

*Thursday, Dec. 7.*—I have paid a visit to President Brand and was delighted with him. I suppose he would not be offended if I say that he seems to be thoroughly English. We shall get on first rate together I can see, he takes such reasonable views of everything. He was glad to find that I had authority to alter the line to a slight extent, as he said I should find great difficulties with some of the farmers, who were very wroth at being brought into British territory, and threatened to shoot those who laid down the line. The President seems to have some difficult people to deal with in the Volksraad, but he manages them so skilfully that they greatly respect him, though they do accuse him now and then of being too English. I think that they are rather proud of him.

*Dec. 8.*—All about here say that the Orange Free State and the Transvaal are to be the rich portions of South Africa. People here are making their fortunes in six to ten years. The proprietors of this hotel have in succession made two fortunes in ten years, and now a third is getting rich. Prices are at a frightful pitch ; five shillings for a bottle of Bass, one shilling for a slice of bread and butter and cup of tea. At Jacobsdaal I had two cups of tea, and they charged me sixpence each, but there are



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extortioners there, if anywhere. After all, however, it is not much more than we have to pay at a railway station at home, but the style and comfort are very different.

They all boast about the Transvaal, there is no end to their talk about it; it is a real El Dorado or Tom Tidler's ground, where gold and silver and precious stones seem to be had for the asking. A good farm of 6000 acres can be bought for £150 (what is the title?), the climate is delicious, with thunderstorms every few days in summer. I must confess that even here it is "good enough": though we are near midsummer the weather is most agreeable, water in bath quite cold and a fresh breeze all day.

This town has more than doubled during the last ten years, and is very thriving. When the railway comes here it is to be the educational centre of South Africa. Already it must have made its mark in the minds of some, as a young Afrikander told me on board ship that, next to Paris, it was the most enlightened place on the face of the earth. I have reason, however, to conjecture that the young lady he is in love with was educated here, so no wonder he cracks up Bloemfontein.

I can see in front of me convents, churches, a cathedral, schools in all directions, and buildings springing up: it is a pretty sight, and I give a little sketch of it as I sit here.

I am on top of a small hill of ironstone about a mile to the south-west of the town (or may we call it a city?); it is 11 A.M., and as I look to the city to

north-east the sun shines in my face as we are in the Southern Hemisphere, and is at mid-day due north. Below me is the rifle range (hurrah for their military instincts!); the Boers are excellent shots, and are said to hit springbuck at 800 yards. Bloemfontein is in a hollow, basking in the summer sun, for we are near Christmas. Forty to sixty miles away, on the horizon are indications of mountains, amongst others Moroko's Mountains (Thaba N'chu), the centre of a native republic within a white republic, belonging to a great Barolong chief, with a town of 10,000 men.

Around Bloemfontein and overlooking it are four low hills, two to north about 400 feet above the plain, and two to south about 200 feet above the plain; between them the road from east to west passes. The southern hill to east sustains the citadel, on which the Orange Republic flag is flying. This fort is composed of a loose stone wall with two old smooth-bores (24-pounders) mounted on iron gun-carriages. Between the two southern hills is a monument to "the brave" who fell in the Kafir war, and on the southern slope of these hills are two cemeteries, one English the other Dutch; the latter is nicely kept and has trees in it.

The city lies in the hollow between the northern and southern hills; on the west is a sheet of water kept in by a dam, and near it is the fountain called after Bloem, the first farmer (probably a half-caste Griqua, I quote from my father's notes) who settled here. The water in the dam is obtained from the occasional rainfall, which is conjectured to be about



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fifteen inches or more per annum. Beyond is a pretty farmhouse surrounded by trees: cypress, blue gum, where the Church of England Sisters have a school, I believe. Next to the dam appears the new House of Assembly for the Volksraad, and then a succession of houses with galvanised-iron roofs (gospel oak). Green trees are interspersed, cypress, weeping willows (near the water), blue gums, pride of India. Schools, churches, convents, stores, private dwellings, succeed each other until the city is hidden behind the hill. In the centre is a large square where the market is held (please remember that I am a stranger taking stock, and no doubt my account is full of errors. I begin to be alarmed at being questioned by next mail how many convents there are, and to which Orders they belong).

A strong breeze is blowing, objects forty miles off are easily seen, but there is also the mirage, sheets of water in the distance, which are only streams of heated air; the mountains sometimes rise up in the air, sometimes seem topsy-turvy, and they often look like haystacks—huge haystacks—because they are flat-topped, get larger as they go down, and then suddenly, on account of the mirage, get smaller still lower down. The earth is red, grass brown, but the shrubs (Karoo) are green, so are the trees in the town, especially the beautiful pride of India, whose roots are so poisonous to other plants. There are no trees to be seen about the veldt. A waggon with sixteen oxen traverses the plain; horses are feeding here and there. The wind hurtles over the plain, cool and refreshing, but laden with dust in

the track where it crosses the oxen, insects busy around, sleep is courting the eyelids, but a desire for luncheon overcomes and causes a descent from the vantage-point.

What a pity that paper, the sweepings of all the stores of Bloemfontein, should be flying about the veldt! Acres of paper. Some of it seems to have been here for years, careering over the plain, backwards and forwards with the wind, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, but always near, quite spoiling the environs. It would appear as though every wrapper on every parcel reaching this metropolis since its building had been wandering about for years around. There must be a crusade against this paper some day.

I inquired after Harry Stockdale, and hear that he is partner with Hubbard, transport-riding between this and Kimberley, and that I must have passed him on the way driving his ox-waggon without recognising him. I hear very good accounts of him, and that he is likely to do well. I have not yet met Sister Henrietta, but have heard from her that, next to going home, she would like to meet an old friend from home. She is nursing somewhere about, and I hope to see her soon : she is not yet in possession of a hospital, that is to come.

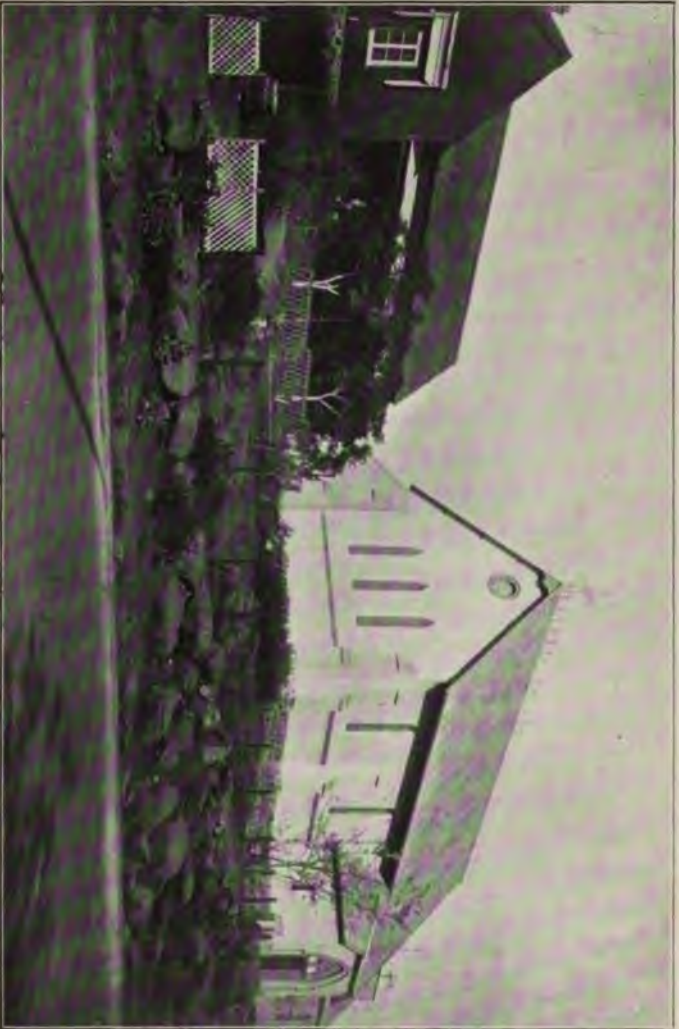
I have been to a very pleasant children's party at President Brand's and danced with the children, and made acquaintance with Miss Trench, daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin ; she is not a permanent sister, only a grey lady, and goes home very soon to take care of her father. I am delighted with Mrs.



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Brand, who made herself most pleasant ; she is an Afrikander of good old Dutch family. She regretted very much that the president's income (£5000 a year, I think) could go such a little way in so expensive a country, and that their hospitality had to be curtailed more than they wished.

*Sunday, Dec. 10.*—I think I shall like the cathedral people very much, they all seem so nice. Bishop Webb preached a most impressive sermon, and the services are well conducted. I lunched with Mrs. Webb at 1 P.M., and met Mr. Gall [now Bishop of Mashonaland]; he took me over the theological college west of the cemetery. The cemetery is in a dilapidated condition, all except the wall. I made the acquaintance of Archdeacon and Mrs. Croghan, and of Canon and Mrs. M'Kenzie. All are living without competent servants, so far as I could judge : the ladies doing the cooking, which was very good ; I am sure that Kafirs could not cook so well. When I called on the Croghans I had to thump at the door, as there was no bell or knocker, and Madame came out in her kitchen garments, and was very merry over it. I think these people are very happy so far removed from conventionalities ; at any rate, they impressed me with their great hospitality and intense energy in struggling against all difficulties.



THE CATHEDRAL AND BISHOP'S HOUSE, BLOEMFONTEIN, 1876



### CHAPTER III

*Monday, Dec. 11.*—I returned to Kimberley by coach. Just before starting Major Lanyon (who had arrived last night) came up and introduced me to a fellow passenger, Bishop Jolivet, Vicar Apostolic for Natal, who was right good company, full of anecdotes, and most amusing. He likened the springbuck to cheesemites, owing to the manner in which they suddenly bring their legs close together and then bound up in the air. He was open-mouthed on the subject of the iniquities of the Church of England in the Bloemfontein diocese. One of his complaints is that our clergy dress in cassocks so that you cannot tell them from Roman priests, and that sisters have been introduced who look like nuns, so that no one could tell the difference, and that they have drawn off the Dutch girls from the Roman schools and have ruined the Roman efforts in Bloemfontein. The whole indictment appears to show that the Church of England has been very active and has been just in time to gain the day at Bloemfontein.

Our coachman was a Malay. I did not recognise this at first, but on one occasion when he got much excited he abused the horses in choice Arabic swear



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words, which were very familiar to me. I started a conversation with him, but his Arabic vocabulary was weak, and principally limited to language he had acquired during a pilgrimage to Mecca, where evidently the animals that carried him required a good deal of coaxing and conjuring.

A concourse of the Roman Church flocked out from Kimberley, as we approached, in all sorts of conveyances, and brought a carriage to meet the bishop. He insisted on my getting in with him and we drove into town in triumph.

In the evening I was asked to go to a theatrical performance given by the Roman Catholic boys of the town in aid of some charity. They drilled, executed various manœuvres and sword exercise; all most capital exercises for boys, many of them not more than seven years old; then they acted in a play entitled *King Alfred and the Cakes*, really grotesque, and then a screaming farce which did not seem very suitable for children; they acted a dying man and used strange oaths. It is very difficult to select plays for children to act.

Next day, *Tuesday, Dec. 12*, I called on the surveyor-general, Mr. Francis Orpen, and agreed to visit the vicinity of the boundary-line with him as far south as Ramah, as my colleague, Jos. de Villiers, is engaged as a member of the Volksraad for several days. With these two it is a case of Box and Cox, they cannot meet together. They have come to such cross-purposes that if they met there would be an explosion.

Jos. de Villiers is a very able man and a good

surveyor; he is thoroughly Afrikander Dutch in all his views, and has insisted on the boundary-line being brought in much farther to the west than Orpen considers just. Francis Orpen is also a very able man, a good surveyor and good mathematician, and seems never so happy, they say, as when he is in the midst of some abstruse problem, blowing clouds of tobacco smoke around him. I am to be well inoculated with the pure English view as an antidote to all the poison of the Dutch view which I shall imbibe when meeting and working with de Villiers. But, so far as I can see, it all lies in a nutshell, and presents few real difficulties, except those imported into it by prejudice.

The work before us is to determine the precise position of Ramah, David's Graf, Tarantaal Kop and Platberg, and to lay down beacons from point to point. To do this we have to make a complete triangulation of a strip of country 120 miles from north to south between the Orange and Vaal Rivers, to fix the latitude and longitude of some one point in the triangulation, and to connect it with the surveyor's farm triangulation in Griqualand West and the Orange Free State.

*Thursday, Dec. 14.*—We started early in a Cape cart and four horses driven by Mr. Orpen, towards the Modder River and, strange to relate, we promptly lost our way on the veldt. Mr. Orpen had got so interested in his subject that he had taken a wrong turning, and there we were, with the level veldt all round us, and the surveyor-general of the colony quite in a fix; it was most amusing. We had to



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cross the Modder somewhere ; so he chose the first drift, a very difficult one, where we were nearly capsized, and we out-spanned at a Boer's house on the southern side of the river. He asked us to stay for coffee, and talked Dutch. Several Boers were assembled there, and as it was my first entry into real Boer society (otherwise than at an inn) I watched the whole proceeding with intense interest. First I was taken aback by the appearance of some of them ; it rather took my breath away. They mostly had on corduroy suits, of the very oldest and dirtiest description, and veldt hats ; but one old patriarch had a battered silk top-hat, and a rusty black suit which became him down to the ground ; he certainly was uniform in his appearance ; and yet this man was described as very wealthy. The men spit about in all directions, and the house had a disagreeable odour about it of sour milk, but we sat on the stoep. The whole place was horribly uninviting, and yet some of the things were very clean. The milk-pails were polished up, and the brass fittings of various objects were clean and bright. I am inclined to think that many of their dirty ways are due to peculiarities of climate and the difficulties in getting water and soap. I wonder if I shall ever like them ! We went on to a wayside inn near Honing Nest, kept by Mimac, an old English soldier (45th Regiment), such a contrast to the last place ! Mimac has done wonders ; dug a well, made a shower-bath, planted a garden, and married a Dutch wife, who is not only an excellent cook, but who also keeps the whole place exceedingly clean. She is an enormous

woman, too heavy to move about, and sits all day long regulating affairs from the kitchen. They say that when Mima takes her out for an airing he has to haul her up into the cart by means of a derrick. This house is forty-two miles from Kimberley, on the road to Hopetown, and is a favourite place for travellers to stop at, as the food is known to be always well cooked, and the accommodation so comfortable ; it is only built of galvanised iron, and thus very hot in the daytime, but then it is also very cool at night.

*Friday, Dec. 15.*—After breakfast we started over the veldt again, a very monotonous journey. The only object of interest to be seen was a steep, rocky hill in the distance, apparently of trap formation, with a white streak flowing down one rocky side. This I was told was a home of the vulture, and that the white streak is from the droppings of these birds, the accumulation of many years ; it is called Asvogel Kop, and is near Honing Nest Kloof. I had wondered, when coming up in the coach, where these big birds get away to at night. Their habits are an interesting problem ; how do they gather together so quickly when some animal dies on the veldt ? In a few minutes you will see twenty, thirty, forty or more birds, all congregating together. They tell me that these vultures, on going out of a morning, mount high up and divide the heavens between them ; and that when one of them sees, from his vantage-point, an animal fall down exhausted on the earth, he makes his way there, and the others, seeing the movement, close in and follow in the same direction ; and that



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this is carried on for hundreds of miles. This does not quite explain the matter, unless some birds are left aloft, on guard, to watch for the fall of other animals.

To-day we only drove fifteen miles, and arrived at a large farmhouse called Belmont, the property of Mr. Wayland. It is the show-house in these parts. Mr. Wayland has made the desert blossom as the rose. He has constructed a large dam, which, though at a very low ebb at present for want of rain, irrigates his large garden and field. The house is of brick and masonry, and there are a few creepers on the stoep, but no garden close to the house. They are particular in this country to select a dry *erf* for the house to stand on, somewhat high up; while the wet *erf*, for the garden, must be at some distance below the dam. They think that irrigation near a house gives malarial fever, and this certainly was our experience in the Mediterranean; and in the Lebanon you will recollect that fever was always attributed to damp ground near the house.

The result of this system here, however, is to give rather a dusty, dreary appearance to the homesteads, while the gardens may be beautiful and bright with flowers. The garden here is large and well-watered. Mr. Wayland received us as his guests in the most hospitable manner; he took us over his garden and with manifest pride showed us hollyhocks, petunias, periwinkle, tamarisk; all kinds of stone fruit (apricot, peach, plum), orange-trees, pomegranate; all these he has planted himself. All this out of the sweat of the brow; all the result of elbow grease.

Mr. Wayland's father lives with him, and he has three grown-up sons and two daughters, all in the house, and also some guests besides ourselves. We spent a very pleasant evening.

*Saturday, Dec. 16.*—We went this morning to Ramah, on the Orange River, about twenty miles from Belmont, at the southern end of the boundary-line, but we first stopped at the house of Mr. John Cron Wright, who gave us a good early dinner and rode on with us. All about here think a great deal about Cron Wright, and say he is the type of man they want to farm in South Africa, a born leader of men. He seemed to me just a sturdy Englishman who would hold his own against any odds. I believe that he was raised on a Mission Station, his father having been a missionary in South Africa, and he seems to be a most creditable product of the country. Ramah is an old Mission Station for Griquas who have now left the neighbourhood. I hear that there are only 500 Griquas left, and that they live in huts and tents very much impoverished. I am not quite sure that I yet know the difference between a Griqua and a Koranna, but I fancy that the latter are the aborigines and that the Griquas are bastards, half Dutch, half Koranna. I find that, in spite of the bitter feeling between the Boers and English, the latter are disinclined to talk about the early inter-marriages between the Dutch and natives, for at the present time the Dutch look with great horror at such unions, and no half-caste children are ever seen about the Dutch habitations. Still it seems notorious that there are coloured de Villiers and



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white de Villiers, and so on through the various family names, and that the white branches of the family look down upon the branch that shows mixed blood. As far as I can gather from my father's notes made in 1825, the leading Griquas are mostly Dutch half-castes.

Fancy! there are nomadic Boers here, people who live their whole lives in tents, and trek about from place to place, as the spirit moves them, looking for pasture for their flocks and herds. I thought at first that they only went into tents for a season, but I find that some of them have never lived in houses, nor their fathers before them. What a terrible life it seems for civilised people! We paid a visit to the Boer who now occupies the farm at Ramah; he has a wife and grown-up sons and daughters all living in two tents and a waggon. Everything about the (living room) tent was nice and clean, there were chairs and the floor matted with skins of springbuck. I cannot make out what the girls do all day long, they seem to me to be sitting in chairs doing nothing. The wife seems also generally sitting down shouting out directions to the servants and making coffee. I have seen a good many Dutch interiors now.

Returning to Belmont we came upon several droves of springbuck; they always tried to head us on whatever side they were; and as they came up to the road they each bounded clean across it as though it were uncanny. One of the Waylands lent me a Westley-Richards rifle, and instructed me how to creep alongside the Cape cart so as to get a good

shot, but I was not fortunate, as they were beyond 500 yards. The Waylands said that if the buck see the cart stop they get alarmed, but as long as it moves on they think themselves safe, and do not imagine that there is any one with a gun awaiting behind it. The principle of getting near to the springbuck when pursuing them, out hunting, whether in a cart or on horseback, is based on the habit they have of always trying to head you. When you come on them (say to your right front) they will, as soon as they see you, endeavour to cross over to the left, but moving away from you; then you begin to trend slightly to the left, and they will describe a very large circle while you are describing a small one; and eventually you will, if you are an adept and the ground is favourable, tire them out and get shots at them under 500 yards, when you may make sure of killing. Why do so many animals seem to have the same desire to cross over in front of you when there is no occasion to do so—to wit, when you meet a fowl on the roadside?

*Sunday, Dec. 17.*—We had prayers at 11 A.M., and in the afternoon started for Mimac's, where we arrived at sunset, and put up there for the night, arriving at Kimberley next day.

I had an amusing adventure at Belmont. The tame male ostriches are at certain times horribly vicious, and when they see a stranger they run at him, strike out with the toe and tear him up; safety lies in lying down, then they cannot strike with the toe, and can only trample on the body with their feet until help comes.



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I was going out on Sunday morning with a dog when I saw a cock ostrich come running at me; luckily there was a little hill of ironstone near, for which I made, and, reaching it in time, climbed on to it just as the ostrich reached me. He could not come up and I would not come down, and there I sat with the dog, unable to move, with the ostrich stalking round and round. Eventually one of the Waylands happened to come out and saw me a prisoner, but even he could not venture to help me, and he had to call the driver of the bird, a little Hottentot child, who looked about four years old. This little mannikin, with a little whip, came up and drove the bird back into his pen, from which he had escaped. These birds are most obedient to their little master, I suppose because they have obeyed him since they were hatched. Of course, if you threw a stone at the bird you could easily cripple him by breaking his leg, but then bang goes £40.

The ostriches are kept on the farms for the sake of their feathers; the cocks are nearly black, the hens are grey. They are ugly animals, and when you see dozens of necks and no bodies over the top of a wall, they remind you of a lot of hissing snakes. One of the men told me that a short time ago a cock ostrich had followed him and he had to get up into a tree, where he remained till darkness came on.

In some parts they cut the feathers of the birds, but about here they say they pluck them out when they get loose. One of these birds is worth £40 to £50, and each year his feathers can be sold for £40, so that they ought to be very profitable invest-

ments ; but accidents will happen to them ; some stray away and some will break their legs in rising up and must be shot. If an ostrich gets excited he will jump over a wall eight feet high, but usually he cannot get over two feet of wall. He is kept in his yard by straining a couple of wires round the boundary and then fastening reeds on to the wire ; the ostrich sees the obstacle, and as a rule will not attempt to pass it.

Mr. Wayland has a great number of these birds on his farms, and they all look in good condition ; they are not animals to make pets of.

I also saw at Belmont a dog that had been bitten by a snake and was dying. His head was very much swollen up, and he seemed to appreciate our pity and sympathy, and knew that we were caring for him. They say that dogs seldom get bitten by snakes, and that it is quite exceptional for a human being to be bitten, though the whole country abounds with venomous snakes, particularly the cobra.

There are about this country, paauw (large bustards), koorhaans (a smaller bustard), snake birds, cranes, and wild duck ; plenty of turtle-doves in the gardens.

Early in the morning before we left Belmont the mule-waggon from Capetown outspanned, and I was delighted to meet again my two assistants, Sergeant Kennedy and Corporal Randall, safe and sound ; and was enabled to arrange for their accommodation on arrival at Kimberley.

From December 17, 1876, to January 17, 1877, I



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camped outside Kimberley on the veldt, measured a base line there, got our waggon, oxen and horses together, and organised our party ready to take the field; during this time Jos. de Villiers came over to help now and then, but was principally employed in piling, *i.e.*, in erecting huge stone piles on prominent spots where we agreed to fix our trigonometrical points. During all this time, being both experienced surveyors, we never had a word of difference about our work, and carried it on in entire agreement.

*Monday, Dec. 25, 1876.*—What weather for Christmas,  $101^{\circ}$  F. in my tent when I entered it this afternoon, but at the same time a dry wind blowing, which kept me pretty cool so long as I perspired. Yesterday my coolie servant found a snake in his bed, but I fancy a harmless one. I cannot believe in Christmas in the middle of summer; and what can the unfortunate people do in mid-winter with no Christmas interests to enliven the time. They say it is cold here then and no means of keeping warm at night.

The houses at Kimberley are nearly all of canvas, corrugated iron or mud. The iron houses shine in the sun like silver and, at a distance, the town has a glittering, dazzling, appearance. When a thief wants to rob a canvas house he just takes a knife and makes a long slit—presto! he is in the room. It is very simple, but punishment is very simple also. The diggers don't stand on ceremony with the thief, and do not wait for a trial; the thief, when caught, just gets as much as he can bear—consequently there is not much thieving in the houses of



this country. In respect to security of goods in transit from one town to another, I think it is the most orderly country in the world. You may see boxes full of valuable property—wine, spirits, eatables, all lying on the ground while the Kafir drivers of the waggons are away or asleep or drunk, and yet nothing is lost.

I was amazed to see the absolute security on the way up to Kimberley. Again, more than a million pounds sterling value of diamonds go home every year in the letter-bags by the post-carts without any guard, and yet there is no robbery. There have been thefts of diamonds *en route* from Kimberley, but all of an exceptional character. Even cattle-stealing seems only to go on while there is war with the natives. There is, however, a good deal of diamond-stealing in the mines and illicit buying and selling; and hard things are said about several known persons.

*Tuesday, Dec. 26.*—I am encamped about a mile from Kimberley, close to our base line, which has been used before by Mr. Orpen for his triangulations, so that we can connect up easily our several works. I am hoping to see Mr. de Villiers this evening, and then we shall begin to work together. I wish we could be a little further from grog-shops, as our servants are continually getting drunk. The task of getting suitable servants is very difficult. They do not seem to know what it is to work in an ordinary way, and our survey work is hard and monotonous, and involves keeping very irregular hours. We have to be up usually long before daybreak, and we

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often cannot be back to dinner till long after dark. Unless we can get the servants interested in the work I fear that we shall be constantly changing them, however good the wages are we give. The Kafirs available are no good as house servants or cooks, so I have got an Indian coolie (from Cashmir), brought up at Calcutta as cook, he says; all he could do, however, was to blow up a fire. I have taught him to bake bread (in our way), make an omelette, poach eggs, and other little accomplishments, and now I suppose he will want to go; his name is Nerada.

Food is wonderfully expensive, except meat, which is sixpence a pound. Cabbages are usually 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. each, and I have heard of a cauliflower going for 25s., but that, no doubt, was a fancy price. A bundle of green oats, two of which a mule can eat at a meal, 1s. 6d. each. On the average I should say that things are six times as dear as they are in England; and yet some things are cheap, such as weigh little and are not bulky. It is the enormous cost of transport (30s. to 40s. a cwt.) that raises prices, and the deleterious effect of heat on so many classes of goods during the slow journey up in waggons.

I don't think that we hear nearly so much about the unquiet state of the country as you do in England. We get very little reliable news here; but as to the news you get in England we do not know where it is made up—*on dit* in Capetown!

Major Lanyon went to the northern border last week and brought back seventeen Bechuana



prisoners ; there were the most wonderful stories afloat while he was away. First, that he had been shot ; then that he was surrounded by 100 natives, then by 1000, then it rose to 10,000, and suddenly it changed to news that he had surrounded them all. It is a funny little state to have to govern ; the people are fond of grumbling, but they are quite loyal. There is talk about risings of the natives around, but it only requires a little firm handling of them and all will go well. They are treated by us too much as though they were civilised, and are quite spoilt ; on the other hand, I hear that on some farms—Boers and English—they are flogged unmercifully. It is difficult to arrive at the truth by hearsay only.

The Kafirs make a lot of money at the mines, and, as many of them come to work from places several hundreds of miles up country north of the Transvaal, they will soon know all about civilised life—but the worst side of it. The white people generally, in South Africa, have a strong feeling about the inferiority of black people. The blacks are not allowed to come into the white man's church ; I suppose because of their odour.

## CHAPTER IV

*Sunday, Dec. 31, 1876.*—We are now busy measuring our base line  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, and de Villiers has arrived to assist. This line has already been measured previously by Mr. Orpen, and it is interesting to find that the straight line he cut in the veldt twelve months ago has already become zigzag and wavy, probably from sheep using it as a path. I will describe the situation of our camp, placed near the upper end of our base line. We are on the brow of a swelling hill, overlooking Kimberley and Old de Beers, right in the veldt, and around is excellent pasture for our oxen; it is principally Karoo bush with a few blades of grass here and there. It is blazing hot—yesterday while we were computing in the waggon, which I use as an office, the thermometer ranged from  $106^{\circ}$  to  $108^{\circ}$  F., and the tilt of the waggon is double lined. By placing over it a reed matting and another canvas cover we have reduced the temperature to  $92^{\circ}$  F. at 1 P.M. I am now writing in my tent, which is double lined, with temperature  $94^{\circ}$  F., the wet bulb being at  $64^{\circ}$  F. I should say that the actual heat in the shade is  $92^{\circ}$ . The air is wonderfully dry, and all nature and art is cracking with the drought, even my despatch box which withstood a summer at



Malta is so warped that I can lock it with difficulty. There is at the same time a nice breeze, which, though hot, makes one feel cool so long as perspiration goes on, so that the more exercise one takes the cooler one feels. On the right of the waggon is my tent, on the right of that is the N.C.O.'s tent, and again on the right is the Scotch cart where the natives congregate, and in rear is the cooking-place. The N.C.O.s have a bell tent; I have a small rectangular tent of South African make, and a piece of canvas is stretched over it from the waggon tilt. It is about eight feet square, three feet six inches high at the sides, and seven feet in the centre. The ground within our tents is levelled and rubbed over every morning with fresh cow-dung; this is done by a Kafir; he brings in the dung fresh from the oxen, mixes it with water, and with his hand rubs it over the floor; it dries quickly, and in a short time there is a nice hard floor smelling sweetly of cattle; a smell obnoxious to fleas and other vermin. The Kafir's remark when putting on the cow-dung was amusing, "English people don't know how to do this; English people like to lie in the dust"; he evidently thinks that in England we live in tents and have not yet learnt to put fresh cow-dung on our dusty floors.

As I am writing, a fresh breeze has sprung up which threatens to carry tent and all away, and before I have completed this line it has subsided; there are a few clouds in the sky, in fact we are expecting rain, as this is the rainy season. It is quite a novelty to me to be expecting rain in the

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heat of summer. I am sitting in flannel shirt and trousers, at a deal table, and on it is my writing desk, a plate of fly-paper, a Letts Diary, ink-bottle, thermometer, box of dried figs, and a prayer-book; behind me at the inner end of the tent is my folding bedstead; a portable iron washstand and bath are near the door, with clothes bag and bag for brushes, &c., and along the sides are ranged three portmanteaus. The flies and winged monsters were here in swarms until I introduced fly-paper. The water is so hard that I cannot keep my hands comfortable; the skin gets so dry and ragged, and broken, but my face has not suffered in any degree as yet, though I see many flaming noses about, from sunburn.

*Monday, Jan. 1, 1877.*—I have had to put more canvas on the waggon to reduce the heat. I do not feel it myself, but I find that in computing our calculations we get muddled when the temperature is over 100° F., and we have had several instances, when the temperature is near to 106°, that numbers have been given out or written down twice over from the log-book; so I have been obliged to make a rule that if the thermometer registers over 100° F., we have to give over computing for the time, and we have to knock off indoor work altogether during the middle of the day while this great heat lasts, on this account.

For myself I thoroughly enjoy this heat; it is the cold that I do not like. Just as I was writing this a sudden gust of wind (in a calm) blew the waggon tilt nearly inside out, and your letter went careering



over the plain, so I must shut up the tent on one side, and now the temperature rises to 99°.

My Indian Coolie cook has just heard of the death of his children in Natal, and goes off to-day, introducing another Indian in his place. His name is Balagaroo, and he says he was a high-caste Hindoo, but that he can never return to India because travelling over the water has taken away his caste. I hope I shall be better off with him as he talks both English and Kafir; in fact he has quite a gift for speaking, and uses the most recondite English words in the most unexpected places.

My former cook had to talk to Kafirs in English so broken, that I could not tell what he said, and I doubt if the Kafirs ever understood him; no wonder that most grotesque mistakes were made. I have now a very composite party. Indians from Cashmere and the Deccan, Griquas and Zulus, all talking in different tongues, and misunderstanding one another. They managed, however, to get all most gloriously drunk together last night in order to usher in the new year, and keep the camp lively.

The result is that our oxen have got lost, and the drivers have gone off with sore heads to look after them in different directions; losing cattle is quite epidemic just now. Yesterday three parties, who were searching the country around for them, came to our tents to make inquiries.

My drivers have now returned, without the cattle, and both very drunk and noisy, so I threatened them with the "sjambok" (whip), this was a word they could understand, and when they heard it they became

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quiet at once; the law, however, will not allow me to touch them.

At night we tie up our oxen to the waggon and there they lie quiet, and do not make a noise, as did the mules in Syria; but I long to have some of our Syrian muleteers here; and even one of the most inefficient dragomans of that country, for there is no one who can act as a foreman to be got hold of. I suppose that any man worth his salt is engaged in the diamond mines at high wages.

What a nuisance! I find that my new cook, Balagaroo, has never cooked anything but rice, so I have made the dinner myself to-day, and the N.C.O.s have pronounced it excellent. Minced beef with milk, salt, pepper, onions and Yorkshire Relish added, and boiled twenty minutes. I find that little book on cottage cooking most useful.

So that you can better understand what we are about just now I will give you a little tale of the early occupation of this country.

At the beginning of this century this country north of the Orange River was known to be inhabited by bushmen, but it was not supposed that they had been here very long. Bushmen, however were supposed to have been the first inhabitants of these parts; they led a wandering life with no fixed homes, no form of government, no tribal system even. They were at enmity family against family.

The first immigrants into this country after the bushmen were a tribe of Hottentots called Korannas, who came gradually up through the country, driven in front of the white men, from Capetown way, and



eventually settled at Griquatown (then Klaarwater): this was roughly speaking about 1770. Subsequently they gave up Klaarwater to the Griquas, and settled on the banks of the Vaal River about Klipdrift (Barkley) and Mamusa (the Blomhof district); here they met Bechuanas (Barolongs) journeying from the north-east. These two races had a good tussle, and the Korannas stuck to the river while the Barolongs kept north of the Vaal. There seems to have been some amalgamation, however, as the Batlepins (Bechuanas) are supposed to be a mixed race of the two.

Whether the Griquas are a tribe of Hottentots, or only bastards, half Dutch and half Korannas, is uncertain, but it seems certain that their leaders had white blood. At the beginning of this century the Griquas were living all over the western portion of what is now the Orange Free State and Griqualand West, the Korannas were at Mamusa, and the Bechuanas at Taungs, and all over what is now Bechuanaland.

In the year 1800, Dr. Anderson commenced missionary work among the Griquas, introduced agriculture, and established towns on the Colonial system at Griquatown and Phillipolis; and after a few years these people advanced so quickly in civilisation that they are said to have appeared to be little inferior to the up-country Boers. Some of them, however, would not give in to civilised ways, and fought against the town Griquas constantly; these malcontents lived in the hills near the rivers, and were called Bergenaars. A few years after this, about 1824, Boers began to trek across the Orange

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river, and took up land there, gradually dispossessing the Griquas from the Phillipolis side, but they could make no impression on those Griquas who were living in what is now Griqualand West.

In 1835 there was a further influx of Boers across the Orange River (while another party of them crossed over into the English settlement of Natal). So much disorder now arose on the Orange River, owing to the Griquas spiritedly holding their own against the Boers, that in 1848 the Orange River Sovereignty was proclaimed under the Queen of England. This comprised what is now the Orange Free State; but Griqualand West continued to be native territory. Some of the Boers resisted and were defeated at Boomplaats, and many of them fled across the Vaal River, and there established the Transvaal, or South African Republic; which, under the Sand River Convention of 1852, was recognised as an independent state.

Those who remained in the Sovereignty were, for the most part, loyal Boers, and they bitterly resented our abandonment of the Orange River Sovereignty in 1853. In 1854 the British Government notified that it had no alliance with native chiefs, north of the Orange river, except with the Griqua chief Adam Kok, of Griqualand West. Thus the Boers of the Transvaal, and of the Orange Free State (the O. R. Sovereignty), became at enmity with us from two very different reasons.

In 1870 diamonds were found on the Vaal River, in ground belonging to the Griquas, but then in dispute between three parties, *e.g.*, the Transvaal, the



Orange Free State, and the Chief Waterboer of the Griquas. The Orange Free State assumed jurisdiction over the diggers, of whom about 30,000 were Europeans, and was quite unable to control them. Immediate steps were required in order to keep order at these diggings; and consequently on November 7, 1871, the whole of Waterboer's territory was annexed to the British Crown, under the name of Griqualand West; to this the Orange Free State objected.

On October 27, 1871, the High Commissioner issued a proclamation defining the boundary between the Orange Free State and Griqualand West as running from the fountain at Ramah to David's Graf, thence to Platberg on the Vaal River.

A difficulty arose on the subject, because the surveyors of the Orange Free State and Griqualand West took different views as to the positions of all these named points, and consequently a considerable strip of ground was in dispute, and some of it very valuable, being diamondiferous.

After considerable negotiations extending over five years an agreement was arrived at, and a line settled on which included all the diamond fields about Kimberley in Griqualand West, and as a set-off it was arranged that a sum of £90,000 was to be paid to the Orange Free State as soon as the new line was beaconed off.

The points at issue were narrowed down considerably: as David's Graf was accepted as close above the junction of the Modder and Riet rivers, and about the fountain of Ramah there could be no



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doubt. The farms of Gideon Joubert and Adolf Erasmus cut by the line were to remain entirely in the Orange Free State.

On August 5, 1876, the Cape Colony Ministers were informed that the Cape Colony could co-operate in three ways: (1) The incorporation of Griqualand West as an integral portion of the Cape Colony; (2) The association of the Province in a federation with the Cape Colony; (3) The payment to the Province of the customs duties levied in ports of the Cape Colony upon goods consumed in the Province; at the same time it was stated that there had been representations from Griqualand West against incorporation with the Cape Colony.

On August 12, 1876, Lord Carnarvon proposed to President Brand that the Orange Free State, whilst retaining its own flag, should come into the British Empire, and should as a consequence receive a reasonable share of the federal expenditure defrayed from the customs duties levied in the ports of the confederation.

That is how the matter stands at present: and here am I ready to lay down the boundary-line, willy nilly, for many of the Boers on the line decline to have their farms cut up into two countries: it certainly is rather awkward for them, but it also has its advantages; to be able, in your own garden, to skip across from one country to another.

*Jan.* 1877.—I may here insert an extract from the journal of my father when on a shooting expedition in these parts in 1825:—

“1825. *July* 9.—Left Vande Walts and crossed

the Swart river (Orange river) or Groote river, passed by Huermans, where the school of Phillipolis has been removed to. We were assisted, as far as where Pretorius lived, by a Hottentot lad.

“Pretorius cultivated a good farm for the Missionary Society, thirty morgan of corn-land. He let his son, who could talk Korana and Bechuana, go with us. Proceeded to Rama, where we stopped a day to shoot sea-cows in the Swart river, which we had been travelling down, though at so great a distance from it as not to see it till we arrived at Rama.

“We next went to the banks of the Mud river (Cradock), where we came among what are called the Burgonars, and passed a salt-pan. The Burgonars are Griquas, and say that they came from Swartland originally, from thence to Little Namaqualand, and thence to Griquatown, and then scattered themselves over the country. At present the old captains of the Griquas or Bastards have let them join them, in consequence of quarrels between them and Waterboer, and of the Government agent wishing to make them prevent the Burgonars going on commandoes against the Bojismen and other tribes to steal their cattle. They have waggons, horses, sheep, and imitate the Boers. Their captains have very little power. They have, some of them, as Adam Kok, good houses built in the same manner as the Boers, but wander about, and live in huts made of mats, which pack up upon a bullock and serve as a tent. Cornelius Kok, the first captain, received his staff from—[obliterated].



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"The Griquas were (at the time of Lord Caledon, who exercised authority over them) put under two captains, Kok and Bearn (Barends?), who have considerable tracts of country under them. Dam Kok said, in telling his account "We are the Northern(?) men." Their followers go to any vacant part and there cultivate a little piece of land and feed the cattle till the grass is gone, and then remove. We went from the Mud River by the Val (Yellow) River, another branch of the Orange River, through Campbell (some farms and corn at Campbell by Cornelius and Adam Kok), to Griquatown (Klaarwater). We arrived on August 26.

"Before we came to the Mud River we found an ostrich's nest and took twenty-three eggs."

*Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1877.*—Such a beautiful sunrise, temperature, 68° F. We are still busy measuring the base line; we commence as soon as it is light, and leave off when it gets dark, but we have to knock off work for two or three hours during the heat of the day. I have arranged that our natives shall have a cup of coffee each if they are up in time for it, at 4.30 A.M., and I have to be up myself to see after them. We get *our* coffee at 5.15 A.M., and the sides of the tents are rolled up at 5.30 A.M. I have put the butter into a tub of water sunk in the ground, as it gets spoilt by melting each day and solidifying again each night.

De Villiers has gone away for a week, and has left his light waggon in my charge. I thought that our natives were the scum of Kimberley, owing to my being a new hand here, but I find that de Villiers'



servants are no better. They are idle, insolent, and drunken, and are not kept in any systematic order. I have been practising driving a team of four and now of six horses in de Villiers' cart through the veldt, over ant-heaps and through ant-bear holes.

Sometimes we nearly overturn, but straight away we go, jolted in a most wonderful manner. I am really getting on as a driver. I have also been observing in very early morning, and late in evening at some of our near stations; it can only be done just now for about ten minutes just at sunrise and at sunset on account of the mirage. The taking down and putting up the piles each time we observe is quite a heavy piece of work and requires several men. The pile is about eight or ten feet high, of large iron-stone boulders, which have all to be taken down before the instrument can be placed, and then put up again after the observation.

*Jan. 9.*—I am longing to get away from the vicinity of Kimberley, our servants are so drunken, and my cook spends 30s. to 40s. a day on market produce for our party, and the result when cooked is small.

The country is (as far as we know) *quite* quiet; the news that you see in the papers is made up to suit the several business people, diamonds, wool, &c.; you need not be in any alarm, I don't think that there is any chance of a disturbance in South Africa this year. [The risings commenced at the end of 1877.] There ought not to be any disturbances about here for the natives seem the mildest I have ever come across: I cannot understand how they

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can be so quiet and orderly. There are hundreds of farmhouses perfectly isolated, and yet the occupants can live with their doors always wide open, just as we used to do in the Lebanon. I do not care about the natives here, they are half-castes, and they are savages. It is so ridiculous to make them wear trousers instead of some loose robe or kilt; directly they get out of sight of the whites they off with their trousers and throw them over their arms.

I have bought two saddle horses for £40.

*Sunday, Jan. 14.*—Just a chapter of mishaps again, so I have time to write: horses, oxen, all lost, drivers disappeared, and Balagaroo down with fever. I dosed him well, and he fell asleep and woke cured, went into Kimberley to get clothes, and has come back with a broken head which I have had to plaster up. I have had to raise my wages to the drivers, and am now paying £6 a month each, finding them food, and expect to pay £10 before I can get decent servants; these are, of course, quite exceptional wages, but it is a necessity as we are so near Kimberley. The worst of it is the higher wages we pay the more money they have to spend in drink. This has been the hottest day we have yet had in the wagon, 106° to 108° F. with double awning and and matting overhead.

*Wednesday, Jan. 17.*—At last our work here is completed, I am thankful to say, and we leave tomorrow for the Modder River. Sergt. K. got a bone in his throat and went to see a doctor who gave him an emetic, but he is so strong and healthy that he digested it instead of disgorging it; I think that he



had digested the bone also for he now seems quite well. Corporal R. is still very unwell.

*Thursday, Jan. 18.*—Our waggon went on to Scholtz Nek, about twelve miles south of Kimberley, and I remained behind to receive a native out of gaol to act as cook's assistant. He is an educated Kafir. I do not know what his crime was, but the custom at present here is to go to the gaol for servants as they cannot be got elsewhere. I suppose that some of the crimes may be serious. The Kafir's name is Jim; he walked alongside of me, and as we passed through Du Toit's Pan he said he was hungry and I let him go to a shop for food, but I expect he also got drink, for he became very much excited as I rode along, and at last said he would bolt. I could only prevent his doing so by telling him about the good food to be got in camp; with much trouble I got him to our camp and put him with the rest of the servants.

I have now got an Indian cook called Sam, who really does know something about cooking, and Balagaroo does the housekeeping for myself and the N.C.O.s.

De Villiers joined me here this evening and we had a right good supper off a paauw he had shot; it was a large bird, bigger than a goose.

*Monday, Jan. 22.*—Camp near David's Graf. We were busy two days at Scholtz Nek selecting points and observing, and to-day we crossed the Riet and Modder at the junction (Berry's), and are encamped on the south side of the Riet river over against David's Graf, close on to our boundary line. We



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shall be out all day taking observations and piling, but as the drought gets more and more intense it is more and more difficult to observe: just about ten minutes each morning and each evening, so that we are in a complete difficulty. We want a morning and evening observation at each place, and many of these are miles from our camp; thus we shall often have to sleep the night out in the veldt at the foot of the hill where we observe.

*Friday, Jan. 26.*—I have had great anxiety about Corporal R., who has been in a state of collapse from taking no nourishment. For two days he would take no food cooked by the natives, and I have had to prepare everything for him myself, and feed him myself with a spoon. Dr. Dunlop has come on from Jacobsdaal to see him, and has prescribed, and I hope he will soon mend; I cannot do sick nurse and get out to my work as well. Joos, the driver, has also been very ill, but castor oil and mustard leaves have put him all right.

The rains do not come, and the drought is now so severe that our waggon wheels broke down coming here and we were much delayed on the road. In very dry weather waggon and cart wheels have to be soaked periodically, otherwise the spokes get loose and the iron tyres come off. It is quite an ordinary matter to have to shorten the iron tyre. This is done expeditiously by heating the tyre in burning cow-dung as though it were a blacksmith's fire.

There are Boers' tents all along the river just now, as the water has given out at nearly all the dams and the cattle and sheep must have water to drink:

but the Karoo near the river is getting eaten up and the cattle are wasting away. To-day several Boers paid me a visit, and they all agreed as to the position of the David's Graf of de Kok (the surveyor) and Adam Kok the Griqua, and this happens to suit exactly the general position indicated in the agreement between Lord Carnarvon and President Brand, and as it just comes in between the two claims put forward by the surveyors of either side, I think there will be general agreement on this point. So one matter will be settled satisfactorily.

I have never felt better than I do here, the great heat is most enjoyable, and it is pleasant being so close to the river. Every morning I go down at sunrise and find fowl to shoot of some kind. Snipe, teal, and now and then a duck; and there are bustards out in the veldt; but without a good retriever many birds get lost. We get enough, however, to supply the camp.

*Saturday, Jan. 27.*—I think that the monotony of living in a Boer house must be terrible. Nowhere is the proverb so applicable of "eating to live" and not "living to eat." The Boer about here lives in the most miserable manner so far as food is concerned; his daily bread is fat mutton washed down with milk. Some of them make bread, but they seldom have any vegetables. The mutton is generally boiled or roast in an iron pot with fat; it is salted and often high. The Boer sits down with his guests, the plates turned bottom upwards; his wife and daughters serve: he puts his hand to his forehead and says grace before and after meals. There is generally on



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the table a soup tureen of fresh milk, a plate of mutton and often some bread ; sometimes pumpkins, which, with milk, are very good. There is usually a chief seat in the room covered with a choice skin on which the most honoured guest is placed. At the early meal the lady of the house or tent comes into the room and sits at the coffee table and serves. There is a coffee pot of metal, slop bowl, dish for washing up, cups and saucers of crockery. The coffee is very fair. They never seem to have wine or spirits in the house, and the Boer *at home* is a teetotaler, but he never seems to refuse a glass when offered it at any time of the day away from home.

*Late at night.*—I must add a note. All nature sings. We have had our first rain this evening after months of drought ; a real downpour with loud thunder ; it has cooled the ground I can feel. There is said to be no water between here and Ramah, this year, so that *we* also are very anxious about the rain coming, for otherwise we cannot lay down the Boundary line throughout.



## CHAPTER V

*Saturday, Jan. 27.*—As we have no shops near here I buy a sheep when we want meat, and have it killed; we take off the skin and hang the sheep on the waggon. I generally have the liver and kidneys for breakfast, the N.C.O.s do not care for them. A sheep lasts us two days, but if there is thunder about we have to salt some; the skin is laid down in a hollow of the ground, wool downwards, and in this hollow we put water, salt and pieces of meat, and it is left there till it is salted; we thus do without a pickle tub.

I have been obliged to part with Balagaroo, he did not keep things clean, and was too expensive, and his accounts did not total up properly so that there was a difference between us of two pounds sterling. I proposed a compromise; I offered to pay him the two pounds provided I never should see his face again, and to this he agreed, and off he has gone.

[Some months after this, when in Kimberley, I constantly saw flying coat-tails round the corners of buildings as I went about, and one morning appeared Balagaroo with two sovereigns in his hand, telling me that his life was a burden to him, and that he would rather pay up the money than be always running

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away. At this time I had quite forgotten about the promise he had made. He seemed much relieved when he found that I would not take the money. I was very much pleased to find that Balagaroo had so much good faith about him.]

I am looking out of my tent door, and this is what I see. First some shrubs of Karoo, then Sam (Indian cook) busy over our dinner: he has on a white turban, a white waistcoat, and has a black face, broad and pleasant. When he came to me a month ago his turban and clothes were very dirty. On the fire, of sticks from the river, are a few pots; in one is a chicken which woke me up this morning by his crowing, in another are potatoes, and in another rice; the kettle is also at the fire as I have tea at every meal. On the bushes are my bedding laid out to air; beyond are Karoo bushes, and beyond and beyond till the eye meets the horizon.

When it is going to rain here in summer (according to all accounts) the clouds commence to collect together about 11 A.M.; towards noon the heavens are overcast, at 2 P.M. thunder is heard, at 3 P.M. the storm commences, and at 5 P.M. it is all over, the sky clear, and the ground fast drying up. Sometimes there are severe hail-storms; stones the size of pigeons' eggs. The sheep are killed by them, and if you happen to be out on horseback you must dismount, take off the saddle and hold it over your head as your only safety.

No sooner has Balagaroo gone than a successor turns up most opportunely—an Indian Coolie on his way to the Diamond Fields, from Mauritius. He



looks clean and contented, his name is Emmanuel, and he is a Roman Catholic. I struck a bargain with him at once and think he will suit.

*Sunday, Jan. 28.*—I must describe our position at David's Graf [this is where the right of the British attack rested in the battle of Modder river, 1899]. We are in a vast plain of Karoo, flat as far as the eye can reach, the ground is reddish and sandy, the rivers (Modder and Riet) are deep gullies or depressions in the land, thirty feet deep. Hills of ironstone crop up here and there, from two hundred to three hundred feet in height. There are no mountains or valleys in this part of the country, only hills rising from the plain. There are no flowers (at least none at present) although this is the rainy season; no ordinary flower can exist in this dry heat, they would wither before sunrise. The only kinds of plant that can stand the heat just now are those like the Karoo bush which have leaves a quarter of an inch thick, full of succulent sticky fluid, similar to the ice plant [of course in gardens where there is water, and shade, and where the air becomes moist, it is very different. I have seen strawberry plants growing in northern Griqualand]. On the banks of the river Riet are the weeping willow, wild tobacco plant and various shrubs that I do not know by name. There is very little grass about and that all brown.

Here and there, miles apart, are the Boer farms; they are usually rectangular stone buildings with two or more rooms; but they are often of mud, of corrugated iron or of canvas. Sometimes these



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canvas houses are permanent, *i.e.*, they are not moved about as tents. Near at hand are the cattle and sheep kraals, simply stone walls built in rectangles, in which the animals are penned at night; and close to are the beehive huts of the Hottentot and Kafir servants. The dung of the sheep collects in the kraals, and is cut into pieces like turf, dried on the walls and kept for fuel. In the river are duck, geese, crane, snipe and other birds; I have seen no sand grouse as yet. In the veldt are the paauw, the koorhaan and snake-bird. Yesterday I saw a piece of ground on which were numbers of snake-birds. There are plenty of snakes about, but I have not seen many as yet, they do not bother us. Our piling party has just brought in a small buck, only weighing twenty-five pounds when skinned. One cannot compare the natives of these parts with the Arabs. The Griquas that I see are a miserable race with yellow faces, high cheekbones, thin chins, and light figures. They look fragile and unhealthy, drink to excess, and are said to be fast dying out. The peculiarity about these races is that the hair grows on the head in rows of tufts like bushes in a plantation; little curling tufts, and the skull between is bald and oily.

The Kafirs I have seen about here are a sullen, scowling, discontented lot, who have been too much petted and too much kept down; English in one extreme and Dutch in the other. They seem incapable of doing a good day's work. The smell of their locations is most disagreeable, a mixture of roast beef and burnt sugar. I am only speaking of the

local Kafirs ; the Basutos and Zulus seem to be a far better type ; but all that I have met with as yet do their work with an ill grace and are much inclined to be insolent. So far I have got mine in order, but they require constant looking after ; it is like winding up your clock and setting the hands every few minutes.

*Monday, Jan. 29.*—I must give you some idea of the method adopted in tracing the line, before I leave David's Graf. It is about forty-three miles from here to the fountain of Ramah, and we have to trace a straight line between them over a very rough country abounding in little hills of ironstone.

We have got on with our triangulation, and joined it with that of Mr. Orpen, so that I know the mean angle between a prominent hill I see some miles off and Ramah, but the difficulty is to set it off on the ground so accurately that the line will cut the fountain at Ramah. I am trying the following method. I feel sure of the mean angular distance from the prominent hill, so I am setting off a point on the boundary line about two miles south from here over and over again with different theodolites, and each time there is a little difference—an inch or two. Then I am going to take the mean of all these variations, and produce the line from David's Graf through this mean point, and I am sanguine of cutting very close to Ramah. Jos. de Villiers is very much interested in the matter as the idea is new to him, but he agrees in thinking it will come right if our calculations are sound. And if it does come right it will save us a world of trouble, for otherwise we should have to



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trace a straight line as near as possible to the truth and then on finding out the error on arrival at Ramah we should take offsets all along this line and trace a new line, rubbing out the original one. There are so many possibilities; our observations and calculations may not be good, as they are still unchecked, and the line itself may not be traced quite straight.

*Friday, Feb. 2.*—Saltpan. I will give you some notion of the pleasures of travelling in this country on survey work. Over night on January 30 we got ready for leaving David's Graf early in the morning, intending to go out in different directions piling and observing, and to meet in the evening to the south at this saltpan. We did most of our packing before turning in, but I kept our tents up, though our bedding was stowed in the waggon. A great storm of rain came on, the tent ropes required slackening, and I got wet through in doing it. I turned in again, and woke up thinking I was late and that the sun had risen, but on going out found myself under a brilliant moon at 2.30 A.M. At 4 A.M., the day began to dawn and I woke all up. We found our tents so wet that we could not pack them up, so we had to wait till 6 A.M., when we breakfasted; then we got on our horses and left the camp; I went on towards a hill about as far as Midhurst is from Brighton, and Booy, de Villiers' servant, accompanied me in a spring cart. The waggon had orders to go to the saltpan past Mimac's. I only took with me a piece of damper and water bottle expecting to get to Mimac's for dinner. We drove and rode over



plains and low hills in direction of my hill till at last Booy said he could not drive any longer over the rough ground, and must find a road ; I told him to follow me but on looking round found that he had gone a long way round after springbuck, and I heard a shot. I arrived at my hill at about 2 P.M., and waited for Booy and cart for about two hours, and then I heard a cooey and saw he had put up a flag some distance off, on another hill. He would not come over to me so I had to ride over to him and found that it was the hill he thought had been pointed out to him by his master. I brought him back with me to help me to signal, at the top of the hill, but when I arrived I found that he had gone to bathe in a dam about a mile off. Fortunately a Kafir boy was near who helped me and got me some water. For two hours I signalled to David's Graf (thirty miles off), but got no answer, and at last, at sundown, Booy came back from his bathe, and just then I got a reply to my signals. I told Booy that his master would whip him for his misdeeds and he grinned. On getting down from the hill our horses were gone ; strayed ; it was getting dark and a storm coming on, lightning and rain. I had finished my bit of damper and was hungry ; the air was hot and the rocks so hot I could not sit on them.

Booy came back with the horses in about an hour ; it was now very dark ; we inspanned and set off towards Saltpan, guessing the direction, but there was no road, and we could only judge our direction over the veldt by the aid now and then of a flash of

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lightning. Right across country we went, over ant heaps and into antbearholes, the cart first, and I following; every now and then I saw it go down into a hole, and took warning; twice we found ourselves turning back again. Soon we saw a light in front for which we made; the rain was now falling in torrents. In about half an hour we came to a farmhouse, where the light was, but the people could only talk Dutch, so off we went again, and after three hours (at 11 P.M.) we came to a house. By this time we had not a notion where we were except that we had been travelling pretty nearly in the right direction. I knocked at the door till I woke up the master and asked him for lodging. "Oh," said he; "have you not seen your waggons, they are close by?" I was delighted to hear a reply in English, and said, "Give me some food; I am famished; I have had no meal for seventeen hours."

On opening the door I was surprised to find that I had got to Mimar's Hotel; by great good luck we had struck across the waggon road close to his house, and by more good luck our waggon had been so delayed that it had not gone so far south as Saltpan, but had outspanned about twenty minutes south of Mimar's. I got some bread and butter, and off we went again, and at midnight arrived at our waggon, where things had not been unpacked on account of the heavy rain. Serjeant K. had only just arrived from another hill, and de Villiers did not turn up at all that night. As it was still raining we all got into the waggon, under the tilt where there was room for us to sit in a row, and there we sat wet through



till morning, the natives crowding under the waggon. At dawn I had to get off, all ready booted and spurred, and made for another hill, all in my wet things, to signal and take observations. On returning to the waggon to breakfast there was no meat to be got, as the Kafirs about asked too much for their sheep. Fortunately I had shot a koorhaan which we ate with some damper; this is the kind of life we are leading, though these mishaps do not, I am happy to say, occur every day. Still, we are now often wet through for hours, we take an 'immense amount of exercise, and are in admirable health.

*Saturday, Feb. 3.*—These saltpans are curious places, the beds of old lakes, each three or four miles long, and only a few feet below the surrounding ground. There is not salt here all the year round; it comes up after the rains and effloresces on the surface; but if there is too much rain it does not come up properly. The farmers here have huge metal pans or caldrons in which they put the dirty salt, and they boil it down, skimming off the dirt. I have not seen it done, but I know that this salt often tastes of soap, and am told that they use the same boilers for making soap, from some plant (barrilla, I suppose) which grows near here, and which is mixed in the caldron with animal fat. Salt is very necessary for animals here, and a salt-pan on a farm is a valuable appendage.

We are leaving for Con's Dam to-day.

*Sunday, Feb. 4.*—Con's Dam. At last I have got a quiet Sunday; we have had too much Sunday working, but it could not be helped. Something



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untoward always seems to happen on a Sunday. Last Sunday I had to send away Balagaroo, and Emmanuel came in his place. He is a smart, well-behaved man, and I thought that now we should have peace amongst our servants, and for three days things went well; then came in Emmanuel crying that Sam, the cook, had called him names, and he must be off at once. Sam is a great coward, but he finds one now that he can bully. I had to pitch into Sam who says he will go at the end of his month, but I doubt it. The drivers are now in good order, I gave them each a nightcap of red wine last night to show that I was pleased with them; it does not do to say so in words, it would make them proud and useless at once.

*Tuesday, Feb. 6.*—Con's Dam. Our quiet Sunday was suddenly cut short by the state of the atmosphere allowing of our observing—for we have had so much difficulty lately on account of mirage. Off we went in two parties: Sergeant K. and I took the bullock cart, and made for a point whence we could see de Villiers at another point. We had to take the observations at sunset, and then join de Villiers on the boundary-line; but after travelling till 10 P.M. we could get no road ahead and outspanned for the night, lighting our fire and making supper. We sleep on the ground now on waterproof sheets, as it is getting damp from rain. We reached de Villiers at 9 A.M. We have now got our line laid out for forty miles, from David's Graf towards the Orange river, but we don't know whether it is in the right direction till we get to Ramah. We are on our

way to Zwinkspan, where our waggons have gone on.

We paid high prices for milk to-day at a Dutch farm, i.e. a pint, though the goats are brimming over and the farmer cannot make use of it, and has no market where he can sell it: but he refuses to sell except at Kimberley prices. We certainly had plenty of milk this evening, and I cannot think where it can have come from, unless one of our boys has been relieving the goats of a superfluity. Sam says, "They are cruel monsters; they have no kind sympathy." Sam has made a new kind of damper mixed with dripping, which I do not like: the plain wholemeal damper made with water is very good and digestible. I cannot eat the white meal (or flour) damper without butter, but the wholemeal bread seems to be eatable by itself.

The rains are not yet properly come on, and everything is yet looking brown, I hoped to have seen it green by now. The tyres of our wheels are still loose, and we have had to put in wedges between them and the wood. Some say that the wheels ought to be saturated in salt water.

The owner of a farm we have recently left is a comical and good fellow: he hails from Ireland, and when he was younger and had nothing he was all agin' the Government, and now that he has become a wealthy landowner and employer of labour he still holds the same views and inveighs against wealth and against landowners, quite forgetting that he is now one of the class he is so hot against. He has had the most amusing encounters with Sergeant K.,



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who is also an Irishman and Roman Catholic, but who has no sympathy with his views. In his wrath ——— comes to me and seems to imagine that we hold the same views ; anyhow we seem to have struck up a lasting friendship.

——— is a good type of the early settlers. He occupied the farm Roode Laagte, and thus described his position to me : “ I have been in the army and am a good royalist, I joined the Royal Engineers in Armagh on the survey of Ireland in 1833, and took my discharge and then enlisted in the 38th Regiment, but though I passed the doctor I only stayed in the regiment three months, for the general doctor in Dublin rejected me on account of having crooked legs, and I was discharged. Again I joined the Royal Engineers on the survey till 1836, when I re-enlisted in the 75th Regiment at Naas, and I proclaimed her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria in Drogheda, I then joined the 91st Regiment in hopes of remaining in this Colony, and served her Majesty till 1845, when I got my discharge and came up to the ‘Sovereignty’ (now the Orange Free State) as a hawker of merchandise, and I bought, through my industry, six farms, and paid about £5000 for them, one of which the Free State Government took away from me on account of the miserable documents of the Griqua proprietors, and now one has been taken away by Mr. Stockenstrom (Judge of Land Court), and given to a squatter Boer, he having built a hut on it. I have a family of ten children, and it is hard to lose my property which I have honestly bought and paid for.”



*Tuesday, Feb. 6.*—Zwinkspan. The country about here is very desolate in appearance, possibly owing to the unusual drought. I go up to the top of the hill near where our waggon is ; it is a heap of iron-stone 200 feet high : around I see a vast brown plain with a few iron-stone hills here and there, and miles away I see two or three little white streaks with green patches near them : they are the farm-houses and verdure resulting from making dams of water. Somebody has said that South Africa will never be worth anything until it is "well dammed." It is quite true ; dams are wanted everywhere in the west : there is not a tree to be seen for miles except the thorny mimosa (this however is a very handsome forest tree when it is well grown). The country looks a howling wilderness, and yet it produces well when care is taken ; and the sheep seem to thrive on this dry soil, and are fit even in the greatest drought if they can only get sufficient water to drink. The difficulty with European plants is the extreme heat by day and the frosts by night ; this is fatal to so many kinds of fruit. There is no grass in this part of the country this year ; I do not know if there is ever much : the sheep, oxen and horses live on the karoo bush and wild sage. I do not think that any description can convey how truly miserable the country looks just now. If I were put down suddenly here I should say that I was in a desert incapable of supporting anything but the springbuck and wildebeeste, and yet there are plenty of shops and stores about, and that is significant. It means that there are people living about with

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produce to exchange. I keep saying to myself, "This looks worse than the desert of Arabia," but there are plenty of shops here and none there.

With all our sad surroundings we enjoy this life amazingly, and are in wondrous health. Jos. de Villiers and I only differ on one point in our work, and that is the rate of progress. He says I must be working piece work to wish to get on so fast. I can see no credit to me in wishing to get through this work quickly as there is so little here that can amuse one; the game is all away during the drought, and there are no historical records of the past, and no people whose manners and customs are worth observing closely. This is a new country and only recently inhabited by man, and it bears signs of enormous changes even in recent years. It cannot be fifty years since it was the home of the elephant, the sea-cow (hippopotamus), and the lion; evidently within quite recent years there were lakes of water and valleys where the sea-cow could wallow; the Dutch names point to this.

An old naturalist told me that the domestic sheep have altered the face of this country, and that for their sake the tall grass and reeds were burnt down, and thus the soil exposed to the sun and the rainfall diminished.

I don't know how invalids are to get on in this country if they are sent here, with the necessaries of life so expensive, and good servants so exceptional—they must wait for the railway.

Mr. Coryndon, lawyer from Kimberley, paid me a visit and brought me some splendid muscatel grapes,

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grown on a farm near here ; and now what can be said about this desert producing nothing ! All it wants is elbow grease. He came concerning the boundary line, and asked me to receive a deputation on my return to Kimberley ; of course I shall receive it, but it will be waste of time ; they are only seeking their individual gain.



## CHAPTER VI

*Thursday, Feb. 8, 1902.*—Ramah. On leaving Zwinkspan yesterday we outspanned for the night in the veldt; and while the dinner was being cooked I heard a loud altercation among the servants, something more than usual, and as I came up I saw one of them with his arm raised holding something that flashed in the firelight; I ran in under his arm and it came down with force on my shoulder, and just saved Sam getting a knife in his neck. I grasped his arm, the knife flew out of his hand, and we all bound the culprit hand and foot. It proved to be our Kafir Jim, whom I had got out of the gaol at Kimberley. Now, what was to be done with him? First, with the aid of Sergeant K., we bound him to the waggon wheel, then we made a straight waistcoat for him by sewing up the cuffs of the sleeves of his coat at the end, and putting it on to him back to the front, then by sewing up the front part which was now behind, his hands were enclosed and he could not free himself. We then pegged him out, by fastening cords to his ankles and wrists and securing the ends out in various directions; all this time he was very sullen and kept muttering that he would kill Sam.

I did not know what course to adopt as I was

many miles away from any magistrate, and I thought the best plan was to make our way on to Ramah where I had agreed to meet de Villiers, and to send a messenger to Captain Marshall, the magistrate at Langford, to tell him of the occurrence. On arrival at Ramah, I was at a loss what to do with Jim and de Villiers could give me no useful advice, nor could the Boers living on the farm; all they could say was that if we were in the Orange Free State we could (under Orange Free State law) flog him. But this did not help me. What I was in fear of was his murdering Sam, as I now heard that he had been in Kimberley gaol for manslaughter.

I therefore made a little plan to get rid of Jim which took me some time to explain to my friend the Boer, at Ramah. I proposed to pretend to sell Jim to the Boer, and then to hand him over in such a manner as to allow of his running away, so that his object would be to get away for fear of being taken into the Orange Free State. So when it was all arranged the Boer came over with me and we had a bogus sale, the bargain lasting some time while we discussed the merits of Jim. The servants realised evidently that it was all a hoax but Jim took it seriously. Eventually I agreed to accept half a crown for him, and then asked Jim what he had to say. He said that he thought he was worth at least half a sovereign. We had just laid off the boundary line here, and the Boer stood on the Free State side and Jim also happened to be on that side, but I released him on our side. Then the Boer told him to come on and they both walked together up the line, Jim



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gradually edging further and further away from the Boer, and at last, when they were about thirty yards apart, Jim took to his heels and ran his best. We all set up a howl and pretended to run after him, but he was soon clear away, and the servants looked greatly relieved, as they were afraid of him: they have now got drunk to celebrate the event. I can't think where they get the liquor from!

*Saturday, Feb. 10.*—I have done a foolish thing. Last night it was cold and rainy, and I took pity on the two drivers who had no blankets and gave them one each; to-day they are gone, blankets and all. De Villiers only laughs, as he says I might have known they would go. I had been told not to make presents as there is some superstition about it, and it usually terminates with the recipients bolting: but I did not think that the gift of a blanket would have such a disastrous effect. It is a great nuisance as we cannot inspan or drive the oxen ourselves. From constantly going among them the oxen let me come quite close to them, and even touch them, and I know most of them individually, though at first they seemed to me to be all alike, but I cannot look after them, and they will not let any one else in our camp go near them. However, no doubt some men will turn up; these people are like vultures and always seem to know when a servant is wanting. In the meantime I must get de Villiers and the Boers to help me.

I do not know whether the natives look upon me as a doctor or whether they have discovered that I sympathise with them in their afflictions, but they



are constantly coming to me for medical assistance. Last night de Villiers' servant Kookjes (who had got a kick in the stomach) asked that I might doctor him, his master having no objection, and I tried my hand on him. It seemed a bad case and I was rather nervous that he would not recover as he appeared to have acute inflammation, but castor oil and mustard leaves and hot fomentations carried the day, and now he seems quite recovering, and actually seems grateful. I don't think that the Dutch have quite the same views as we have about the Kafirs being fellow creatures. I must confess that I have a misgiving about the Koranna, being very low in the scale, but the Kafirs, though idle and dissolute, have reasoning faculties they can develop and can, if they get the opportunity, educate themselves. I have met a few decent Kafirs during the last few days, who do not scowl at me and who do not seem discontented with their lot. Even this rascal Jim who has just gone off is immeasurably above a Koranna and the lower order of Griquas, but I am told there are Griquas equal to the more ignorant Boers.

[Some months after this episode I met Jim at Kimberley and he asked me for sixpence, which I gave him. I said, "So you think that you were worth ten shillings." He said, "If you had sold me for ten shillings I should have asked you for a shilling."]

I have got two boys as driver and leader for our waggon, they are Kafirs, I think they are better boys than any I have seen yet, and off they will go when

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we get near Kimberley. We have now laid down the boundary line for fifty miles from David's Graf to the Orange river through Ramah, and I will try to describe what we have done. In former days there was a dispute between two Griqua chiefs, Waterboer and Adam Kok as to their respective lands, and the line from David's Graf to Ramah fountain was agreed to in 1843, and subsequently laid down by Surveyor de Kok, for the Orange Free State in 1859. I had already agreed with de Villiers on the David's Graf of de Kok, and also that the eye of the fountain at Ramah should be accepted as Ramah, at the point where Mr. Orpen had a trigonometrical station ; so that we had to lay down exactly the same line as de Kok should have laid down. There was a great advantage about this, as the farms of most of the settlers terminated at this line. We had found Mr. Orpen's triangulation very accurate, and connected it with our own so that we were enabled when at David's Graf to calculate the direction of the line straight down to Ramah, and laid out our line as already described. To our great delight our trial line forty-three miles long, over a succession of low hills cuts within a foot of the trigonometrical station at Ramah, *i.e.*, the error in forty-three miles is less than four feet. This is a result we had not ventured to make sure of, though I felt very sanguine, and we can thus stick to the line we have first laid out. During the tracing of this line we have found that de Kok's old line is crooked, and is in some places a mile or more out so that some portions of the Orange Free State farms will fall







THE ORANGE RIVER, SOUTH OF GRIQUATOWN, 1855

into Griqualand West; this is not, however, a matter of any moment.

The work now before us is the beaconing off the line from here to David's Graf, and building the beacons, the observing at several trigonometrical points, and the measurement of a base line of verification at Frederick's Pan.

The Orange river (about three miles from Ramah) has been very low all this season; the banks are well wooded and lined with grass and Karoo bush. The river runs in a great gulley, 300 yards wide and 60 feet deep, which it has cut, in process of time, through the flat plain. Just now, the water is a small stream connecting a few shallow pools, but after heavy rains, in the Orange Free State and in Basutoland, the whole gulley is water, running like a mill-race. It is full of pretty little islands, at present, but there is not enough water for boating. It is dangerous to encamp on the bank, as the rains come down suddenly, and sometimes the gulley is filled up in a few minutes after heavy and sudden rains up country.

*Friday, Feb. 9.*—We moved up to Frederick's Fontein to-day, and commenced getting ready for the measurement of the base line. We are now in the Orange Free State on the borders of a pan, about twelve miles north of Ramah; it might be called a frying-pan so far as the heat is concerned. There are many of these pans (or dried up lakes) about this part of the country, and consequently it is called the Panneveldt. This one is more than three miles long, and 600 yards broad, running

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nearly north and south ; the bottom is flat, and as smooth as a floor, and looks like hard mud, and it glares like snow (from the salt in it), and is burning hot to the feet. At night it looks quite like snow and crunches up under the feet. The ground around is nearly flat, gently sloping towards the pan, and is covered with Karoo bush, and a kind of ice plant. To the east is a range of low hills about 200 feet above the plain, terminating in a peak to north about 200 feet higher. These hills are all iron-stone, and very disagreeable to walk on. The peak can be seen on all sides up to 20 miles, and is therefore an important trigonometrical point. At the southern extremity is a spring of water, called Frederick's Fontein, where we are encamped. The bed of the pan is perfectly level for two miles up the centre ; for about 600 yards at the south it is somewhat rough, owing to the trampling of sheep going to water, and at the northern end the pan bed is grown over with low shrubs.

As a whole this pan presents the most perfect site for a short base line ; there is nothing to be compared to it in the British Isles. It is all ready, no spade work is required except at the northern end where a few shrubs require removing. The dead level of the pan may be realised by the fact that after a thunderstorm the water lies on the bed in one long unbroken sheet in calm weather at a uniform depth, yet when the wind blows strongly and continuously along its length, the water is blown to the leeward end and heaped up there. If there is a sudden change of wind the water will be driven in a wave



from one end to the other, the dry portion being now covered to a depth of two to three feet, while what was recently covered with water is now left dry.

Jos. de Villiers states that about ten years ago this pan was full of water, and that the pan at Boshof was empty; that there was a very violent storm with whirlwinds and water-spouts, and that at the close of one of these atmospheric outbursts the Boshof pan was found full of water, and the Frederick's pan was empty. He also told me several other stories, current in these parts, of showers of oranges, fishes, frogs, during these storms, and after what I have seen myself take place I can quite believe them. I saw a small tent and some farm implements taken up by a whirlwind a few days ago, and dropped down again some yards off.

*Monday, Feb. 12.*—Yesterday (Sunday) we went out in the afternoon to the house of a young Dutch farmer (Mr. Hever) about an hour east of this. His is one of four, and owns 10,000 morgen (20,000 acres), a fourth part of the original estate which he and three brothers inherited. At the low rate of 20s. a morgen, his land is worth £10,000, and valuing his own dam, herds and flocks at £10,000 more, he cannot be worth less than £20,000. He is considered here to be passably well off but not a rich farmer. His house is in a nook in the barren hills, and his garden is an oasis in the desert. In this country if you have water you have everything else on your land. He has no fountain, only a well and a large dam, so large that its waters will last him three years, and he is independent of droughts. This dam

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supplies all the cattle and sheep of the farm, and irrigates a large garden; there has been comparatively no rain here for twelve months, and severe drought still prevails, though heavy rains have fallen a few miles more to west, about Zwinkspan.

He speaks most feelingly of his emotion at seeing, for several days past, heavy showers falling in all directions around here, but none on his farm. Then I think, "Oh, my base line! if one of these showers comes all our work will come to nought." His garden is a melancholy instance of the drought; the trees are green enough from irrigation, but though the peaches are splendid in appearance, they will never get ripe. I tried several large juicy looking peaches, but found them green and hard inside; they want a little moisture in the air.

Fancy a country where rain only falls now and then by accident. The pomegranate looked superb. All things in a garden in this country must be irrigated; grapes, figs, peaches, even grass. Nothing will grow without water to the roots the air is so intensely dry.

He told us many stories about the baboons (bavians) about here. They live in the stony hills and are immensely powerful, doing great damage amongst the sheep, if they can get at them. They pursue them, tear the hind legs asunder and suck the kidneys, killing a great number, but do not eat them. I don't think that they eat flesh. He said that bavians do not usually attack human beings, but that they take likes and dislikes, and often they worry those they dislike. A farmer went



alone to see some friends near Frederick Pan, and on his way there he fired at some bavians and annoyed them. On his return he found them all in a line hand-in-hand barring his way, and he was obliged to ride back and get company to come with him before he ventured to pass his enemies. He is still much chaffed by his friends for having had to run from the bavians.

To-day there is much electricity about, and when I lift up the tent door it gives off sparks. When I get into bed I see for a few seconds a circle of fire around me; the blankets all sparkle and crackle when touched. It is quite astonishing sometimes how everything crackles. I notice it most when I suddenly undo blankets which have been folded during the heat of the day; then, as some one expressed it, we have thunder and lightning. All say that this is the worst drought they have had for many years past; but is not this always said? In Europe, each year is said to be unusual in some respect.

We have selected the exact line of our base, and sunk stones at the northern and southern ends of the pan, nearly three miles apart, to mark the extremities of the lines to be measured, and we have picketed out the line and have measured part of it. Our measurements are made with steel rods with rounded ends butting on to each other. This I believe to be a much more accurate method of measurement in this climate than the most elaborate and scientific instrumental measurement. The only point is that the rods must be the exact standard length. These rods



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I have made myself, and compared rigorously with the Cape standard. They are painted white, and numbered I., II., III., No. III. being painted black for about one foot at either end to distinguish it from the other two. The method of measuring is as follows : I place No. I. in position, and Sergeant K. creeps forward to the further end of it, and gently puts his foot on it (the ground underneath being hard, solid, and smooth) and remains there while II. and III. are placed in position. A labourer brings forward No. II. and places it in position, Sergeant K. adjusting the contact. I then place No. III. in line with I. and II. and abutting on the latter, on the forward end of which the labourer has placed his foot. After seeing to the close contact of II. and III. I place my foot on the forward end of the latter, mark the tally and note the distance in the field-book, while at the same time Sergeant K. makes a similar entry in his book. This completes the first lot, then No. I. is released, brought forward, put into position, and the operation commences again. Thus two rods are always fixed on the ground at one time, and there is no danger of any slip, and the only error possible is due to incorrectness in length of rods or an imperfect contact. The laying down of twelve sets of rods, ten Cape feet in length each, was found to take twelve minutes, subsequently reduced to four and a half minutes, and consequently we measured at the rate of about 1500 yards per hour. These measurements were made on February 10 and 12; the greatest difference in any two measurements in the three miles base was two and three-quarter inches; a

discrepancy considerably less than occurs with the best and most elaborate measurements with scientific instruments; and comparing very favourably with the measurements of the Salisbury Plain and Hounslow Heath bases. Then steel rods were compared before and after measurements with the Cape standard rods brought up from Capetown.

[On August 18, 1877, General Cameron (Director of the Ordnance Survey) writes: "Your two bases compare capitally, quite as well as the bases measured by General Mudge with Ramsden's chain in the early days of the survey. Deal rods did not give a good result in this climate."]

One of our great difficulties in measuring the base line, and in observing with the theodolite, was the mirage in parallax caused by the tremulous vibratory motion in the atmosphere; these phenomena appear to extend throughout South Africa, but the illusion differs in different parts. When travelling up through the country, lakes of water were constantly seen on either side of the road, which reflected trees from their surface and had every appearance of reality. So much is this the case that even when a country is well known the deception to the eye continues in full force, and owners of farms have been known to imagine that a downpour of rain had filled up their pans, while they were actually simmering with drought. On the other hand, cases have occurred where farmers have believed they were looking on a mirage, while a real pan of water, from a recent-cloud burst, lay before them.

The hills up country are very much affected by the



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mirage, and assume the appearance of huge haystacks, their bases diminishing towards the horizon.

During the heat of the day, a stick put up at the distance of a mile, and viewed through a telescope, appears like a wavy falling column of water glittering in the sun, and a beacon at a distance of three or four miles has the motion of a tongue or flame of fire.

During a calm the motion on the horizon is undulating and vertical, and the smooth, sharp outlines of the hills become blurred, and resemble the indistinct inner edge of the moon's crescent at the first quarter, but when the wind blows strongly the outlines of the hills have the swift onward movement of waves or billows, and give the observer an uneasy notion that his instrument is not firmly clamped, or that the hills are quickly and noiselessly gliding away. The stronger the power of the telescope the more apparent the motion, so that during the time of mirage a good glass rather intensifies the difficulty.

During a strong wind there is also a lateral refraction, so that if a series of banderols are placed in line, and again observed when there is no mirage, some of them will be found to be out of line. We took great pains to satisfy ourselves that this was the case; we found it out when laying down the base line in the pan; a banderol put up half way, directly in the line of base during a calm, was about three inches out of line when the wind began to blow strongly across the line.

The phenomenon of the mirage seems to be in



some manner due to the extremely heated state of the earth, while the superincumbent air is cool, consequently there is a constant rush of heated air from the surface of the earth, ascending through the cool air; but this does not account for everything, and perhaps the dry electric condition of the air may also be a factor.

Owing to the difficulty about the mirage, observation could not be taken during the day except for an hour at sunrise and an hour at sunset before and after the sun is on the horizon, and thus it is seldom practicable to observe from more than one station in a day. We drive or ride to a hill in the afternoon, ascend it before sunset, and take as many rounds of angles as the state of the atmosphere will admit of, sleep anywhere at the foot of the hill, and go up again before sunrise to complete the observation. This is done without using tents or other covering to sleep under, and though during dry weather it is not disagreeable, on cold and rainy nights it is most trying. Generally there is little wood to be obtained, and the amount of cow-dung that can be collected is scarcely sufficient to do more than cook a cup of coffee.

It is frequently supposed that there is no mirage after rain, but this was not our experience: we have found it then so strong that we were prevented observing, the surface of the ground had not cooled down. Apart from this mirage the air is extremely clear, and objects can be seen for thirty to forty miles with ease; but it is not, they say, always practicable to distinguish objects when in wooded

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country, of which we have seen little or none at present.

Last night Sam being no longer afraid of Jim got drunk again, and we had more fighting. They are a wearisome lot, and I wonder if they would be any better if they could be whipped; it seems the only punishment suitable. What are you to do with fellows who charge you £100 a year and yet will not do a fair day's work, or even half a day's work.

I can cheerfully recommend an excellent punishment for any European who has offended. Set him to measure a base line at Frederick's Fontein with the thermometer over 180 F. in the sun. We cannot touch the iron pickets with our bare hands, they are so hot. I have had some very rough work lately and feel all the better for it.

It is interesting to sit in a store and see the natives come for their grog. Some of them buy beer and stout, but the Griquas and Korannas usually drink some kind of strong spirits. They must have got used to a long course of drinking. This is how some of them continue yet to give themselves a shock with a small amount. The Koranna comes into the shop and putting his shilling on the counter, he receives in exchange a long tapering glass, very thick glass, of fiery spirits. He puts his head back, opens his mouth wide, lifts the glass as high over his head as he can, turns it over, and pours the spirit straight into his stomach without appearing to swallow.

An amusing incident took place regarding the young German assistant at this store; he had evi-



dently something he wanted to get out of Mr. Orpen, and asked me many questions about him, and concerning his differences with Mr. de Villiers, which I thought indiscreet, and I fenced them. Just then de Villiers drove up to take me on to another house, and the German asked him if he could take him also, and on getting into the cart began to speak to de Villiers as though he were Mr. Orpen ; he had evidently mistaken the two. It was most entertaining; he tried to ingratiate himself with the supposed Mr. Orpen by running down Mr. de Villiers, who at first was inclined to resent it, but I gave him a kick and he let the German run on. After a little time he began to think that Mr. Orpen did not respond very readily, so I suggested he was flattering him so much that I should not wonder if Mr. Orpen was to pose as Mr. de Villiers, and then de Villiers began to pretend that he was himself. We dropped him at a farmhouse looking very much mystified and uncertain whether it was Box or Cox.



## CHAPTER VII

*Friday, Feb. 23.*—We have often been wet through, but still the drought has continued. Hitherto we have had almost constant blue sky (except during a sudden storm), but lately clouds gather together each afternoon, and often cover the heavens, and again in the evening disappear. For a day or two we saw lightning about, and it was evident that rain was falling somewhere not very far off, and clouds began to form up by 9 A.M., getting quite thick by noon; signs of bad weather. About 1 P.M. yesterday as we were out piling, on a hill some miles off, the clouds seemed to come down around us, and we drove off as quickly as we could, and then there was a great thunderstorm and a downpour for some hours, a real heavy rain; after this it was comparatively cool. I was obliged to sleep in my clothes, because my tent is of so frail a description it might be blown to pieces at any moment. It rained hard in the night and this morning the clouds are all gone, but there are still signs of rain on the horizon; at 9 A.M. the clouds gathered together again, and to the south they appeared so very black that I concluded there must be heavy rain at Hopetown. Nothing occurred here

till 4 P.M. when there were unmistakable signs of a real storm coming on.

The scene was very beautiful—not the landscape but the clouds. Looking south a long purple black cloud extending from east to west, and below it a fringe doubly black, which seemed to meet the earth. At the outskirts of the fringe rain was falling, and near the rain the clouds were quite green, and further along they turned into violet, while to the north there was bright blue sky, quite blue green in parts, and fleecy clouds of all colours. In one direction to south-west was to be seen a red haze; this increased rapidly till we could see it was a dust storm coming towards us. The highly coloured condition of the atmosphere showed that there was much electricity about. This red haze came along with a hissing sound, and we had hastily to put up our papers and close our waggon front. Hardly was this done when the storm broke over us, knocked over my tent and filled it with dust, carried away all the loose kitchen utensils towards the pan—it was ludicrous to see them all bowling off before the wind—then several loud cracks of thunder, and the lightning played round us in all directions; not forked as in England, but as a red hot piece of iron waved about in the darkness.

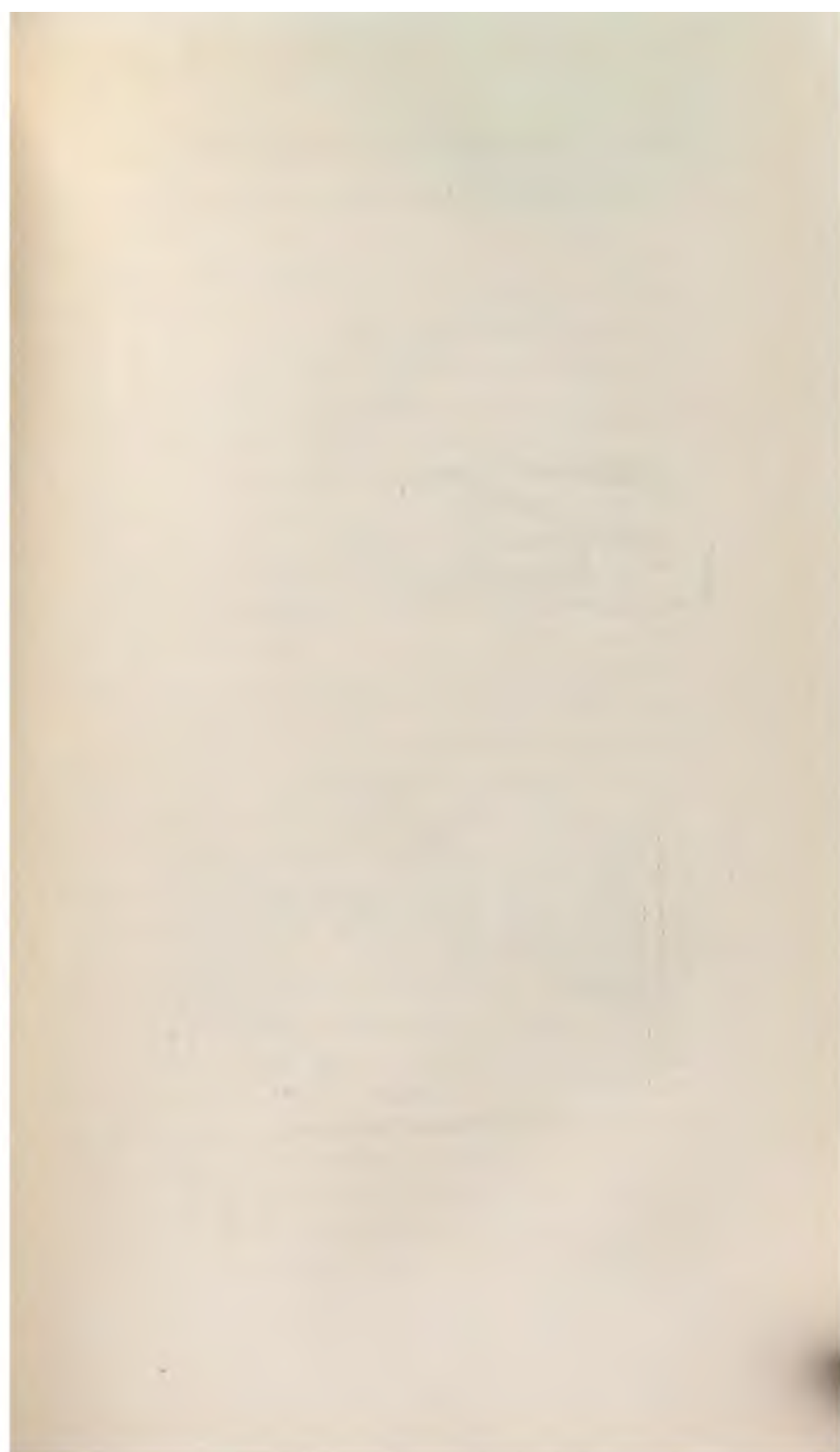
We now saw that we were in for an up-country storm, and made all fast, but just before it came full on to us it sheered off again, and we only got the fag end of it, but that was quite enough for us who do not own the land. The track of these storms in the heaviest portion is often very narrow. The rain



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came down in torrents, and the lightning was most vivid; the clouds jostled each other in the sky in the most excited manner. Then there was a lull, a curious cessation of all noise, and we crept out to look around us. There, half a mile from us, was the rain coming down in a sheet of water, and we could hear the hissing of it as it fell, but with us it only came down in spasmodic jerks. As evening came on the rain closed around us and we were in the thick of it again. I had taken the precaution of digging trenches round our tents which I had pitched on a little knoll, so there was no danger of our being swamped out or carried away as sometimes happens. The rain, however, penetrates through my tent, which is now up again, and here am I sitting with waterproofs over all my things, water dripping at all points. I am eating *biltong* (dried meat), for I can get nothing cooked. There is another storm coming on and I must leave off writing for a while as we have to stand ready when the wind blows strongly. Nine P.M. You will hardly realise it, but in spite of the storm, this is the first night since I left Port Elizabeth twelve weeks ago that I can sit down comfortably and lazily to write. Generally I have so much to get ready for the morning, or have to compute triangles, or am so dead tired that I find it impossible to write. To-night there is a tremendous change after the great heat, and the thermometer is down to 63° F., almost cold. This is due to the rain, and they say here that it ought to have been like this during December, January and February; but this year has been an







CAMP OF SURVEY PARTY, FREDERICKSFONTEIN, 1876



A BECHUANA DWELLING, 1825

exception. I am glad to find that I can stand the heat so well.

*Saturday, Feb. 24.*—The heavy rain last night has filled the pan, and it is now a sheet of water; fortunately we had completed all observations except a minor one from the near end, to a new pile, and I have had to go off in a cart into the pan and put up my instrument in the middle of the water. It was difficult to find the sunken stone marking the end of the base. They gave me the line from the shore and I had to fish about for it. I suppose we ought to be glad that the rains are so late as otherwise we might have been swamped out while measuring and observing in the pan. We have often got wet through from rain, but now for the first time this season the land is getting wet through. We have nearly completed our work here, have put up a great number of piles, and have been twice to Ramah, putting up a line of beacons reaching down to the Orange river. The only pile we have had any trouble about is that one just above our camp, in the Frederick's-berg; the baboons pull it down as soon as we put it up. We have tried several experiments without success, even putting food (cakes) about to propitiate these beasts, but they are of no avail. At last we have hung up many pieces of sheet iron which rattle together in the wind, and this seems either to frighten or please the baboons, for they have now left the pile alone.

No dinner to-day again, nothing but biltong to chew. The rains put our fire out. There is a place under the waggon where the drivers and coolies can



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lie without getting very wet, but it is cheerless for the poor creatures. It is now 10 P.M. and the rain has settled down steadily for the night: looking out of my tent I see by the flashes of lightning a snow-white country; the glistening of the rain on a white chalky substance which churns up to the surface of the wet soil. The gutters I dug round the tents are all running with rivulets of water, and the pan is getting quite full. But the Boers say it will be dry again in a day or two as the soil is so thirsty.

I have not had time to shoot birds or beasts lately, in fact just now you must go after the game a long way; it does not come to you except when the rains have made the grass and shrubs grow. I generally, however, get a koorhaan of some kind in going over the veldt and de Villiers knows where there are sand-grouse on his side of the work. I really see very little of de Villiers just now as we divide up the work, and of course, with so much observing, we are usually both sleeping on the veldt away from camp, some thirty miles apart.

The Dutch people about here are dreadfully inhospitable to us all; they are just as disagreeable to de Villiers as they are to me. They will not sell their sheep or their milk, but rather let the milk spoil or the sheep die. With thousands of sheep around and barely enough food for them, they will not sell one. The Kafirs follow suit and are just as bad. Palestine (barring the climate) is a charming country compared to this; far better to cultivate and colonise. This country which used to support hundreds of natives, now only supports one Dutch

family to every 300 square miles. It is lamentable. Great hulking, able-bodied men, these Boers, they sit on their hams from morning till night, and scarcely stir except to abuse their Kafir servants. I think I may be rather severe on them because in the times of drought there is nothing they can do but wait for the rain, being without resources. The Kafirs when they are independent are even worse and do no steady work. I long to see a good negro or Nubian from Upper Egypt. In this country they do not know what it is to work : lazy vagabonds. I cannot get over paying six pounds a month to a raw Kafir for idling his time away.

White children seem to be remarkably healthy here ; the Dutch children are particularly vigorous, but they become lethargic as they grow up. The English children look more fragile. Each family, Dutch or English, seems to consist of from ten to fourteen children, and many grow up to maturity and are not carried off by infantile complaints ; but in some families a large proportion die, as many as fifty per cent. The Dutch people marry very young, the girls at fifteen, and the boys at sixteen to eighteen, so that a woman of thirty-five may have fifteen to twenty children and still they cry they come ! Once a year, and sometimes more. The women seem to die very early and the widowers marry again soon ; but it is not becoming to marry within three months of the death of the wife. It is quite an ordinary matter to find a second or third wife in a Boer house. In fact the mortality among wives is a continual theme of conversation. I think



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it due greatly to their taking little or no exercise, and sitting *over* hot wood or charcoal all day long in winter. They put the brazier, protected by a wooden grating, under the petticoat, and that cannot be good for them.

*Monday, March 5.*—Salt Pan. We are now on our way to David's Graf, completing our beacons as we go along.

The horses of this country are mostly "sticks," *i.e.*, they get sulky, at times, and will not move when they are put into a cart; nothing will make them move when they get into this obstinate condition, they would rather be beaten to death. I don't know if it is due to temper or low diet and poor condition. The Dutch often get quite mad with them on these occasions, and many are the horrid stories they tell about their proceedings. Some of the things they do are very cruel, such as jobbing knives, &c., into the horses; but there is only one remedy I have heard of which has any effect, *i.e.*, using hot things. Sometimes they light a fire under the horse and then it must move, and sometimes they put a hot egg or potato under the tail. If this is done the animal goes off in a hurry and possibly the cart is smashed up, but the Boer does not think of all that when he is enraged.

Some days ago when we left Boshof with de Villiers, the horses all stuck one after the other in turn, and we were engaged two hours without getting on an inch. Eventually de Villiers outspanned and gave the horses a little food; in half an hour he inspanned again and they went off



quietly, having apparently forgotten all about their morning obstinacy.

I have two horses that have taken to stick, they learnt it from those of de Villiers, and they have become a positive nuisance, as they stop in the middle of a journey and have to be led. To cure them I have yoked two oxen in front. The oxen are patient, quiet animals, and go off at two miles an hour and the horses must follow; so I hoped to teach the horses to give up sticking.

A few days ago, however, I was driving in the spring cart when the horses suddenly stuck and refused to move, and I had to wait for the oxen. On putting them in front, one of the horses deliberately leaned on the pole of the cart and broke it, turning round to me with a grunt as much as to say, "There, I have done that, what will you do next?" I was equal to the occasion and took the thick pole out of the bullock cart and put it into the spring cart, and then inspanned the horses, putting the oxen in front and the cart behind. The horse again tried the same trick, but the pole was too strong to be broken by his weight, and off they had to go following the bullocks. This they have now been doing for two days and seem to be resigned to their fate and have begun to pull all right again, the oxen only being required in difficult places.

While things were in this condition I paid a visit to a Boer, called Lubbe, who hates the English and who had given out that he would shoot the first Englishman he found on his farm, and that he would have no boundary-line laid through it.

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I appeared at his farm in my spring cart with two horses and the two oxen in front, and this strange arrangement seems somehow to have prepossessed him in my favour; he was so tickled at this method of curing sticking horses. He was extremely civil, asked what he could do for me and expressed his surprise at finding me so young. I asked him what age he took me for and he said twenty-three. Then I asked him what age he expected me to be and he said at least sixty-five. I found that he had expected to see Major Warden who was Land Commissioner in these parts years ago under the Sovereignty, about 1850. We parted great friends and his idea of shooting an Englishman has evaporated.

I must describe this salt pan. When we were here a few weeks ago the bottom was dry and incrustated with a thin deposit of salt; it is now a sheet of water about a mile in diameter; on the western side where we are there is a feeble stream trickling out of the shale. The banks of the pan are only about ten to twelve feet high, and around is a flat country slightly undulating. This plain runs north and south for twelve or fifteen miles and is about three miles wide, the boundary line cutting it in half. Two of the transport roads to the Diamond Fields come through this place. They meet at the spring and diverge again, one to Jacobsdaal and the other to Kimberley. A little grass has come up since we left. There is a farmhouse here and some Kafir huts. There are two stone kraals where cattle are penned at night; beyond this there is



nothing whatever to be seen, not a tree or large shrub as far as the eye can reach, above is all blue sky and a cruel white sun.

A few days ago I lay down at the foot of a hill on the bare ground, shortly after the first rains; not a blade of grass near me, all night long I heard little clicks all about me, and at last I struck a light and waited till I heard a click and then located it; then I found it came from a tiny blade of grass which had been folded up in its sheath and had suddenly escaped with a click. I am glad to have heard grass actually growing. I wonder who invented the term "spring up" as applied to grass, it exactly describes the operation.

You ask me what we drink here, beer being so expensive. People usually drink spirits, tea and coffee. French Brandy and "Square-gin" (Hollands) are the usual spirits. I now and again drink Old Tom or stout, the former 6s. to 7s. 6d. per bottle, the latter 2s. 6d. to 4s. a quart. There are no fixed prices in this country. The inn-keepers seem to charge what they please.

What a nuisance these Dutch farmers are with their sheep; I have been obliged to treat one of them according to the law; he refused to sell at a time when we were quite without meat, so I said to him, "Well, there is the money I shall give, now I shall go and take one." Upon which he said with great alacrity, "Let me select it, I did not know that you were aware of our laws." It seems that under the Roman Dutch law, there is some reasonable ruling that folk need not starve if there is food all



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around and they have the means to pay, and that those who have the food must sell. I don't know if it is a written law, but it is quite evident that the Boers look upon it as a law. The Boer seems quite pleased now to let me have the sheep; they are funny folk.

I have had a little episode also with Van Eck; he objected to my observing from the hill over against his house, without his permission; but the reason I did not ask him was because he had transgressed the rules of Boer hospitality when I entered his house. So I took advantage of the occasion and pointed out his want of hospitality.

It touched him up and he is now most friendly and insists on our staying to coffee. It seems to me that these Boers are ready to make friends the moment you can convince them that they are in the wrong; I am getting a much higher opinion of them.

We passed through a tremendous storm yesterday afternoon. Sergeant K. and I were walking alongside the Scotch cart, when a terrific thunderstorm came on, and the rain fell in sheets, and we could hear it hissing as it fell some miles away. The lightning came out of the ground to the east, went up in irregular lines in the heavens, and then almost instantaneously there were the same kind of irregular lines darting from the clouds into the ground to the west of us, so that it circled over us. Electric light played about on the tyres of the cart wheels, and on the barrel of the gun which I was carrying, so I put it into the cart. Suddenly there was a flash and a

crash, and Sergeant K. fell over against me, and when he recovered himself said that he could not see, and I also had been blinded for a second or so. I had now to lead a blind man along, and this continued till we got to where our camp was. Towards evening he began to recover his sight, and this morning seems pretty well; but he will not go out observing for a day or two.

They say that during these thunderstorms, when a pan gets suddenly filled with water, fishes of large size, several pounds weight, are found in them. This is accounted for in two ways. Some fish, the Marsia, have large heads with a small reservoir of water in them, and when the pan dries up they burrow in the mud and lie there in a state of coma till the rains again fill the pan. The other way is, that when the pan fills there is a certain amount of overflow water which runs into the rivers, and that then the fish in the rivers quickly ascend these streams and so get into the pans; but if this latter explanation were correct, we should sometimes find fish stranded in the veldt on their way up.

*Saturday, March 3.*—On the line. A store-keeper complained to me yesterday, "The Boers now know the price of things so well, it is impossible to deal with them." Few of the storekeepers buy for cash. They are generally wool-buyers, and they proceed as follows: A Dutchman or a Kafir comes with wool, and the storekeeper will not buy unless he can get for £30 what he can sell for £100—say he pays £30, on paper, the wool-seller wants stores, and coming into the store with the "good for" £30.



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buys shirts, boots, implements, etc., here again the storekeeper gets the value of £100 for articles worth £15. The result is really a system of exchange in kind. A man who has just set up a shop there—there! in this howling wilderness, not in any main road, says he has taken in a month not less than £100 in cash; and generally three or four people come every day to buy. Where the money all comes from it is difficult to say. With houses ten to twelve miles apart a shop seems an absurdity, and yet they do get plenty of custom, perhaps from the Kafirs who squat on the farms.

*Thursday, March 8.*—What a gipsy's life it is; sometimes we get wet through and cannot pitch our tents; then we stop our waggon in some dry spot amid sheets of water and get a fire lighted. It is very difficult to light a fire with wet wood in driving rain, with wet matches, but we generally manage it between us, though sometimes the wind carries away the lighted sticks as fast as they get hot. When the fire is lighted then Sam puts the kettle on it and we all crowd round in our wet things. I sit on a barrel toasting my toes while the rain pours down my back. Then we drink our tea and get some pieces of sheep grilled, if we can, and all get into the waggon among the instrument boxes and pieces of sail-cloth. We cannot take off our clothes, not even boots, on such occasions as we have to be ready for all emergencies. A few flowers are beginning to appear, and a kind of heather with a flower like a violet.

I must stop to eat a cucumber: I have not seen



cucumbers for some weeks, and must eat this one at once. Now I feel all the better. Vegetables are such precious things in this country; the Dutch don't eat them, so they are difficult to get. A few days ago at Zwinkspan there were potatoes growing and the farmer sold us a few; it was delightful to eat them again, we had not seen any for several weeks. All we can get in this wilderness is sheep, whole meal and a little water, and sometimes too much water. I have not seen much of the little meerkats which live in some parts of the country so I have not been able to study their habits. There are very few about here and those there are are very shy. They are something like ferrets in shape, with long tails; some kind have rat tails, these can be tamed; another kind have fine bushy tails and are very wild. They sit up on their hind legs like squirrels and look at you when you whistle to them. One kind live on herbs, and the other is carnivorous. They are pretty things, and I should like to bring one home, but I am sure it would not live. They gather together in communities on the veldt, hundreds of them, in burrows.

The white ants which make the big ant heaps on the veldt are funny little reddish creatures; they have great big heads with long snouts, something like that of a duck. If you break a little piece of the ant-heap away they will come running up with clay, and they line the edges of the hole and cover it over in a few hours. I have put some ant-heaps in the beacons, in hopes that the ants will make them into huge nests.

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*March 8.*—Junction of Modder and Riet rivers. Here we are again near David's Graf after another week of roughing it. It is impossible to describe where we have been as we have been beaconing off the boundary-line over a country where there are no roads and the people are of the most primitive kind.

Last night we were travelling through sheets of water, and our waggon was constantly sticking in the mud; the country all around is a marsh just at present. At one point the waggon sunk in on one side and began to heel over. We had to put ropes over the tilt and hold it up while we unloaded it, with scarce a dry spot to put our things on. When it was empty we yoked in the oxen again, dug out the mud in front of the wheels, and all pushed and bore on the spokes of the wheel together; the drivers called to the oxen by their names, brought down their whips on them and yelled; then with a mighty pull and shove all together the waggon emerged from the hole on to solid ground and we packed in our things again.

To-day we are on the banks of a boiling seething caldron, the Junction Drift (Berry's) and do not expect to be able to cross over for two or three days. Waggons and carts are lining the banks on both sides waiting. One man crossed over to-day by means of a raft, the oxen swimming, but they were nearly drowned in the process. I have not lost my oxen from straying for nearly a month, but those of de Villiers are often missing. It is very aggravating just as you are about to start off on your business to



find that the horses and oxen are all off, probably miles away. To-day a transport rider who was in a hurry got a white man to go after his lost oxen; the man was absent an hour and charged fifteen shillings for his time. It is like paying salvage. The grass is getting very good now in places. We are getting cucumbers and potatoes, quite a treat.

A farmer near the boundary, now a rich man, told me his story. He was living in the Cape Colony where he had two good Kafir servants, a waggon and ten oxen and little else of value, but a very excellent wife. He trekked to the Diamond Fields in the very early rush, and on arrival was out of money: he took a claim and dug each day for diamonds, and his boys went out on to the river banks and brought in firewood in his waggon, which he sold to the diggers, and thus for five months supported himself, finding no diamonds. At last when he had only £2 10s. left, he sold his waggon and oxen at Klip drift (Barkly) for a few pounds, put up a shanty and opened a canteen—a friend lent him £100 with which he bought liquor. When he had cleared £15 he bought diamonds from the diggers and sold them again for double the price he gave, and began daily to clear from £5 to £30.

In a month he paid off his debts, and with £250 went to Kimberley and set up a butcher's shop. He got a careful Scotchman as butcher and a German as salesman, a young man as clerk, three German boys to drive the butcher's cart. His wife looked after all this while he scoured the country foraging for sheep and cattle at a low price. He soon acquired



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a reputation for selling good meat and drove a thriving business. He bought droves of cattle, picked out the best for his shop and sold the rest to other butchers. Thus his shop had always the best meat, and he turned over £4000 a month. For five years he worked in this way, and then, getting tired of it, bought a good farm for £2600. If he speaks correctly he must be worth now at least £50,000, and yet he lives in a corrugated iron house, his wife slaving from morning to night, selling drink to the natives, keeping an hotel and cooking, and his children are growing up with the education of the veldt.

This is a wonderful country, your butcher and baker may be old school-fellows. There are University men in all kinds of very subordinate positions, and the leading men are mostly practical men without much education, who have raised themselves a little, but have ideas. It gives one a notion of how different the positions of people would be in the world if they owed their advancement to their individual merits apart from family influence, inherited money, &c. But the time is too short for judging of these things, perhaps in fifty years people would settle down into places much as they do in the old country.

*Thursday, March 15.*—We have crossed the Riet and Modder rivers in safety, though the water is still in flood. There seemed no prospect of crossing at the Junction Drift, so I crossed the rivers one by one. I took the waggon up to David's Graf, where there is an old drift, disused for many years,

here the volume of the Riet river was not half that at the junction. I emptied the waggon, successfully got it down the very steep side of the drift, dragged it across and then sent the contents across on the heads of the natives. Here for once they really worked well under great excitement; both the Kafirs and Griquas seem at home in the water. We were now between the two rivers on a tongue of land that is sometimes flooded.

On the following day, March 12, we attempted to cross the Modder river, and having a local farmer to guide us, we were able to find the best part of the drift without difficulty. We had to be pretty certain of what we were about as we had seen what was nearly a catastrophe at the junction on March 8, when the river began to fill up. Waggon's were crossing when it began to rise rapidly and, as we were looking on, a waggon stuck in the drift, two spans were put on without any effect, and it was thought that the waggon would be swept down the river. A third span however was added in time and the waggon was successfully dragged up, but was already swept a good deal out of its course.



## CHAPTER VIII

*Thursday, March 15.*—Magersfontein. We are now laying down the line between David's Graf and Tarantaal Kop (33 miles), and this we can do rapidly as about midway the line cuts a kop (or summit of a hill) in the neck near Scholtz Dam from whence both points can be seen.

Whilst engaged here I received a letter from Major Lanyon expressing anxiety lest a large portion of the main road to Kimberley should lie outside the boundary-line, and a deputation of lawyers, bankers and farmers waited on me, connected with the London and South African Exploration Company, requesting that for their individual interests I would make a deviation from the line so as to bring all their land into British territory. We had a great palaver and many set speeches, but I could not see my way to deviate from the line agreed on, and would not admit that the owners of the land in question differed in any respect from other land-owners, merely because they were an influential company with big people in England at their head. I pointed out that if I gave in to them I should have to give in to all, and the boundary would run zigzag in all directions, sometimes to east and sometimes to west of the agreed-on line, without reference to the



interests of the general community, and that I intended to do what I thought best for the community in general, and act as nearly as I could in conformity with the memorandum of agreement. In this matter the onus of refusal fell on me because de Villiers was quite willing to give a piece to the South African Exploration Company if the Dutch on the other hand could also get pieces.

People are very frank here in their speech, and some of the deputation were not wanting in warmth of language. Then the tenant of the farm we were on got up and made a speech, "You have mistaken your man, you won't be able to persuade him; he will carry out the work as laid down by Lord Carnarvon, and will pay no attention to you or to any one else except his own chief." On this they rose to go, but are coming back again to try and bring me to terms on Saturday, but by that time I shall have beacons off the line right through their land, and shall be on the other side near Kimberley.

We are feasting on fruit and vegetables from the garden, green figs, marrows and water melons, plenty of milk, a very agreeable change; the thermometer now only rises to 86° in the waggon, and 90° in my tent, so it is much cooler than it was. The sun is shining brightly, and there are a few flowers to be seen. The Boers, although they seem so poor, use up the value of a good deal of money. One of them said to me, "How is it you go about on horseback or in a cart, we thought that a great gentleman like you would have a carriage and four horses;" he did not seem able to realise that I had to keep within

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my allowance if I could, and that if I acted in the reckless way some of them do I should soon be poverty-stricken. I sent to Hopetown a few days ago to get some "boys" (Kafirs) to work on the beacons: they asked "Is he lately from England?" "Yes." "Ah!" said they, "then he too much spring-buck!" i.e., an Englishman could not accommodate himself to their lazy ways.

Major Lanyon is going down to the Cape for a month's leave to meet Sir Bartle Frere. We hear that the Transvaal has been taken over by Sir T. Shepstone, that like Oliver Cromwell he walked into the Volksraad and told the Volks that as they would not govern themselves he would do it for them; this is only a telegraphic shave. [The annexation was not proclaimed until April 12.]

I am really disappointed in this country, there is so little to be seen; people have little information on any subject; they live only in speculation; but I have no doubt that when I get home I shall have plenty to say about the country. I wish, however, that there were any real natives here; the Kafirs are all imported, so that I have not seen a single native dance, or even a spear or a shield. I showed a very old Kafir my father's sketches of the Bechuanas and Griquas when he was here in 1825, but he said there have been never such people here in his time; in fact though looking old I don't think he is more than 55 to 60 years.

The Dutch people are splendid pioneers and should go further north, they are not satisfied unless they have about 10,000 acres to their farms; they are



too lazy to be thrifty ; they must live in a big wasteful style. I wonder what it will all come to. I don't see how this country will ever support a large population, and if the families continue to increase there will soon be ten times the present number.

*Sunday, March 18.*—Alexanders fontein (five miles from Kimberley). You see we are gradually creeping up the line ; we shall go round Kimberley on its eastern side and then on to Platberg. I hope to be at church on Easter Sunday. I have only been to service three times since I arrived in South Africa : Port Elizabeth, Bloemfontein and Kimberley.

We are encamped on a spot where there is actually grass, a nice flat spot near one of the fountains, which, as a rule, are only dribbles of water from shaly rock. I am expecting Major Lanyon out here to see me to-day relative to changing the boundary-line ; I hope he will not be very pressing as I see no necessity to change it. I foresee all sorts of disputes arising if they should get it as they want it, but I do not think that any change will be made, and I hope to complete it about the end of March ; then one month for calculations, and in May I hope to get home. I may go round by the Transvaal, and I also want to see Griquatown and the places where my father was shooting elephants in 1825.

We hear that the Transvaal has been taken over and that it is now British territory. I suppose the Orange Free State will soon follow and then this line will be pretty well useless.

There are such impediments in the way of letter writing. This evening, for instance, thousands of



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moths have invaded my tent and stormed my candle. They lie dying by dozens on the table and the candle is so full of them that it will not give proper light.

Little flowers are beginning to peep up out of the ground, but the burning sun kills them off and the cold at night prevents the growth of sub-tropical plants that like a hot sun.

I believe that I am writing to you over and over the same things, but in such a monotonous country there is little new to say, except on the iniquities of the Kafir servants, which are not usually interesting to relate. I shall be very glad to get into a house again where I can sit down quietly. In Syria I used to delight in a tent and to hear the muleteers talking over the affairs and laughing, and dancing and singing. But these people never laugh unless they are drunk and then they generally end by fighting and otherwise misconducting themselves. This is not a place to come to unless you can get good servants.

People have been streaming out here from Du Toits Pan to the hotel hard by, and have not given the slightest sign of its being Sunday, but I must allow that they have been very orderly.

The Exhibition is after all to take place at Capetown, in fact, it has already commenced I believe. I don't know what they will send from here. The principal production of these parts is children; the number in each family is quite astounding. They ought to exhibit a few families of eighteen to twenty each.

*Monday, March 19.*—I am in Kimberley for the day. An agitation has been got up in the Kimberley papers that the traffic to the diamond fields will be interfered with because a small corner of one of the transport roads is cut into the Orange Free State by the boundary-line. This is absurd, as the roads are only tracks which can be altered in a day if any inconvenience arises. Unfortunately, however, some officious officials at Jacobsdaal are actually exercising jurisdiction over the road immediately on our laying down the line and before it is completed or proclaimed, a proceeding which, I am sure has not the sanction of President Brand; so I must go over and see him to-morrow or next day; this will delay us at least a week, I fear.

*Monday, March 26.*—Macfarlane's farm, north of Kimberley. I have just returned from Bloemfontein and only found my camp last night, after some hours wandering in the veldt; for it has been changed while we have been away. I left Kimberley on Wednesday 21, and picking up de Villiers at Boshof, arrived at Bloemfontein on Thursday night. I had an interview with President Brand and found that he had sufficient reasons for not wishing the line to be changed, at which I inwardly rejoiced, as I am convinced it is best for us as it is, and we shall now be able to carry it out as originally agreed upon. I presented to him a letter from Major Lanyon regarding the doings of the Jacobsdaal officials and he is wroth with them, and has sent an express telling them not to interfere with the road, and at the same time he assured me that the fact of the overlap of



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the road into the Orange Free State would not be made a source of trouble in any way. He entirely agreed with me that no deviation from the line as agreed upon could be made to suit individual interests, without causing discontent among the landowners all along the line. I arranged at the same time with him that on the completion of the line, the beacons marking the boundary should be pointed out and handed over by de Villiers and myself to officials appointed from both sides, in order that they might be formally taken over and preserved intact. He told me that he had written to Lord Carnarvon to say that our work is nearly completed; he is anxious to have the beacons finished and given over before the Volksraad meets; for many of the members don't believe in the £90,000, and think that the President has sold them.

I called on the bishop, who is very pleasant and wanted me to come to his house for Easter, and to give a lecture at that time on Jerusalem, but I must defer this till the middle of April.

On Saturday we started in de Villiers' Cape cart with four mules and got over about fifty miles; sunset overtook us and we slept in the veldt. Next morning, Sunday, we started early and arrived at Boshof at 4 P.M.

On Monday de Villiers sent me on in the same cart with two mules, with Booy as driver. I started after breakfast taking only a piece of bread and butter with me. Somehow the mules did not go well, and at sunset we seemed to be miles away from our destination; I could tell by the hill-tops.



Luckily the moon was nearly full, and we wandered over the veldt getting our direction now and then, but eventually lost our way. Some Kafirs assured us that they had seen our waggons going north, but they proved not to be ours.

Soon I heard in the distance some of Moody and Sankey's hymns being sung very nicely, and, thinking there must be an English farm near, I made for the sound, and shortly came upon a Kafir kraal in the hills, where the people were having prayers without any white man near. After prayers they came and talked, and gave us the direction of our camp where we arrived at 11 P.M. and got some food : we had had only one cucumber and some milk since breakfast. I think better of Kafirs now that I have seen them at prayers all by themselves, there could be no humbug about that.

De Villiers was to go on to Platberg from Boshof and try to signal to me by means of a big flag, and I have got a piece of looking-glass, and have arranged to send him sun flashes by a code we have made out ; the distance is over thirty miles. There are rumours of Kafir disturbances in the Bloemhof district north of the Vaal river, and that the Boers have left their farms and flocked to the Vaal, and that a mission station had been burnt ; I believe that this is partially true, and there is some disturbance (but that it is entirely local) owing, I suppose, to some injudicious action on the part of the Boers. Bloemhof is a disputed territory lying between the Transvaal, Orange Free State and Griqualand West, and perhaps difficulties arise in consequences. Major Lanyon

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thought so little of the matter that he went off on leave last Wednesday. In spite of the abuse of one of the papers he is popular in the Province, and there was a very good show of volunteers as a guard of honour when he left; he is ill, I think; remains of the Ashantee fever cling to him, and he wants a little change. He very kindly told me to use his house during his absence.

It is so difficult to realise that this was once a well-watered country, and that there were large game all around. The hippopotamus used to abound in the Vaal river, and there are some still there it is said. It is wonderful how in twenty to thirty years this country has been cleared of its game and wild beasts. The Boers have a saying that sheep drive lions away. That is to say, it is impossible to keep sheep where there are lions, so that one or other must go; and sheep have the help of man on their side. I saw a jackal last night prowling near a farm, the first I have seen. The wild animals here are much more shy than they were in Palestine; they seem to know the range of a rifle. All the Boers have rifles, and shoot well. They are the best pioneers to civilisation in the world, and the worst civilisers.

*Sunday, April 1.*—MacFarlane's farm. Easter Sunday. I fully intended to have gone to church at Kimberley to-day, but providence or my own inertness has decided otherwise. In fact I did not care for a nine-mile walk in a blazing sun in a frock coat and black silk hat; and I cannot go to church otherwise, such is the law of society here. As to riding!



my horse is said to have failed with horse sickness, but I don't think that they know. Anyhow he is ill and I have given him a "mealie mash": to-day my medicine seems to have cured him as I found him feeding in the veldt all right.

The mealie is simply Indian corn. They are much grown in this country as they do not mind the summer rain. Green mealies are very good boiled, as a vegetable.

I have just had a charming letter from George Grove (Sir George Grove: Sec. Palestine Ex. Fund) ending, "I shall picture you to myself with a cloth round your middle, perspiring under a tree, and waving my red primer (on Geography) round your head to keep off the flies. Long may you live to be happy and successful and may nothing happen to interrupt our good relations."

Since I last wrote I have been to Platberg and back again, and have been sleeping out in the veldt; it is very nice in some respects, but I do not like to be more than two days without taking off my clothes, it is so uncomfortable. Of course, when we stop in the veldt we have all our clothes on, including boots. The Boers in their houses sleep in their clothes and put on clean ones on Sundays. They are a very dirty set of people but capital advance pioneers. I went to see Adolf Erasmus, late Commandant General of the Orange Free State Army in the Kafir War; we had great fun together, and became capital friends. He is forty-five years old; we have to cut his farm out into the Free State under the agreement. He says that at one time the



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Kafirs took 100 guns each day away from Kimberley into the interior, and one day he says 800 guns were taken (they go by his house) and now people say that there are 50,000 stand of arms in Central Africa taken from the Diamond Fields, so that if anything disastrous happens hereafter, we have ourselves to thank for having armed the Kafir. I cannot myself see that we have any moral right to allow these savages to thus arm themselves. At present they are practising on the game and fast exterminating it from Africa.

My poor nose is dreadfully sun struck and I put zinc ointment on it to keep the skin on; but it is not nearly so bad as many noses I have seen in Kimberley. I have so often to observe with no hat on my head, with the sun flaming down on my devoted nose.

*Saturday, April 7.*—North of Platberg near the Vaal river. I went on to Kimberley for a few hours on Monday and paid Sister Henrietta a visit at the hospital. She is going home and will pay you a visit. The hospital is a nice little building with twelve rooms with two beds each, very comfortable; but I expect awfully cold in winter; they have not tried it yet. The houses must be miserably cold here in winter with firewood so expensive.

The natives were right about my horse having the sickness: he seemed all right on Monday when I went into Kimberley, but flagged on the road after a mile or two, and I had to walk alongside of him the remainder of the way, and he died during the night.

I am waiting now for my colleague; it is possible

that our line may go many miles up the river from here as it here makes a bend, and we may strike as far north as Christiana, in the disputed territory, claimed by the South African Republic, the Kafirs under Mankoroane or Botlesetse, or the old chief Waterboer. The latter I hear has just been put in prison at Griquatown for liberating a prisoner, revolver in hand.

There is scarcely any game about here, I expected to find plenty. I don't know where it all gets to, unless it is shot down. Three and a half years ago there were lions prowling about here at night, now they are never heard of. Five years ago there were all kinds of large game. The facility with which the Kafir gets a gun no doubt accounts somewhat for the extermination of the game. This will do good in the end, as when all the game is killed off the Kafir must either work or starve, and when he is obliged to work the country will be more settled. The place where we are encamped now is the nicest spot we have yet been in; it is covered with a pretty dwarf mimosa and looks like a baby park, but there is no water just here and we must move to-day.

*Sunday, April 8.*—The Dutchman living here has told me that he finds water at the intersection of two vertical walls of trap. He only finds it at one of the four corners and could not understand why. I showed him how the strata run here, and how these vertical walls dam up the water on one side; he was delighted, as in future he will only have to dig at one angle. He is a very practical man and has made a nice garden, stocked it and



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walled it round. Near his house is a sluic of water running to waste to the Vaal river. He might fill a series of excellent dams with it.

He was very full of the history of a dwarf Koranna woman on his farm who has a tail like a monkey six inches long. She is a little woman three feet high, called Cadija, she suckled her brothers though she has never had a child herself. She is now about forty-seven years old, and her brothers, good sized men, are about thirty. She is of feeble intellect, but evidently very good, all her instincts seem towards good. She has nothing of the savage about her though all her relatives are very low.

He brought her to me and wanted to show me the tail, but she was dressed like a European woman, and was evidently of a retiring nature and did not like being seen by strangers. I begged to be excused looking at her. What I heard of her has given me a new view of possibilities of elevating the Korannas.

We have still our cook Sam. He wanted to go last week but I asked him to stay another fortnight, to which he has agreed. He asked for £2 to take into Kimberley; he did not return and we came on here without him. Last night he turned up after a thirty-six miles trudge after us. He says that he bought a coat at a shop for £1 5s., handing the £2, and that the gentleman said he gave him the change but did not do so, and that then the gentleman took up a stick and hit him on the head, (showing me a deep gash), and then sent for a policeman and took him before a magistrate; that the magistrate fined the gentleman £1 for beating



him, but that he did not get back his 15s. I have heard of such cases before. The other day our Kafir William bought brandy for 1s. 3d., and tendered a sovereign; the shopman refused to give back the sovereign or change and persisted in this till Sergeant K. went and threatened to bring him up before the magistrate; of course, this sort of thing occurs in the lower kind of shops.

There are plenty of snakes about, and I must tell you what happened to me the other night. I was asleep in my bed in my tent and woke up feeling something cold fall on to my neck. I put my hand up quickly to pull it off, thinking it was a centipede or scorpion or snake, but the thing only fell further down my neck at my back. I jumped out of bed, threw off all my clothes, and gave myself a good shake, but still the thing kept close to me, on my back, wriggling about. It felt very disagreeable, and I wondered I was not stung. I could not reach it with my hand, it seemed to elude my grasp. At last I got hold of it, and found it was—my eyeglass. I must have gone to sleep with it in my eye, and it fell down my back, and then the string made it feel as if it were something long sticking to my neck.

Now I will tell you of something that happened to me to-day. I had just come down from a hill, and had got into the bullock cart with the instrument, and as it was starting off I began to drink some tea out of a bottle. Just then the driver shouted, "Look out!" and we drove through a thorn bush, which caught my head and seemed to tear my hair off; it was very painful, as the great thorns of the mimosa

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stuck into my skull and were dragged out again by the motion of the cart. I felt also streams of hot blood falling down over my head and hands, and thought that I had torn open an artery. I did not say anything, but when we had got out of the bush, and I could open my eyes, I looked down to see how much blood had flowed down, and found that it was tea colour, and then I recollected that I had been holding the tea-bottle of hot tea in my hands when we got into the bush, and without knowing it, and with my eyes shut, had tilted the bottle up and poured the hot tea over my head, which I naturally mistook for blood. My head, however, has been a good deal torn by the thorns: there is no mistake about them, and I shall have a sore head for some days.

Do you know how a monkey eats a scorpion: he quickly picks up the venomous creature with one hand, while he nimbly picks off the tail with the other, and then eats the body at his leisure. We humans have lost all that quickness and rapidity of action that belongs to wild animals.

I must tell you two stories I heard lately, they may be old South African stories for what I know, but they are new to me.

A man was driving his bullock waggon one dark night along a road in the interior where there were big game, but he was not fearsome, because he had several large fierce dogs with him that barked at everything they met. Of a sudden the oxen stopped and, whip them as he would, they would not go on, but as the dogs did not bark he did not think of



danger. His native "leader" called out that there was a mule lying in the road in front, and he went forward and saw what he thought was a strange ox lying in front of them. Getting angry at finding his way stopped he rushed at the beast and gave it a good kick, shouting "foot sook" (get away). Then arose a majestic animal, which slunk with a roar into the bush. It was a lion, just deliberating how he could make his spring on one of the oxen, but the sudden onslaught of the man so disconcerted him that off he went. When the driver went back to his waggon he found all his brave dogs lying skulking under the waggon, they could not bark for fear. The moral of this story is to put a bold front on matters, and dangers will flee away. I rather distrust this story as improperly told. I don't know how the lion attacks oxen when in a team, but I rather doubt his jumping on to their sharp horns, I think he is too careful of his skin for such a proceeding. Another version I have heard is that the driver did not go up and kick the lion, but gave it a good lash with his whip; that seems to me more probable.

Here is another story. Some Korannas when out hunting came upon an elephant just as they were passing a lion's lair. The elephant when he saw them made after them, and they, in their alarm, ran close up to where the lion was, and he also was disturbed. Looking round they saw the lion running also, with but not after them; he was running with them away from the elephant. After a time they all got into a narrow path where there was little room,



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and by that time the Korannas had got so used to the lion that one of them was bold enough to give him a push and say "Give me more room to run."

*Sunday, April 15.*—Farm of Adolf Erasmus near Platberg. We have now made great progress and have nearly completed our work in the field, though we have a month's work indoors. We have fixed on a point at Platberg, and have done a good deal of signalling at distances over thirty miles, with a large flag, and with sun flashes (the heliostat). The latter is a very simple instrument. It is a round shaving glass bought in the market, with a little hole scratched in the centre of the glass through which you can see; and the sun's rays are flashed upon the end of a stick which is placed in line with the station you want to signal to. It is far better than the flag, but as we are south of Platberg it is not always practicable to use the sun's rays in our direction. We have had to run a line straight through from Platberg to David's Graf (sixty miles) though we require only a portion for the boundary-line. The work has been incessant day and night, and we have made very little use of our tents; carrying on the work from point to point, and sleeping out in the open wherever it best suited us. But now I am in a house and can write comfortably; a very nice house too and a Boer house. I am sure you will think that I have quite changed my views about the Boers when you hear what I have to say, but they are not all like Adolf Erasmus.

His farm is just south of Platberg, and we have made it our headquarters during the last ten days.

We have become firm friends although he is said to be so much against the English. It was on account of his anti-English feeling that Lord Carnarvon agreed to cut his farm into the Orange Free State.

We had a very ceremonious dinner in the middle of the day when we first arrived at his house. His wife was then ill in bed, but there were several female relations who waited on us, and native servants behind who kept the flies off us with ostrich feather fans. The food was principally roast mutton and milk, and the meat was cooked most excellently. We seemed to hit it off together in the most surprising manner, and in the middle of the dinner Mrs. Erasmus called out to her husband and conferred with him. Next day when we had become very friendly he told me that his wife had sent for him to warn him of his behaviour. She said "that man talks 'high English,' he is not the same as those who come here and talk 'low English,' you must treat him properly." These people are so extremely frank, they will tell you exactly what is said whether it is pleasing or not.



## CHAPTER IX

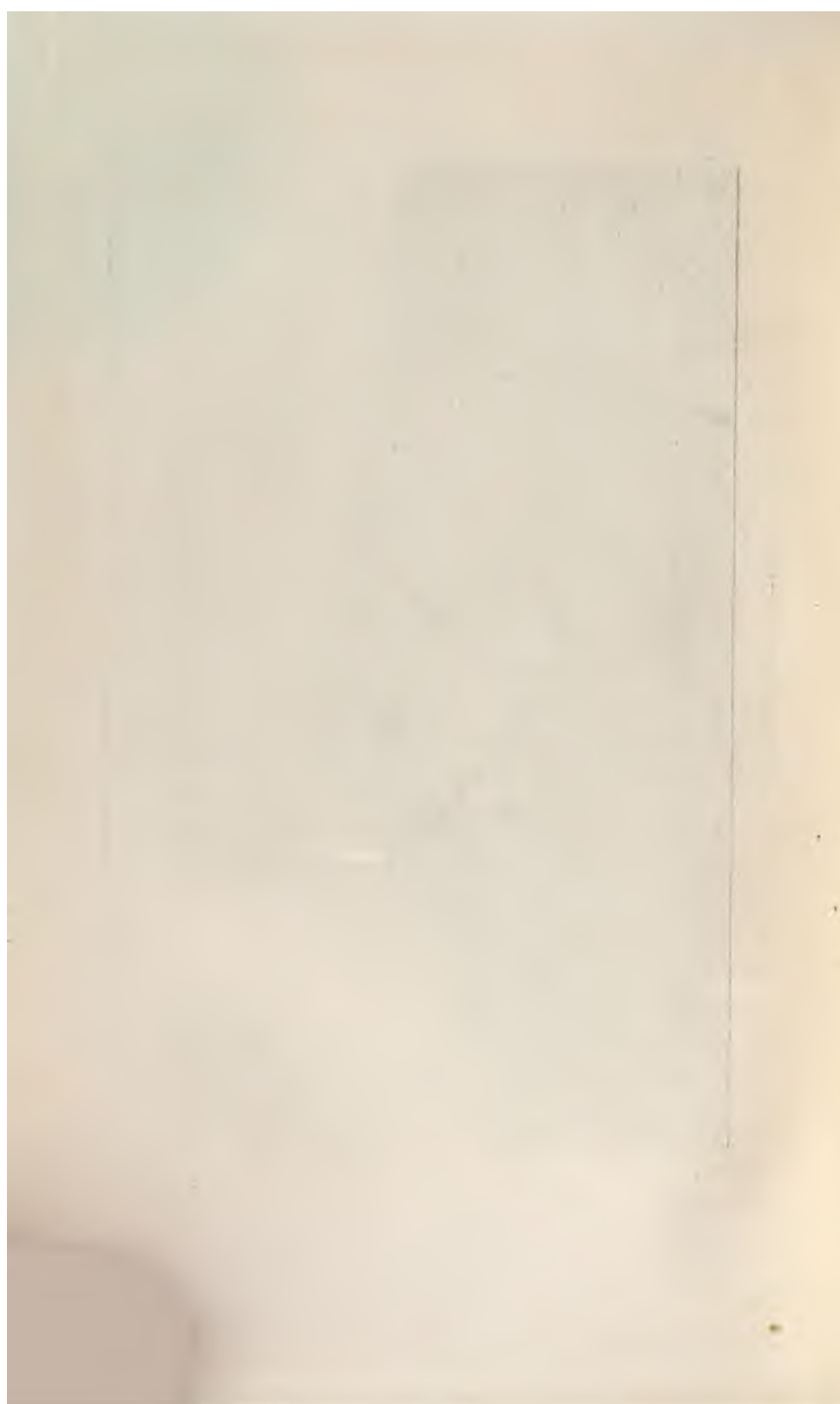
*Sunday, April 15.*—It seems to me that Adolf is quite a cut above the kind of Boers who sleep in their clothes, and only put on clean ones on Sundays. He has come out on the boundary-line and has assisted us in various ways, lending his boys to put up the beacons: he is full of stories, some of them very hard on the English.

Adolf's house is of the usual type and consists of three rooms to the front and three to the back, but the centre room in front is the stoep with only a roof, and open to the air. The centre back room is the dining room (16 feet by 20 feet), and the two side rooms (12 feet by 20 feet) are divided into two each by a sort of temporary partition. There are only windows to back and front, thus there are seven rooms in all and also the stoep, but two centre rooms have windows opening into the two front rooms. It is all most inconveniently contrived. The two front rooms are used for guests, one is the sitting-room with doors opening from the stoep. I have one of these rooms; it is very richly furnished with good solid mahogany, quite a sight in these parts. The bed is beautiful, very fine linen, and a lovely counterpane. Mrs. Erasmus is evidently a very superior lady and housewife. You would hardly expect to





A TYPICAL BOER DWELLING



meet a *grande dame* brought up in the veldt, and yet here you meet with her. She is one of the old school; does all her household work herself, and looks after the servants with a watchful eye, and when her work is over sits sewing on the stoep with great dignity, never forgetting that she is a lady, and yet I think that she has been simply brought up in some small house or tent, but possibly her family have traditions of the past which have been handed down. Some of the people in this country belong to the best families in France, and there are also some very good Dutch families here and there.

Adolf has 4000 sheep, the ewes will lamb in May. Angora goats give wool at two shillings a pound, but the sheep only give wool at sevenpence a pound. The ewes bear six or seven times, and then are fattened and given to the boys. The Cape sheep give no wool, they are long-legged animals, and are only fit for food; they run fast and the tale is told that some have got wild, below Griquatown and herd with springbuck, and have learnt to spring in like fashion. The Namaqua sheep are the same, with longer tails. Some of the ewes have two horns, some more. He has seen a ram with eight horns. The sheep are shorn about February 5, by Kafirs; some ten or fifteen years ago the Boers used to shear their sheep themselves. Some farmers when hard up shear their sheep twice a year, but this gives very short wool.

The original size fixed on for farms in this country was 3000 morgen, but by jumping land on either side many of the farms have increased to 8000 and some to



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18,000 morgen. There are farms in the Orange Free State of 25,000 morgen, and Hever's farm up Frederick's Fontein was 40,000 morgen. There is in the other direction a limit to the size of a farm on which sheep can be raised in health, so that the Free State farms cannot be subdivided beyond a certain point, and therefore the bulk of the children now growing up must either trek or lapse into farm labourers.

The sheep like a finer grass than the cattle do; for example, the grass about Adolf Erasmus' farm is good for sheep, the upper hilly sides beyond are good for cattle, but still good for sheep also. There are several trees the goats like to browse on, and also a little red flower. A small plant, smelling like coriander, is good for sheep and goats. The Vaal-bush in summer is far too astringent to be eaten by cattle and sheep, but in winter time when sweetened by frost, it is excellent for cattle. There are not hard frosts about these farms; the sheep get fat in winter. There is a bush here, the leaves of which, when boiled, give a decoction good for fever.

*Sunday, April 15.*—There was a digger here yesterday who was full of the glories of the bygone days when the diamond fields were under the Orange Free State. "Three and a half years ago there were 100,000 diggers, of whom 25,000 were whites, these have gone home, now there are only 5000 whites. Made money? Yes! We had the dry sortings, there were then only buckets not tubs. Life was no object—road went through the mine, waggon would go down, oxen followed—down some seventy feet—Hurrah! another man broken his

neck ! A tin bucket would come down on a man's head. Hurrah ! Another man dead !—A fifty carat diamond found ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! those *were* jolly days under the Free State. I would sit in the morning looking on and find some big diamonds, and say to my friends 'Come and have champagne,' we would go and drink (we worked fifteen hours a day)—another bottle !—get drunk and leave the sorting to the niggers—some of them were honest, and would bring in the evening several diamonds—say to him—'Boy, go and have a spree, and here is £5 for you' ! We had no gold in those days—pockets full of notes—champagne 5s. a bottle—we cared not for money—A poor fellow would come with nothing—Go into my claim, old fellow for the afternoon, and take what you can get, and give me a share ! It will set you up.—We would then clear for certain £3000 a week in a claim ; one week I did not drink, and, at the end I had a capbox full of diamonds—in dry sortings we did not see the splints and small pieces ; they are now in the great heaps, and belong to Government." Talking of native labour, Erasmus says that labour is so scarce because of the diamond fields ; there they get huge wages and also the prospect of securing diamonds. He pays only £3 15s. a month to his boys, so that I pay twice as much as he does, but even what he pays seems to me enormous.

The Kafirs enter Griqualand West from the north in droves, some of them have travelled more than one thousand miles. They are thin and gaunt, naked and abject when they enter ; in a few weeks they return, fat and saucy, with a gun, pack-oxen,



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and illicit diamonds: each man carrying an iron cooking pot on his head.

I heard a good many different Boer views at Adolf's house; this is one: "England has done what no other country has done—neither France, America, Germany, nor Russia. She took her little sons who wanted to be free, the Transvaal and Orange Free State, gave them a piece of bread and butter each and sent them off with her blessing. Now she says, 'Give me of your bread and butter, or I will take it by force,' now that they have sugared it. Is this right? Is this justifiable? An Englishman or White Afrikaner goes to a chief and says: 'Don't the Boers bully you?' 'Yes, baas.' 'Then if you give me a farm, I will help you to their land—sign this paper!' They sign the paper, and the white man writes to Lord Carnarvon, and gets the Boer land from the chief, and grows rich."

"Why are the English going to fight the Boers? If necessary, we can bring twelve thousand men into the field."

I asked why they should prefer to live in the Orange Free State to Griqualand West. The Boer replied: "I am going to trek across the line, so are several other farmers. I shall lose £600 by doing so, there must be something to make me do this!"

Adolf says, "My Koranna servant came into my house, insulted my wife, and would not go out. I turned him out and gave him thirty-five lashes, and was fined £8 in the Griqualand West Court."

Another Boer says, "Nigger gets drunk and you



refuse to pay him for that day ; he brings you up before the magistrate, who tells him to be a good boy in future, and makes you pay him for the work he has not done."

I had a most interesting walk over Platberg with Adolf and Judge Barry (now Sir Michael Dirk Barry). Adolf says that the Kafir servants will kill an ox, hammer its lungs and intestines, and then bring them to the "baas," saying it has died of lung disease, and so get its flesh to eat.

The Bushmen are hardly yet gone from here, but they do not do any harm now. They formerly occupied all this land, but now have migrated west, though many of them have been killed. There used to be numbers about, and there were severe fights between them and the farmers. When the old ones were killed the farmers took the young ones and brought them up as servants. If their heads were flat at the top with a protuberance at each side they turned out badly. They seem to be a very plucky little race, and will rather die than submit. Adolf says that in his early days there was constant war with the Bushmen. Whenever he went out as a boy he was armed with bow and arrow to defend himself against the Bushmen, and had to be constantly on the watch against being taken by surprise.

He gives me terrible accounts of the slaughter of Bushmen, and says he will show me a plain near Oliphantsfontein, where they were all driven together in a great drive into a valley, and there shot down, and the children that survived were distributed as servants.

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The Bushmen believe that the moon is an ox, which grows fat and is killed at full moon, and is gradually eaten up; then out of its sinews grows a new moon. They kill lions by putting up ostrich feathers in the lion's path—he advances to attack, and they shoot him with poisoned arrows, and run away until the poison has taken effect. The poison that they use is derived from three different sources and all mixed together.

(1) From a root like an onion: this is to kill. The skin of this root is very fine, like gold-beater's skin, and is good to put on wounds and bruises.

(2) The second is the poison of the Cobra, to kill quickly.

(3) The third is the juice of the Euphorbia: and this is supposed to bring the poison back again to the spot where the wound was made, so that the rest of the animal is fit for food.

The Bushmen make a whistle out of the leg of a bird, and this one or other of them plays upon all night, and the shrill noise keeps the lion away. When they sleep they do not lie down as we do, but they kneel and put their arms on the ground, and rest their heads on their arms so that they can get up at once if there is danger. Strange to say, they are good grooms and fond of horses, though there were no horses in the country that the Bushmen inhabited before the Boers came.

At Doornblicht, twelve miles from Alexandersfontein on the Bloemfontein road, is a collection of Bushmen's drawings on the rocks, giving pictures of animals, one of which is said to depict the unicorn.



My father, in his journal of 1825, says, "Dirk had seen on some rocks near the head of the Vaal river drawings of all the animals, and one unicorn—the head like a horse or mare, feet like a buck, horn from the forehead. Other accounts agree with this, that he is very fierce, but that with muskets he may be killed."

It is curious how general throughout South Africa is the story of Bushmen's picture of the unicorn, with the horn growing out of the forehead, thus materially differing in appearance from a straight-horned buck.

Adolf tells an interesting story of the head of the family of de Villiers residing in the Transvaal, who possessed old family documents attesting his lineage from the Ducal family in France. He says that when the male line ran out in France some years ago, search was made in South Africa for the heir and when found he was invited to go down to Capetown to exhibit his old family documents. That he journeyed south and put up at Erasmus' house and then went on for the next night to a farm-house some miles beyond: that one of the terrific storms of the country came on, and the room where the de Villiers' chief was was struck by lightning, and when they had come to their senses, de Villiers was found uninjured, but his box had been struck and its contents reduced to ashes: documents that had been in the country two hundred years. He returned to the Transvaal without visiting Capetown. I saw a naked Kafir to-day tending cattle, and his only clothing was a torn umbrella to keep the sun off.



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There have been locust birds about. I have seen no locusts as yet; they are said to come over the Vaal river, but no one quite knows whence. They commence to move before they can fly—hopping. In swarms they come, miles and miles of them. When they get to the river, in they hop, and the advanced party gets drowned, others come on quickly until at last the dead bodies form a kind of floating bridge, and over that the great army advances. They move south, and eat up everything on their way. When they come to a garden the people turn out and make a great noise and sometimes succeed in turning them to one side. But sometimes, when the smell of the garden comes over them they turn back, and in a few hours the garden is bare. Sometimes a ditch of water will turn them on one side. The locust birds come after them in swarms, large and small; these birds also come in their thousands and fill the air. I was shown a spot where a hail storm came on while the locust birds were in the middle of a feast, and so many were killed that the spot became white with them, and putrid for a time.

The locust birds frighten the locusts, so that they all scramble into heaps ready to be eaten up. When they are not molested the locusts go hopping on till it is quite dark, when they call a halt, and at sunrise they move on again. It is said that two years ago a strong wind blew swarms of them over Namaqualand into the ocean, and that the tide brought them back again, dead, and piled them up three to five feet high on the sea shore. The people could not go near them for weeks. Since then

there have been no locusts in the country to do harm. I do not know how much of this is exaggeration, but it seems to me quite probable.

The following curious superstition I frequently heard mentioned all over the country, it is some folk lore evidently. A snake with diamonds on his head goes down to the river Vaal to bathe, leaves the diamonds on the bank and forgets them, the miner then comes up and finds them. A miner saw a snake in the river Vaal with a ruby in his head.

*Tuesday, April 17.*—We had now fixed the position of all our beacons, sixty in number, some large and some small, and though some of them would not be completed for a few days the boundary line was quite ready for inspection and to be handed over. Accordingly, it was arranged that this ceremony should commence on the following day from the large beacon near Macfarlane's farm. I heard to-day of the proclamation of annexation of Transvaal on 12th.

*Wednesday, April 18.*—We assembled together here in the morning, eight persons officially and five who came for their pleasure. The officials were :

The two Special Commissioners (de Villiers and myself.)

Orange Free State.—The Government Secretary, Orange Free State, Mr. Höhne; the Landrost of Boshof; several veldt Kornets for their respective wards.

Griqualand West.—The Acting Administrator Griqualand West, Judge Barry; the acting Surveyor General; the Civil Commissioners of the district.



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Adolf Erasmus, the staunch Republican, whose farm has been cut by agreement into the Orange Free State, announced his intention of going all round with us and carrying me along with him in his own cart, to which I gladly assented. We first went to Erasmus's house and stayed the night there, and on April 20, we made a long day of it and inspected and gave over all the beacons to the north as far as the Vaal river, and we ascended Platberg.

On 21st we started with fresh horses and visited the beacons as far as Magersfontein, and on the following day we got as far as Ramah, being met on the way by the Landrost of Jacobsdaal and the Civil Commissioner of Langford. We had still some beacons to inspect which we had been obliged to omit in consequence of hills intervening, and we reached Jacobsdaal on April 24, where we finally handed over the custody of the beacons, ready for the proclamation of the boundary. Our indoor work, however, will keep us some three or four weeks more.

During the drive on the veldt we had frequent races between the various Cape carts and in one race our cart came into collision with the other, and several spokes of one of our wheels were cut out. The question then arose which was the aggressor; which cart-owner should pay for the damage. The general decision was that the cart that was lifted up in the air on collision was the culprit. It is an interesting point. The decision was based on the



view that to collide, one cart must come up from behind and that in coming up, the nave would strike the spokes of the forward cart and be lifted up in the air somewhat. Erasmus, therefore, got damages from his antagonist. I was much interested in the discussion and settlement of a case by general opinion, satisfactory to all parties, which, in England, would probably have gone into a law-court.

We travelled a good deal in the night, by moonlight; we had to get over a good many miles; about 300 miles in five days—or sixty miles a day. During this night travelling Erasmus and I compared the nursery rhymes in our respective languages and found that there was a far greater similarity in baby language than there is in adults' language. Some of the more familiar nursery rhymes are almost word for word the same.

[I have since tried to get these rhymes in "low Dutch" but have failed in doing so; in ordinary Dutch this similarity is not so striking. It seems to me that we have preserved our language in our nursery rhymes more correctly than the Dutch have.]

As an instance of the similarity of the two languages I may mention that on one occasion I found Mrs. Erasmus conversing readily in Cape Dutch with a Scots woman talking broad Scotch.

A word on the subject of our beacons and poles. In out-of-the-way places they were usually placed at a distance of three miles apart, and were made large and strong so that there would be a difficulty

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in removing them, and so that they would not be pushed down by herds of animals. Those in cultivated parts and near Kimberley were placed at the distance of a mile apart, and were smaller in size, about eight feet in height. They were thus placed close together so that in case of disputed jurisdiction there would be no difficulty in judging with the eye the exact line of the boundary.

Some of the more important beacons were built from thirteen to sixteen feet in height (of the largest boulders we could get together), while in other cases they averaged eleven to twelve feet in height, the base equal to the height.

From Scholtz Nek to Tarantaal Kop opposite Kimberley there are fifteen beacons in a line of twenty miles, and owing to the gentle slope of the ground, the top of one beacon reached nearly to the base of the next, so that they look, from that high point, like a straight line cut through the veldt, and so beautifully regular, that when the Boers first saw this line of beacons they exclaimed in Dutch "Allemachte, Lord Carnarvon himself could not have done it better."

It is curious how well Lord Carnarvon is known among the Boers ; no other Secretary for the Colonies has been known in the same manner.

For several days now we were busily engaged indoors calculating angles and plotting our work.

*Saturday, May 5.*—I went on an excursion with Mr. Alexander Bailie to visit a Kafir head man and landowner in the Barkly district, a Fingo named Piet Manzana, as I wanted to see what a real Kafir



was like. I look upon all the Kafirs and Griquas I have met with as mostly scum, and unfit to be classed with the people of any tribe. Piet Manzana is a go-ahead fellow, and possesses a nice farm which he has stocked, and he has made a good dam. His farm arrangements seem quite equal to those of the Boers. We drove up to his Kafir establishment consisting of several round huts, in a compound surrounded by a stockade. The ground within this area was scrupulously clean and would have put the yard of any white farmer to shame; but then a white farmer does not have the assistance of several wives. Each wife occupies a hut with her family. We had our food with these Kafirs, and everything was most clean and comfortable and well cooked. The huts are divided into rooms or compartments, and one of these was allotted to us to sleep in. I was particularly warned that the *hearth* was sacred and that I must not spit on it. Our supper was a roast chicken and sour milk, no bread or other farinaceous food and no vegetables.

I saw the process of roasting the fowl and took a lesson. One of those large three-legged cast iron cooking pots was put over a wood fire with a little water in it, and into this the fowl was put and well steamed; as the water evaporated the oil from the fat fowl ran down and took its place and with this it was basted, and after a time the fowl began to get brown and came out nicely roasted and beautifully tender. They said that the toughest fowl is made tender in this manner.

There were several dolls in the establishment, one



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of which Manzana presented to me. The following is the account obtained for me by Mr. Bailie: When a girl arrives at the age of puberty she takes a piece of wood conical shaped with the point cut off. This she decorates with different coloured beads, and a face is made by fastening a small dish of metal about the size of a shilling on to the wood. Hair is made out of coarse black and dark grey thread. This doll she calls by the name she intends for her first born.

There is a tradition that if anything untoward happens to the doll her child will die young. If the doll is handled by an alien without payment being given its head will fall off, or the beads all loosen and come away. This is an omen of ill to a child whose prototype, so to speak, it is. When money is paid to a girl for seeing her doll it is fastened in the hair of the doll, until a certain amount has been acquired, after which the money goes to the girl's mother, who is called the doll's grandmother. When the girl marries, the doll is produced at the feast, and each guest pays a sum for handling the doll; all the money thus collected is paid to the bride's mother.

When the babe is born the doll is stripped of its beads, and ornaments are made with them for the newcomer, who also robs the image of its name. If the doll's name was masculine and the child be a girl the nearest feminine for the doll's name is used, and *vice versa*. The wooden part of the doll is returned to the girl's mother, who hides it in a kraal. If the child thrives particularly well the wood may be decorated for another daughter. Should the girl

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prove barren the doll is returned to the mother, who decorates some other grandchild or relative with the beads and destroys the wood. In former years the dolls were not made of wood but of beads only.

## CHAPTER X

*Monday, May 7.*—I gave a lecture at Kimberley on Jerusalem to a crowded audience, and Judge Barry, the acting administrator, to my surprise, said that I had gained the hearts of the Boers in the Province. From that time to May 15 I was at Boshof with de Villiers, completing the calculations and making duplicate plans of the country about the boundary line.

*Tuesday, May 15.*—We both proceeded to Bloemfontein to hand over our plans, and were asked by the President to meet the Volksraad at the annual official dinner. At this time there was a very strong anti-English feeling amongst the Volksraad in consequence of the annexation of Griqualand West to the Crown, and in consequence of the recent proclamation annexing the Transvaal; and there was some hesitation about proposing her Majesty's health at the dinner coupled with the toast of Great Britain and Ireland, for fear that the person who responded would be unfavourably received; hearing of this I begged that matters should proceed as in former years, and engaged that if I had to respond the members of the Volksraad would not receive me unfavourably. By this time I had several very firm friends in the Volksraad, and a great



number also know of me in one way or another, and I felt sure that there would be a favourable reception of the responder to the toast. As a result the toast was received with acclamation, and I was greeted most pleasantly when I responded, and there was great cordiality for the time.

The Boers were immensely tickled when I expatiated on one of the principal produce of their country of which nothing ever was said, but is worth all the gold and diamonds in the world. I enlarged on this subject, growing more and more glowing over it, until I explained that the produce of what they ought to be so proud was the children they reared. They were delighted.

On the following Saturday I was asked to attend the examination of the boys at the Free State Grey College, and was again called on to speak, and the boys cheered immensely. I have asked for them a holiday on the Queen's birthday, so that they may have a pleasant recollection of that day. It is all so instructive, because when I started on the line I was told that there were most rabid Boers along it who would shoot any Englishman who attempted to lay it down, and when we gave the line over these same Boers told the Free State Secretary that they had learnt more about matters, and would as lief live on the British as on the Free State side. All that was wanted was full ventilation of the subject. I had been arguing with the Boers for four months, and had helped to rub aside some of their prejudices. Of course it was in a great measure due to my happening to make such good friends of de Villiers, Adolf

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Erasmus, and the Boers generally on the line. They were all plain-spoken folk, and a little plain-speaking did a great deal of good. I cannot help thinking that the meeting of the Boers with a soldier like Sergeant Kennedy had its effect. He is a man in a thousand.

On May 4 I had written to Sir Bartle Frere (who had arrived at the end of March as High Commissioner) stating that I proposed to go to Natal by way of Pretoria, and then (if he did not wish to see me at Capetown) by steamer to Zanzibar and Aden to England. In reply I received a telegram desiring me to come round and see him on my way to England, instead of going home by the East Coast of Africa.

*Saturday, May 19.*—We finally handed over to President Brand for his signature our plans of the boundary line, and they were forwarded to England, and so our work was concluded in five months' incessant hard work.

*Monday, May 21.*—I returned to Boshof to stay with Mr. and Mrs. de Villiers, after taking leave of many good friends in Bloemfontein, a truly hospitable community, and after saying good-bye to the de Villiers and their little boys, who were my great friends, I proceeded to Kimberley to arrange for the N.C.O.s and their instruments, &c., going down to Capetown *en route* for England, while I made my way through the Transvaal to Natal or Delagoa Bay, as circumstances might determine.

I had by this time ascertained that Colonel A. Durnford had returned from England to Natal and



would be glad to see me; he wrote (May 12) from Natal:

"I *am* here. I have been up the Cape Frontier to Pretoria, back, and up again I go in two days with Sir A. Cunynghame; I am alive again thank God [he had been smashed up in a railway accident]. Come here, dear old fellow, and I shall be delighted to see you. My house is yours, if I am not here use the place, servants, &c. I command in Natal *pro tem.*, and as the General is inspecting I am full of work. No fighting, alas! I pushed up to Pretoria to reconnoitre before the country was proclaimed, but *Peace* everywhere."

The Legislative Council of Griqualand West sent me a vote of thanks for the speedy laying down of the boundary line, which was presented to me by the Administrator, engrossed on beautifully illuminated vellum. I also received, in conjunction with de Villiers, a unanimous vote of thanks, at the suggestion of President Brand, of the Orange Free State Volksraad, for the able manner in which the work had been done.

On May 31, Jos. de Villiers writes on the subject of the confederated scheme of incorporating the Orange Free State in the South African Confederacy.

"The Confederation Bill of Lord Carnarvon was also discussed, the discussions were very interesting, and although we do not as yet like to give up our independence, Lord Carnarvon's scheme was admired. A resolution was passed acknowledging in friendly terms his good intentions and regard for South



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Africa, and expressing the desire of the Free State to work together with the British Government for the welfare of South Africa."

Sir Owen Lanyon has often been blamed for not adopting a sufficiently conciliatory action to the Boers in the Transvaal ; the following will show that his intentions have been much misjudged. May 15, 1877. "I think you are quite right as to not pressing the question of the line of road further. And I think in the present state of affairs we ought to do everything in our power to conciliate the Boers, and try to alter their prejudices against our rule. For this reason I shall be very grateful to you if you will give me a memo. as to what you think should be done about dealing with the farms all along our line, and indeed any hint as to the Land Question. I think it would tend to raise a strong feeling of discontent and uneasiness were we to raise any question as to the extent of farms now, and I am going to recommend that it should not be done.

"I write to say good-bye, for I fear I shall not be able to meet you before you leave South Africa.

"Though as an Imperial officer and Commissioner your work was irrespective of the Griqualand West Government, still there were some questions which required mutual agreement, and I cannot allow you to leave without thanking you for the cordial and ready co-operation which you have accorded to me."

It was a great satisfaction to me to be able to report in conclusion of my work that not only was there a great access of cordiality with the Boers of the Orange Free State, but that also I had received

the greatest assistance for the British side of the line, from Mr. Orpen, our Surveyor General, and from all our Government officials, and I expressed my sense of the cordial assistance I have received from Major Lanyon and the officers of his Government, which had greatly facilitated the work I had in hand. I had to thank his honour President Brand for his kindness and assistance on all occasions, and I could not omit to mention the most friendly attitude of my colleague, Jos. de Villiers, with whom I have never had the slightest difficulty or disagreement. Of the non-commission officers, my subordinates, Sergeant K. and Corporal R., I was enabled to speak in the highest terms. Major Lanyon on receiving my memorandum, wrote to the High Commissioner :

“ I think it due to Captain Warren to record that in all our transactions together he has ever shown great cordiality, and has readily co-operated in matters which were connected with the Province.

“ Captain Warren has been singularly happy in his relations with the Dutch farmers, and has, by his kindly manner, done much to conciliate those who live along the boundary line. It is not in my province to report on Captain Warren's performance of his duties, but I think it would be wrong if I were not to express my thanks to him for the very able and energetic way in which he has carried out his work, and for the moral assistance he has rendered to the Griqualand West Government.”





**FROM THE DIAMOND FIELDS  
TO DELAGOA BAY**



## CHAPTER XI

I HAD made all my arrangements for returning to England *via* Natal and Zanzibar when a telegram arrived at Kimberley from Sir Bartle Frere desiring me to come round to Cape Town to see him before I returned to England. This was not, however, to interfere with the trip to Pretoria, which Ravenscroft and I had settled on. He was going to Ceylon to take up the post of Auditor-General, on promotion from a similar post in Griqualand West, and we were to determine at Pretoria whether we should go on to Natal or attempt to catch the steamboat at any other point on the coast.

The journey from Kimberley to Pretoria (300 miles) is now (1877) usually made by travellers by means of Cobb's coaches (Messrs. Green and Erasmus), which run once a week.

A seedy old vehicle was available for our conveyance on the afternoon of May 22, 1877, but its wheels and leather slings were in good order—the main subject for serious consideration in a long journey through the veldt.

Ravenscroft and I had secured the back seats, and when the coach drew up at Government House, towards sunset, we found the front seats occupied by three passengers, leaving us and our rugs scarce



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room to wedge in, until the jolting of the road had well shaken us down.

For some weeks past, previous to the proclamation of annexation of the Transvaal to the British Crown, the coach had gone and returned nearly empty, but now the change in the government of the country was working other changes, and there was a general move in the direction of Pretoria.

Our fellow passengers were all going up to take advantage of the new state of affairs. One was a manager of the Standard Bank of South Africa, in charge of boxes of gold to open up a branch bank at Pretoria; another (M. Nelmapius) was an ex-manager of the Gold Fields and Delagoa Bay Road, ruined during the Transvaal wars, and returning to Pretoria, hoping to persuade people to assist him in re-establishing his line of transport; the third was a Potchefstroom merchant, eager to resume business on a more extended scale.

Ten hours' drive through Griqualand West (with occasional excursions on to the borders of the Orange Free State) brought us to the Vaal River, where the pont (a wooden pontoon) was to ferry us across. This pont, since the demarkation of the boundary-line, has fallen into Griqualand West from the Orange Free State. The owner, an Englishman I should say, expressed great satisfaction at the change, and stated that, since the carrying out of the Orange Free State Road Ordinance, much through traffic had been turned aside into Griqualand West, in order to avoid the heavy Free State transit dues.

The owner lives on the northern bank of the Vaal, in native territory, but it was claimed as part of the Transvaal before annexation, and was protected by Griqualand West. He possesses one farm, and was loud in his complaints against great land speculators of Christiana, whom he accused of obtaining many farms from the native chiefs by unjust means.

A few miles' drive over a flat country brought us into the district of Bloemhof about daybreak, and at 7 A.M. we arrived at Christiana, on the western bank of the Vaal River. Here the people for the most part appear to speak English; they are said to be much interested in land speculations, and accused each other, in private, of taking very unfair advantages of the native chiefs in furthering their own interests. Some delicate questions regarding the titles to farms at the south-west corner of the Bloemhof district will probably shortly arise. Continuing our journey, we arrived at Bloemhof on the afternoon of May 23—a straggling little town of about thirteen houses, rather larger than Christiana. The people speak Dutch and English, and expressed great satisfaction at the change in the government. At the next stage we found a young man very ill from the effects of the water in the neighbourhood, which is supposed to contain earthy matters: as he was obliged to drink this water Ravenscroft gave him the small pocket-filter we had brought with us.

Proceeding over some most uninteresting and flat country (bleak and dismal in its winter garb), we arrived at Maquasie Spruit at about 10 P.M., having



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travelled thirty hours without intermission except to change horses. We were somewhat behind time on account of the absence of horses at several of the stages. At some stations they had all died of "the sickness"; over eighty horses in all are said to have died this season along the coach line, and had not yet been replaced; this amounted to about one-third of the whole number of relays.

The severity of the horse sickness in the Transvaal, unless means are taken to overcome it, will be a serious obstacle in the way of quick travelling in future years. It seems probable, however, that the mortality among the horses of the coach proprietors would not have been so great had they been properly tended and fed. We heard it frequently asserted, though we have no means of ascertaining the truth, that the farmers who contracted to keep the horses ready at the various stages could not be depended upon, and that they both used the coach horses for their own private purpose, and sold part of the forage received for their food. The stages varied from twelve to twenty-five miles, according to the positions of the farmhouse and without any reference to the condition of the road.

At Maquasie Spruit there was no accommodation beyond a store, and a room where the traders, three brothers Leask, lived. They, however, did everything to make us comfortable, and gave us good sleeping space along the long counter of the store, where we rested contented for the night, lulled to sleep by the loud patter of heavy rain upon the iron roof. Most of the stores throughout this country



are built of galvanised corrugated iron (Gospel Oak Iron Works, Brady).

At Kimberley it is unusual for rain to fall in mid-winter; there the rainfall is about ten inches per annum; but we are now getting into a country where the annual rainfall is more than double that of Kimberley. The Queen's birthday was ushered in with much rain and strong wind, at which some Boers shook their heads and pronounced it a bad omen; but we assured them, whenever we got an opportunity, that it was a vigorous effort of nature to wash out the bad traces of the Republic.

In spite of the heavy weather, it did not require much persuasion to induce the loyal Leasks to bring out a large union-jack from their store and sacrifice it to the elements in honour of the occasion. There were guns of all sorts, "elephant-shooters," &c. in store, and these we took out and loaded, and on the hoisting of our national flag we ranged ourselves in line—eight in all, viz., five passengers, one of them an Austrian (M. Nelmapius, ex-road director), whom we constituted an Englishman for the day, and the brothers Leask. On the left stood the coach-driver with his horn. At the word of command we fired a *feu de joie* with our eight guns, the driver blew a blast, then hats off, and three hearty cheers for her Majesty, echoed by the Kafirs looking on.

The brothers Leask refused any payment for the use of their guns, gunpowder, &c., and on our departure fired a volley in our honour. We left amid their cheers, answered by counter cheers from our coach.

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In the afternoon we arrived at a very diminutive village called Klerksdorp, where Dutch is principally spoken. Here the village sports had been spoilt by the heavy rain. It appears that here and elsewhere it has long been the custom in the Transvaal to have a holiday on May 24, though how the custom arose we did not precisely ascertain.

Late at night we arrived at Potchefstroom, the largest town in the Transvaal, the centre of commerce. Here there appear to be about 1500 people all told. Here again the weather had interfered with the day's festivities, but yet there had been general rejoicings. The hotel was very full and accommodation uncertain. The town is well watered, and surrounded by trees and gardens; fever is sometimes prevalent, as it always will be in the tropics where there is irrigation of the soil close to the habitations.

Starting at 10 A.M. May 25, we passed over the same monotonous low flat country, swelling here and there into rounded hills. Boer houses, dotted at intervals of about twelve miles, with more green about them (trees and shrubs) than is seen in Griqualand West, but yet shockingly bare and desolate, it being mid-winter.

The Dutch people expressed their sorrow at the downfall of the Republic, but yet agreed that it was good for trade. At the farms where we changed horses they were always most civil, but they would only give us the food they considered we ought to eat; and in one case, when the good lady gave us bean soup, and we were rash enough to ask for



coffee to follow, she rated us soundly for our gluttony and impudence. It was amusing to find that, although we had to pay heavily for our food, we were to treat the Boers as though we were their guests, and were not permitted to ask for what we liked! Fortunately there was usually *bil tong* (beef or buck dried in the sun) available, which is very palatable and goes a long way.

We continued our course over high land, the road in many parts being most excellent. The weather was very cold, so that our rugs and karosses were barely sufficient to keep us from suffering. The bank manager had brought a bad cold into the coach, which attacked the passengers one by one, and had just reached my right eye when we parted.

On the night of the 25th we arrived late at a farmhouse, and found great difficulty in gaining admittance. The farmer was away on the high veldt, and had left a dismal young man to keep house, made still more sour and doleful through having lost our relays a few hours previous. We accepted all his ill-humour as playful sallies, but it was all to no purpose; he refused to get us any coffee, and left us to stretch our limbs on an old table and settee in the large room of the house, all the furniture being away with the farmer and his family.

*May 26.*—On rising early we found that he had recovered his temper and the horses, and was graciously pleased to permit us to shake hands with him on leaving the house.

Our journey yesterday and to-day was much



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retarded from want of relays ; some of the horses had to run through two stages, and were much done up, being scarce able to crawl.

We now met several Boers returning from Pretoria, where there had been great rejoicings and a military function ; they all stopped the coach and shook hands with us, declaring it was a pretty sight they had witnessed. The Review, they told us, had taken place on May 25, on account of the rains on the 24th.

They pitied the poor soldiers very much, going against the Kafirs ; they would never return to their native land. If they (the Boers) could not withstand the Kafirs, what would the red-coats do ? On careful analysis of their feelings and sentiments, we came to the conclusion that their general impression was that five British soldiers were about equivalent in warfare to one Boer.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone had been too successful in his arrangements in taking over the country, and therefore they were highly indignant with him. Why had he caused no bloodshed ? If a few men (Boers) had been killed, then they would have had a grievance, but now they had nothing they could urge against him and the British Government. A hundred Boers ought to have withstood the advance of the British troops, and have lost their lives in the attempt if necessary. Then it would have been urged that the annexation was contrary to the will of the people, but now they could say nothing. It was remarked that not one of these good people seemed to think that he individually should have

been one of the gallant hundred; each had some good excuse in his own mind for not fighting. The general sentiments seemed to be that they wished to have the good results of the British rule in the country and at the same time a valid excuse for a good grumble, but that Sir Theophilus Shepstone, with his thoughtful arrangements, had unjustly deprived them of their grumble, and prevented the bloodshed they were so anxious for.

When we arrived within twelve miles of Pretoria the country gradually changed in appearance and became hilly; shortly we saw the pretty little capital, nestling among hills, embosomed in green gardens and trees; a decided contrast to the brown surroundings.

The little square was full of people; many of them were Boers from distant farms, discussing the proceedings of the previous day. Our coach made for the Masonic Hotel, and as we drew near we heard a somewhat shrill voice with an American twang shouting out, "Landlord, landlord, the best room in the house for my friend Captain Warren!" I had no idea who my friend was, but as we pulled up the host came forward and said that, owing to the intervention of a friend, he had arranged to clear out two rooms for Ravenscroft and myself, the former occupants being doubled up into other rooms. Knowing how difficult it is to get accommodation in South African hotels, we were thankful for what we could get, but I had an uneasy feeling about the identity of my friend, and soon found out that he was no other than "Ikey Mo!" a South African



celebrity of some notoriety, whose acquaintance I had sedulously avoided all the time I was at the Diamond Fields. Luncheon was just ready, and on being shown our places at a very crowded board we found ourselves sitting opposite to "Ikey," who in a loud voice ordered a magnum of champagne. When it arrived he asked us to pledge him in a glass, which we could not avoid, being indebted to him for our rooms, and then he announced, in a tone intended for the whole company, that he had now succeeded in making my acquaintance; that he had noted that I had invariably avoided being introduced to him when we had met at Kimberley and in the Free State, and that he had made up his mind to break the ice somehow, and now it was done. We were thus installed before the whole company as his acquaintances, but we made a compact between us that we would draw the line at cards, and that nothing should induce us to play any game with him, as he was an inveterate gambler, and usually won large sums of money. As a sequel, however, he behaved very well towards us, never proposing to play with us, and Ravenscroft got some useful information from him about curing birds' skins.

Some of the most amusing stories current in South Africa were centred in "Ikey"—all the cases where a Boer had attempted to best an Englishman or American. The case of the ready reckoner was one. A Boer and Ikey were settling an account when Ikey calculated it up to his own advantage. The Boer at once opened a ready reckoner and proved Ikey to be wrong. Ikey pointed to the first page



and said, "You fool, this is last year's ready reckoner, you should get one for this year!" The Boer collapsed.

It is also asserted that Ikey was boasting of his father's position in California, and stated that he was a "timber merchant"; but, on being pressed by those who knew something about the subject, he was obliged to admit that the timber consisted of lucifer matches.

We shortly discovered that the host of the Masonic Hotel was a malcontent, and that many of his guests shared his views, and in consequence of some of his proceedings his hotel was "out of bounds" to the troops. It was suggested to us that we might change to another hotel, but we thought that the admixture of two loyal subjects in the general society of the hotel would have no bad effect, and we therefore retained our rooms.

The band was playing in the square, and the good folk of Pretoria appeared to appreciate the presence of the military. The storekeepers seem to have been driving a flourishing trade in side-saddles and riding habits.

During the afternoon we were presented to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who most kindly asked us to make all use of Government House during our stay in the capital of the Transvaal. We breakfasted and dined there next day, and made the acquaintance of Colonel Brooke, R.E., Military Secretary, and Mr. Haggard, Private Secretary. Government House is a nice house with large rooms still showing vestiges of the two balls given on May 24 and 25.

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The gardens about are charming, the houses covered with creeping shrubs ; amongst others I noticed a Palestine creeper we used to call the *snail*, from the appearance of the flower. There are roses and oleanders in the gardens, plenty of water running in furrows through the streets. The people seem very quiet ; most of them are conscious that the old Transvaal Government had no money to go on with, and that British rule is better for their pockets ; but yet many of them are anti-English, and there were some murmurs against President Burgers.

## CHAPTER XII

WE had, on starting from Kimberley, intended to go down from Pretoria and embark at Durban, but Mr. Nelmapius had told us so much of what he had done on the Delagoa Bay road, and how all his efforts had come to grief through the breaking out of the war with the natives, that we became fired with desire to see this road, and ascertain to what extent it would be made available in the future as a means of communication between the gold-fields of Lydenburg and the sea-coast; we therefore set to work to obtain information on the subject. Mr. Nelmapius had told us that his company had cut a road through the bush and erected houses at various stages, but that his stagekeepers had been murdered by the Kafirs, and the houses plundered and damaged. He described the road as going through the heart of the "lion veldt" and through the "tsetse-fly country"; he also considered it was rather early to venture down just yet, on account of the fever which had been raging at the Bay all through the autumn. We found that Mr. Thompson, Agent of the Union Steamship Company, had just arrived from the Bay by New Scotland, and that he had suffered severely from the fever, which he described as very active down there, but he thought that we might venture,



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as, having lived so long at the "Fields," we might consider ourselves more or less "salted." We also paid a visit to Mr. Moodie, the Portuguese Commissionaire of the projected Delagoa Bay Railway. He appeared to be sanguine as to the prospects of the railway, and gave us much valuable information. Having now made up our minds to go down to Delagoa Bay, the question arose whether we should proceed by Lydenburg or by New Scotland: it all hinged on a question of time and transport; we were bound to reach Delagoa Bay on the morning of June 12, so as to catch the steamer to Natal, and it was necessary to be certain of the speed of our conveyance. The first difficulty arose in getting any kind of conveyance to Lydenburg; the post-cart had left and there were no private conveyances to be hired. The landlord of the hotel offered to sell us a dog-cart and two horses for £140, and the sub-post contractor offered to send us to Lydenburg (180 miles) in his cart with post-horses for £40, but afterwards repented and asked for more, but would not say how much. We were on the point of buying horses to ride round by New Scotland, when we ascertained that a waggon was just about to start, in which two wardens of the Dutch Reformed Church were about to proceed to a conference in Lydenburg. This exactly suited our requirements, and it only remained to ascertain whether they would take Englishmen. A French Afrikander, M. Franck, who had already engaged a seat, undertook to introduce us, and we were accordingly inspected by them, and they appeared satisfied that we were not

so rough a lot as they had expected. Either influenced by our mild appearance, or by the prospect of our fares, they struck a bargain at once. We were to pay £16 for our two seats.

Accordingly, at 2 P.M. May 28, we started in company with M. Franck, an attorney of Lydenburg, formerly in the French navy, and a right good fellow. We said good-bye to pretty Pretoria, with its hospitable people, its red and white houses, gum-trees, melons, and oleanders. On our way out we were shown the snug little cottage lately occupied by President Burgers.

Our waggon was drawn by six horses; we accomplished sixteen miles the first stage, and obtained tea at sunset at the house of Mr. Botha, described as being most anti-English. He was, however, most civil to us, but did not discuss political matters. Thirteen miles further brought us to Prinsloo's farm at 9.30 P.M.; the moon was up, the man abed. It was necessary to awaken the proprietor, who was also represented by M. Franck as being very anti-English. Dogs dozed on the stoep, and on our approach crouched down and whined in fear of us. This strange proceeding of dogs in the Transvaal we noticed frequently, though in the Orange Free State they are very combative and guard the homesteads most faithfully. The only answer I could get regarding this difference of character was that in the Transvaal there is much animal food for the dogs, and that they get lazy and obese. This does not seem to be a valid reason, because eating animal food is generally supposed to make animals fiercer. It



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may, perhaps, be due to the fact that dogs here are subject to a sickness similar to that which attacks the horses, sheep, cattle, &c., and that they consequently lose their vigour, and seem to lack that great energy on the approach of strangers usually exhibited by watch-dogs elsewhere. The Prinsloo homestead is a specimen of many we visited in the Transvaal. A square building with stoep on one side, on to which the great room (twenty-five feet square and twelve feet high) opens, with small rooms about ten feet square on each side. A rough boarded ceiling in the big room, with a hole left in it, reached by a loose ladder: on these boards are deposited the farm produce and stores, such as forage, mealies, &c.; some of the houses are much smaller, and the mealies hang down close to the heads of the occupants. One of the prettiest interiors I have seen was in looking into a kitchen through a fringe of mealies and tobacco-leaves. On the large hearth three children were sitting in the gloom around the fire, which was flickering up, and rays from the sun shot down the chimney upon the heads of the children and an iron pot. The kitchen was otherwise quite dark, there being no window.

The Boer, when aroused out of sleep, was not very agreeable, but he had no desire to quarrel with us, but rather with our two conductors, the church-wardens, who desired him to turn his horse out of his stable in order that theirs might be accommodated and safely housed from the frost. This scarcely modest request rather startled him, and he declared it evident that the wardens were not ac-



customed to travel, but yet he was good enough to comply with their request. He gave us beds in a little room, in which we slept wrapped in our karosses.

*May 29.*—Oak-apple Day, which we celebrated by giving our churchwardens English water (otherwise "Old Tom"), and thus making Englishmen of them, to their great enjoyment. One of them was a teetotaler! Left at 6.30 A.M., continued our monotonous journey till we arrived, after thirty miles, at the homestead of Mr. Muller, "*very anti-English*," said M. Franck, "whose brother is one of the leading men in the Transvaal." A house adjoining is used as a trading store by an Englishman, Mr. Hodson. The Boers were not at first inclined to be very sociable, but soon got over their shyness, and one English-hater was quite won over by M. Franck pretending to mistake him for an Englishman; he came over and cut up some tobacco for us.

We were all so absurdly ceremonious that no one ventured to ask when food would be served, or even whether they were going to give us any, and having had no food since a very early breakfast, we became hungry and threw ourselves on the mercy of Mr. Hodson's storekeeper (Mr. Hodson lives at another farm). He gave us some tea and rusks, but as he also fed when the Mullers chose to feed him he had nothing ready. He was a very superior young man, who improved his leisure hours by reading Shakespeare, and had hitherto escaped the disease which so often attacks persons leading a sedentary life in this country—viz., constant tippling. At last, at

9 P.M., supper was announced, and we appeared in the Muller saloon and found there the table spread and a large tub ready for washing our feet. The grandparents first had their feet washed, and then a few others, and at last, when it was brought to us, the water was black, and we were red with anxiety to avoid the ordeal. We managed to escape and settled to our supper: chops, biltong, and mealies. Our friend the young storekeeper was absent, and, forgetful of him, we finished nearly all that was on the table. The younger members of the family now crowded round to eat up what was left, and our friend, on coming in and finding things so, got the toothache and went supperless to bed. I applied an electric band to his face, after which the pain disappeared; but I was doubtful whether it was ordinary toothache, or pain at our seeing the manner in which the Boers treated him, who was so much above them in manners and education. Mr. Muller had offered to provide beds for us, but we preferred to sleep in the store of our friend. On parting with Mr. Muller and his family we had, of course, to pay for our food, which payment was accepted in a gracious manner, as tribute from inferior mortals.

We had much conversation with Mr. Muller, and were amused with his remarks. It was apparently the opinion among his friends that the British authorities were already quite tired of their task of governing the Transvaal, and likely soon to clear out again, at which they seemed more sorry than pleased, their only strong objection to the British being the fear that the Kafir would be placed in a



higher position than the Boer, a very commonly expressed fear. They are quite aware of, and quite touched with, the idea that they would now make money more securely than in former days. They had great talk over a paragraph in one of the papers, in which it was represented that, at the time that Sir Theophilus Shepstone was annexing the Transvaal, Lord Carnarvon was writing to President Burgers (through the Governor of the Cape) about the confederation of the Transvaal with the British States, and this they construed to mean that the Administrator of the Transvaal was acting in opposition to the wishes of Lord Carnarvon. I explained that Sir Theophilus Shepstone had been sent up with discretionary powers, in conjunction with the Governor of the Cape, to annex the Transvaal if its demoralised state actually required it, and that Lord Carnarvon had written the letter in question on the supposition that perhaps the Transvaal had redeemed its position and had not required annexation. This seemed like a new light to them; it was so difficult for them, unassisted, to believe that the British Government could be acting for the good of the country and not for its own aggrandisement. We had passed two swarthy little men on the road, who arrived in the evening to stop near the homestead under the trees. They came into the store to buy spirits, tea, &c., and we were amused to see how the storekeeper persuaded them to buy many things they had not thought of, among other things, pocket-handkerchiefs at a shilling each, because they would find them so useful, and



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he had no paper to wrap up their tea in! I recognised their language as Spanish when they conversed among themselves, and followed them out and spoke to them. They were delighted to speak to me in their native tongue, and said they were deserters from the Spanish navy, and were migrating from the Diamond Fields to the gold region. They expressed themselves much surprised at the system at Kimberley, where all people, English and foreigners, were treated alike regarding the claims, and said that in Spain foreigners would not have the same liberty, to which I would not dissent.

We heard it stated this evening that the whole export of the Transvaal is only 10,000 bales of wool, a few hides and feathers, less and less every year.

The homesteads certainly seemed to us more English in appearance than any we had seen in the Old Colony and the Free State, and English is far more generally spoken. The Boers for the most part seem to have come from Natal; they are very talkative, and before the annexation wasted their time in discussing politics, especially the women; but now they are quiet. We heard much of the tsetse-fly, that it is just like a house-fly, with three white lines on its body, and that two or three will kill an ox, and that they don't bite in a strong wind or at night; others asserted that it takes about forty to fifty bites to kill an ox.

I here made friends with a Boer in an odd way. I was seated in a little room with a door divided half-way down as in stables, and a Boer came to have a talk, standing outside and leaning on the half-door

and spitting into my room in all directions. When I could no longer bear it I asked the Boer if he would not like to come inside, which he accepted as a compliment. I then asked him to go on talking, but leaning on the half-door so as to spit *outside*. This affronted him very much and he went off in dudgeon, but subsequently came back and made himself very agreeable, but took care not to spit into the room. I concluded that the natural love of justice which so strongly affects the Boers forced him to consider the situation and conclude that I was within my rights in asking him to spit outside the room.

*May 30.*—Started before breakfast, and passed over a rolling plain; arrived at Middelburg (Nazareth) in the afternoon. A mean little town. We put up at the Hotel Burgers, which one of the party proposed should be called Hotel Bugs, from its filthy condition; vermin of various orders were careering over the tables and chairs. The landlord was an easy-tempered, slovenly Boer, who left everything to some dirty Kafir helps.

We heard that an interesting affair was coming off that afternoon before the magistrate: that an Englishman had been fighting on the side of the Kafirs in the late war and had killed some Boers, and on his appearance here had been set upon by three men of the name of Coetsee, and had been severely beaten. We inquired whether he had shown any resistance to the three men, and were told that he had tamely submitted. Upon this we asserted confidently that he could not be an Englishman. On



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arrival at the magistrate's office we found that the man's name was Vilgion, and that we were right in supposing that he was not an Englishman. We were also surprised to hear a reckless charge made by some of the Boers that the Kafirs under Sekukuni had been instigated and assisted by British officers. We suggested that they should not bring such charges unless they could in some way substantiate them. To this they willingly assented.

Oranges from the country about Pretoria were here selling twelve for a shilling; this did not say much for the fruits of Middelburg. Since leaving Pretoria we have scarce seen a tree until arriving here; nothing but rolling plains.

Ravenscroft bought a rifle (a Westley-Richards) from a Boer for £16. The man, to prove it, put up a bottle at a hundred yards, and knocked it over at the first shot.

Fortunately for our comfort in the hotel, we had a packet of flea-powder, with which we sprinkled our little chamber, karosses, &c., and, thus protected, slept peacefully.

*May 31.*—Our departure was delayed by one of our horses falling lame; our churchwardens had to buy another, and we consequently did not start till 9 A.M. We were now getting into the country that had been overrun by the Kafirs, and drove over rolling plains until we arrived at the house of Mr. Wheeler for lunch. Mr. Wheeler and his wife are from Berkshire, and bring their English tidy ways into the Transvaal. It was refreshing to see a house clean and comfortable after those of the Boers, and



the eggs and bacon they gave us were so good that we ate double rations this morning. Mr. Wheeler and his wife were rather below the middle height in England, but their sons had grown up tall, as young men do in this country, one six foot six inches we were told. They had not left their homestead during the war, and the Kafirs had not molested them. Mr. Wheeler said that he had paid £9 10s. war-tax, a cow, and three muids of corn, and his sons had been out on commando for several days. He was very decided on the necessity for taxing heavily unoccupied farms, so that the owners should either reside on them and cultivate them or sell them. He had a large garden under irrigation.

On leaving his house we came upon crowds of wilde-beestes and blessboks.

I shot a large blessbok through the heart, but we were so loaded up in the waggon that we could only carry away the hind-quarters. It seemed a shame to leave good food to waste in the wilderness, so we did not shoot any more, but contented ourselves with shooting at paaus (large bustards) at long ranges, many of which were flying about.

Ravenscroft, who is very handy and neat, took the tail of the blessbok and slipped the bowl of my pipe (presented to me by Adolf Erasmus) into it, so that when smoking I appear to have a long pointed black beard.

We now took our line over the direct road to Lydenburg, a road which had been abandoned during the war on account of the Kafirs, and which was now just coming again into use. We amused ourselves

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by exciting the fears of our churchwardens by suggesting every black object was a Kafir, and they levelled heavy jokes at us in return. Towards evening we began to descend the steep incline into the celebrated Steel Poort, and passed a smashed waggon on the road. The valley of the Steel Poort reminds me of the Plain of Esdraelon. We crossed a running spruit (brook) three times, and then darkness came over us, and we stumbled along and had much difficulty in preventing overturns several times. After losing our way and picking it up by help of a lantern, we arrived at a store kept by Madame F. Couris, on the north side of the valley. Here we arrived at 7 P.M. and were hospitably received by Mr. Jeffries, the storeman, who spread us out some blankets on the counter and gave us supper. We conversed about the projected railway to Delagoa Bay, and he asserted it would not pay.

The churchwardens came in and had some strong water, and on leaving they asked how much to pay, and looked dreadfully blank when they were told eight shillings. The storekeeper thought they were asking the price of a new bottle, as he was giving them their nightcap free out of friendship. It is evidently the difference of language that in a great measure causes the constant misunderstandings between Boers and English: in this case the Boers got quite angry and abusive until we explained the mistake.

*June 1.*—A sharp frosty morning. The view up the Steel Poort is one of the finest pieces of scenery I have seen in South Africa. We were up at day-



break, and drove on about a mile to the homestead of Grobler, a Boer; here we inspanned a span of oxen to drag our cart up the steep incline, rising about 1400 feet. On arriving again on the high veldt, we inspanned our horses and proceeded, and at midday we lunched near the ruins of a farm, burnt and plundered by the Kafirs. The Steel Poort is said to be a break in the Delagoa Bay range.

The case of Grobler during the last war is one of those which show that the Boers of the Transvaal have not degenerated to the extent generally supposed, and that they are often possessed of great personal courage. The Kafirs say that in defending their homesteads they are like tigers. He did not leave his homestead during the war, and his windows are still blocked up with brick. M. Franck gave the following account of him: The Kafirs, amounting to over a hundred, came and drove off his cattle. M. Grobler, on hearing this, called for his horse and started off with his two young sons, one of them quite a boy. He is a short heavy man, and can ride with difficulty. On coming within long range of the Kafirs he commenced firing, and so continued to pursue, the Kafirs returning his fire. But he had accuracy of aim on his side, and after knocking over sixteen Kafirs the remainder fled, and he brought back his cattle in triumph; after that he was no further molested.

In conversing about the resources of the Transvaal, M. Franck observed that there are 20,000 whites in the country, and that they can put 6000 men in the field. Making all allowances for the young men in



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the country, the proportion cannot be correct, unless the number of children in the families are very much less than in the Orange Free State, where in house after house, and tent after tent, ten to twelve children may be found. In the Free State they say they can put 12,000 men in the field on an emergency, and this I do not doubt.

We proceeded on through a rocky country, where there had been various engagements between the Kafirs and the Boers, and where a fort had been erected by the latter. Towards evening we passed another ruined farm, where several Kafirs had congregated for the night; they were on their way down to the Diamond Fields, and had passes from the Landdrost of Lydenburg. One rejoiced in the name of "Englishman," and seemed very proud of it. Darkness closed in on us while we were still on the road, and we were obliged to outspan far from any inhabited part, near some water. We searched for cowdung (our usual fuel) with little success, and had barely enough fire to make some hot coffee. All along we had lived in very modest style, sometimes only one meal a day, sometimes only old bread, for we could get very little food on the road. Steaks of meat grilled on a stick over the fire and eaten in our fingers were often our only food, but this was a feast. We laid our karosses down in the high grass and slept soundly, waking at dawn with our beards nicely frosted over, and our limbs somewhat numb from the cold.

*June 2, Saturday.*—We started at daybreak, and in consequence of the roughness of the road, our good

friends the churchwardens forgot to sing their morning hymn at sunrise, and thus deprived us of the pleasure of joining in. We did not fail to remind them of this, and asked them in lieu of it to join in a hymn with us—"God save the Queen." To this they readily assented with a good grace, and now we declared them to be duly constituted Englishmen. At 8 A.M. we arrived at a homestead that had been put in a state of defence, the house forming part of a square, composed of a thick stone wall, about one hundred feet a side; in this the cattle were kept at night. There were fourteen men in this kraal during the war, and the women told us they were ready to help, as they could both load and fire the rifle. They lamented that the Kafirs had not attempted to assault the place. One of the family had been in a kraal with his cattle, and had killed seven Kafirs and driven away the rest when they assaulted the place. All these good people were about to start for Lydenburg, for Nachtmaal, but waited to give us some coffee and bread. We arrived at Lydenburg at noon, putting up our baggage at the office of M. Franck. We took a hearty farewell of our churchwarden friends, and they announced their intention of getting two Englishmen to go back with them, as they had found us such good company and so remunerative a cargo.



### CHAPTER XIII

WE have had rather a rough time during the past week on our journey from Pretoria, feeding just as we could, for we only got three or four good meals at the Boer houses. We passed several houses burnt down during the late war, and all the rest were still barricaded to resist attack. It was great fun and very inexpensive, our living for six days having cost only about 25s. each ; but then we lived a good deal upon bread, and had some biscuits with us when we started. It is very easy to spend a fortune in food if you choose to. A bottle of gin costing 2s. at Capetown here costs 8s., and other things in proportion ; a quart bottle of beer costs 5s., and still more at the gold-fields. It is curious how long we can do without food in this country. This morning we have not yet breakfasted, and yet it is 1.30 P.M., but we had a little coffee and bread at a farmhouse. It was very interesting to hear the various accounts of occurrences during the late war ; some of the Boers appear to have behaved with immense pluck, while others proved themselves abject cowards. We have been through part of the lion veldt without seeing any lions ; they are said to be rather shy of showing themselves near the highway. We noticed, however, that in the ruined



farmhouses where the Kafirs slept they always had rows of little fires all round them, to protect themselves from the lions. The general impression is that the lion goes for the Kafir in preference to the white man, but he only then does so when he is very hungry. We were told of one case where there were several white men and Kafirs secure within a strong stone wall, and a lion sprang over and carried off a Kafir before they could shoot him; but this was considered a very exceptional occurrence.

We expected to see beautiful scenery in the Transvaal, but since we have left Pretoria we have scarcely seen a tree until we got to Middelburg; the country has been one succession of rolling plains, quite brown or black where the grass has been burnt. I have not seen the great richness of this country so much talked of, and there are always such extremes, great heat or great cold; but still it seems a healthy country for a healthy person. One thing we have noticed—the grass seems to grow higher than it did further south.

We were now anxious to arrange for our journey to Delagoa Bay, but for sometime could not settle whether we would go by Pilgrims' Rest or Spitz Kop. Reliable information was difficult to obtain, but eventually we decided in favour of the road through the Spitz Kop gold diggings. The people shook their heads and said the road had not been opened to Delagoa Bay since the war, and that the fever was raging violently still. The idea of being the first to open up the road had a certain charm about it, and as to the fever, we declared ourselves "salted." M. Franck most kindly

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instructed his son to ride about and see after men, horses, &c. We were advised by some to take horses, by others donkeys; others said buffaloes would carry our things, and one man wanted to sell us a waggon and sixteen oxen, as it would be so comfortable at night, and we might sleep well raised above the ground! We had, however, set our affections on a Scotch cart, and decided that four oxen should drag our goods, and that we ourselves would walk. After much bargaining, we finally arranged to buy a Scotch cart for £30; a cart sound as to its wheels and shaft. A Griqua lad now appeared upon the scene; at least we took him for a lad, but he afterwards told us that he was more than fifty years of age. This boy said he knew the road perfectly, and we engaged him, but we afterwards found that he had never been along the road. His name was Peet. We also engaged two of Sekukuni's Kafirs, very raw boys; one named Little Billee, and the other Elijah. Little Billee proved to be very foolish, but Elijah afterwards saved one of our oxen by giving it some food he was carrying for Peet, much to Peet's indignation.

Captain Marshall Clarke, R.A., the new Civil Commissioner, was away on tour, and we were received and looked after by Mr. Roth, the Landdrost, a well-educated Africander. He proposed we should take up our quarters in his house, but we only accepted his invitation to dinner, and camped in an empty room in the old barracks while we made our various preparations, so that we could make a fair start when we were ready.



During the day I met with an Irishman, who proved to be the famous Captain Aylward of Fenian notoriety and filibustering renown. I came across him casually in the street, and before we had been conversing ten minutes, we had entered into a discussion as to the texture of angels' wings! Ravenscroft came up during the discussion and introduced us to each other. I had heard of the prominent part Aylward had taken in the revolution at the Diamond Fields some two years ago, and was much struck with the frank manner in which he related an account of the disturbances, and he gave Ravenscroft some valuable information, which he noted. He also described some comical scenes which he had witnessed on the committees of the Fenians when he was engaged with them. He has the same extraordinary rapidity of thought and fluency of tongue that I have noticed only among a few; among others Emmanuel Deutsch and Richard Burton; and he is certainly one of the most amusing persons I have ever met. He had taken command of the Lydenburg filibusters on the death of Von Schlickmann, and now appeared to be in a quasi state of command of the volunteers of Lydenburg—at least so we understood it; but, in the absence of Captain Clarke, we could not be quite certain. He says that the Transvaal cannot develop; that there is no great wealth in it; no corn, no feathers, no ivory; that he had been quite deceived as to the wealth of the country, and would now return to Cape Colony. He stated that he had been brought up for the Roman priesthood against his will, and that this had wrecked



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his life. He has been most anxious to assist us in every way.

We were asked to supper or dinner at the Landdrost's, and having taken an early and light lunch we hoped to get it at seven o'clock. Mrs. Roth was evidently doing the cooking, but was also much occupied in conversation, and kept us highly amused; but we were hungry, and eight, nine, ten, and eleven o'clock struck, and still no signs of dinner, though the rattling of plates and the savoury smells which came from the kitchen told us that there was plenty of food coming. At last, at midnight, when we were quite famished, a most sumptuous repast was spread out for us—soup and mutton and hare, and a curry, and plenty of vegetables, sweets and coffee—quite a feast. We then smoked and played cards; at least some did. We got away as early as we conveniently could after the first square meal since leaving Pretoria.

Lydenburg is really a very pretty little town, with of course the usual square, in which the waggons of the Boers are outspanned. Water runs through the streets, and there are pleasant green hedgerows around the outskirts of the town. The elevation is about 4350 feet, about the same as Kimberley, but, owing to the proximity of high mountains near, and also being in a lower latitude, and there being a greater rainfall, the climate is quite different.

*Sunday, June 3.*—We had much difficulty in getting oxen, but at last succeeded; two large oxen in the shafts and two small Kafir oxen in front; they cost with their yokes £40, so that the turn-out

complete cost £70. We were anxious to get off as soon as possible, for fear our boys would get drunk or our oxen stray. Accordingly we started at 7 P.M. for Spitz Kop, and succeeded in losing our way at the outset. After various guesses at the truth, we happened to strike the right path, and found ourselves, about 9.30 P.M., at the mill of Mr. Curtis, only a short distance out of the town. We asked permission to stop a few hours at his house, to which he willingly acceded, and cooked us a beef-steak. He said that the war had nearly ruined him, and that, if he had not had an English assistant, he could not have continued his business, the Boers and Kafirs are so idle and thriftless. He had been in New Zealand, and thought the wealth of the Transvaal far inferior. He said that the Transvaal climate was very enervating, and that he was losing his energy; that if troops came up they must bring their own corn, as in consequence of the war there was not now sufficient corn in the country to support the people. He gave us directions as to our road; how, after passing the "Devil's Knuckles," we were to go up a hill like the wall of a house, and were to take care in various places that our cart be not precipitated into the valley below.

*Monday, June 4.*—Up at midnight and off at 12.30 A.M. The moon having now risen, we took our road up hill, for several miles to the east, and got into a dense fog; smelt a strong odour which we took to be malaria, but which we found afterwards to be the smell of a jackal, quite different from the smell of a fox.



On resuming our journey, and skirting round by the southern side of the "Devil's Knuckles," the darkness suddenly disappeared, and it was as light as day, our shadows being thrown strongly on the ground to north. On looking south we saw a magnificent meteor not far above the horizon; it only lasted for a few seconds, and then left us again in darkness. (We subsequently heard that it burst over Kokstaadt, in Griqualand East, some five hundred miles south of us, and that it was also seen from Port Elizabeth way, looking north-east.) About sunrise we found ourselves on the hills at the top of the range, and were intensely cold. We made some coffee and cut a slice of bacon, and then commenced our descent of the Drakensberg, a most disagreeable operation. Road there was none; we went down mountain passes that looked like broken staircases; we trussed up the wheels of our cart with many reims (leather thongs), and then, four of us holding on behind, we let the cart go down, bounding from rock to rock, and nearly carrying the oxen with it. Fortunately the rocks are not slippery but of a sandy nature. Quartz abounds in these parts.

After winding about the bare hills for some time we came, at 6 A.M., on a stream of water and breakfasted. Here Peet succumbed to the chill we had got during the night, and lay down with congestion about the kidneys, and refused to go on. We had no mustard, so I put a strong pepper plaster on the parts affected, and dosed him with castor-oil and aconite, and put him into the cart. He said the



aconite did him good, and during the day recovered. The Kafirs had never been with oxen before, and without Peet we should have been in a difficulty.

After a few more miles we emerged upon the steep eastern side of the Drakensberg (about 6700 feet) along a road cut on the face of the rock. Here the scenery was very fine, the mountains breaking down to depths of 3000 to 4000 feet, and the river Sabie flowing at the bottom amid much verdure. The hills themselves were brown, but here and there covered with trees, and the deep kloof filled with fine timber. Our course lay over a succession of ranges gradually falling towards Spitz Kop, a conical hill in the distance, and to get at this point without descending too far the road doubles on itself in several places and has considerable ascents. Some of our descents were of the roughest character, with the wheels trussed up; nothing but the strongest carts or waggons could stand the shocks they must get. We had expected to arrive at Spitz Kop at an early hour in the afternoon, but it was soon evident that the distance given to us was incorrect, and that Spitz Kop must be at least thirty-five miles from Lydenburg. After we had been travelling seventeen hours our oxen began to flag, and we ourselves were very tired from our exertions in trying to prevent our cart pitching over into the valleys below, but we were anxious to get to some house for the night and pressed on. Darkness overtook us, and at last we saw a light in front of us, and about 8 P.M. got near it; the lights began to multiply, and we thought

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we were getting to some new Kafir kraal or to a bush fire.

As we neared the lights, however, we saw that they came from many houses, and our surprise was great when we heard the people talking English. We had come on to the Spitz Kop (4050) Gold Diggings, which we did not know were now being worked. During the whole day we had not met a single individual, either black or white, as the Spitz Kop folk keep up their communications with Macmac and Pilgrims' Rest. We were delighted to put up our traps in a little room at the store and converse with the diggers. They had many of them come from Australia, and were not impressed with the wealth of the Transvaal, and many of them would willingly go back. There were some thirty diggers here. Several of them had been out shooting in the veldt before the war. As to lions, they all agreed on one point, you might meet a dozen of them in a day or you might meet none; it is all uncertain, sometimes the country is full of game, at other times no game is to be seen; you must follow it like the lions if you want to find it.

They said that they were making no money to save; practically, they made on an average about twenty-five shillings a day, but with gin eight shillings a bottle and all other things in like proportion, they were only just able to rub along. They also said that the gold-fields here would never be very productive, because the water has to be brought up to the quartz or the quartz taken down to the water.



*June 5.*—We were greeted this morning, "Good-morning, boys! Are you off prospecting? If you will wait a few days a lot of us will join you, and we will have a jolly time together." We explained to the friendly diggers that we had to go off at once, otherwise we should have been charmed to have seen more of them.

We left the store at 8 A.M. and went over the heights, leaving Spitz Kop to the right (4700) and arrived at Niekerk's farm (4200) at 10 A.M. This is the most outlying homestead to the east, and was abandoned during the Kafir war. Mr. Niekerk spoke most feelingly of his losses, and was glad of the change of government. Here were the huts of a few more diggers. Our road from this point had not been traversed for some months, and was therefore difficult to find. We got as many particulars as we could from Mr. Niekerk.

We saw one buck, out of range, the only one we saw to-day, and we had seen but one yesterday. As we had come dependent for our meat on what we could shoot on the road, we were rather disappointed at the scarcity of the game.

At 2 P.M. we arrived at the highest point of the second range (5050), from whence the hills break down into undulating country and the "middle veldt" (*i.e.*, the plains lying between the highlands and the coast). We had now a fine view of the country, and saw some odd-looking, conical peaks in the distance south-east, which proved to be the hills about Pretorius Kop. We had now again to lash up the wheels of our cart and let it slide down



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the steep steps, and in about an hour had descended 1200 feet into a comparatively warm country. After several ups and downs among the undulating hills of the middle veldt, we passed some wild plantains in a kloof and came upon the remains of a station house plundered and burnt. The sun having now set, we went on to a rocky slope and outspanned and tied up our oxen. We lighted a large fire, as we were now in the lion veldt, and watched by turns all night, the Kafirs being so tired that they could only sleep. They were peculiar in their night dress; the night was cold, but yet they stripped stark naked and toasted one side by the fire, while the other must have been near freezing-point. Their skins seemed very tough—during the night hot embers and sparks fell on them, and the outer skin must have been burnt, yet they never flinched. We only heard jackals around us this night.

*June 6.*—We hoped to get to Pretorius Kop this day and started early; our path was most undefined, and wound in and out among the hills, gradually falling to the south-east; we found much wood here and there and tall tambookie grass. There was very little food for the oxen. We walked on in front looking for game, at about three and a half miles per hour, and the oxen kept up well with us. At 2 P.M. we began to descend through a dense forest, and came upon a beautiful stream of water about ten yards wide. Here was grass for our oxen, and we waited an hour and bathed and fed. Starting again about 3 P.M., we found the heat had much increased, as we had come down 2500 feet, and were

now only about 1800 feet above the level of the sea. The oxen now showed signs of lameness, and we were anxious to get on to a house at Pretorius Kop, where we might make ourselves secure, but it was to no purpose. We trotted the oxen through the tall grass and thickets at five miles an hour, and ran ourselves behind the cart, but though we made great haste we were still far from the Kop at sunset, and in a very disagreeable thicket full of tall grass, where it was so dark it was no longer safe to be without a light; we turned off to a thorn-tree and made preparations to stay there for the night.

Our anxiety was lest the sudden attack of lions would frighten our oxen and cause them to break away and leave us alone with the cart. We commenced burning the tall grass around us, at least seven feet high. It was obstinate and would not burn rapidly this evening, however, we cleared a space about thirty yards around us, and brought together thorn bushes (*mimosa*) and logs of wood, and when all was ready we lighted two fires, one of which was to be kept up by Peet and the Kafirs and one by ourselves.

The oxen we tied up to the trunk of a tree, under which we had placed ourselves. We had only collected just enough wood for the night, and by daybreak had burnt up every piece of our temporary kraal available. We were not molested during the night, though there were lions in the vicinity of the camp.

At daybreak Peet was lazy and refused to get up, although we had cooked our breakfast, and con-



sequently he had his blanket dragged from under him. He got up in a rage and said, "I'm d——d if I don't leave you in the lurch," and proceeded off into the wood. It was an awkward moment, as it is customary for boys to leave travellers in this way in moments of irritation, and oxen are difficult animals for strangers to manage. The only method is to treat them as children; so, without taking any notice of his rage, I shouted out casually that we had left some coffee for him from our breakfast, but this had no effect, so I had to humour the little man. "But if you don't look sharp your toast will get cold." Coffee and sugar and toast was more than he could resist; he came back, ate it up, and nothing more was said about the matter till we were on the other side of the Komati River, when we considered ourselves at liberty to tease Peet about his desire to leave us, but he was then so frightened at the lions that he would have stuck to us manfully through all difficulties.



## CHAPTER XIV

*June 7.*—We started off again, traversing the high grass reaching far above our heads, and got very wet in the process; the grass was so thick that Ravenscroft and I, walking side by side in the cart-ruts of the old road, could not see each other through the three feet intervening.

On our right, on emerging from the grass, we saw some most singular rocky spikes sticking up out of the plain. They seemed to be of trap, which had made its way straight up through the sandstone and then been left above when denudation had taken place.

We arrived near Pretorius Kop station at 9 A.M.; there is here a house in ruins in which we saw signs of life. On approaching cautiously we found here some Europeans, assistants of Mr. Hud, the botanist, engaged in collecting specimens. They had donkeys with them, and had come over from Pilgrims' Rest. This station is about sixty-five miles from Lydenburg. Here we struck the road made by Mr. Nelmapius from Pilgrims' Rest to Delagoa Bay.

The water here is in a pond, very dirty and brown. As we were breakfasting under a tree some Kafirs came up on their way from Natal to their kraals; we gave them some mealie-meal and tobacco, and they

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were very civil ; one of them remained with us all day and pointed out the road. We were now in the bush veldt, the habitat of the tsetse-fly, and passed over rounded hills amid much wood. The Kafirs were just beginning to bring goods up to the Gold Region from their kraals, and we met strings of them. They usually saluted us with "Yes" or "Good-bye." We were told we should find much water further on. I went on with our Kafir to look for it, but found only a dry gully. This was rather a blow to us, as we did not know where we might find water again, and the Kafirs could give no information. Just then we met a string of Kafirs, and Peet's rugged old-young face beamed with joy. One of them had some bang !

Peet said that spirits made him drunk and stupid, but bang made him happy. I asked him how much would make him drunk, and he said one pipeful, so I earnestly asked him only to smoke half a pipe at a time. We were in doubt what the effect might be on him, but we thought, under the circumstances, we must let him smoke it. His system of smoking was very peculiar, and I never saw it practised elsewhere ; it approached to a religious ceremony.

The bang was made into a paste and put into a bowl on a straight pipe inserted into a horn full of water, the hand was placed over the horn, and the smoke sucked out of the pipe through the water. When his mouth was full of smoke he took in a saucerful of water, and then placed a stick upright in the ground ; against the top of this he put his mouth and let the water from it trickle down the



stick, while he expelled the smoke horizontally from his mouth. Then he opened his mouth wide, gave three loud coughs without closing his mouth, and the ceremony was over.

After this we started on, and shortly before sunset arrived at an old station house called "The Lions Spruit," where the station keeper, Hart, was murdered by the Kafirs during the war. It was surrounded by trees and thickets. In a spruit hard by we anxiously searched for water, as our oxen were perishing for thirst. At last we found a little in the sandy bottom; Ravenscroft had fortunately observed an old demijohn in the house unbroken, and this we took down with us and filled, and gave the oxen to drink out of a mackintosh.

This occupied us till sunset, when we put our oxen into a strong wooden kraal, which we secured, leaving the Kafirs with a fire, while we ourselves went into the room where poor Hart was murdered and barricaded the open windows and made a fire, after sweeping out the interior, which did not seem to have been touched since the murder took place. We were very much fatigued and unwell this evening, from the complete change of climate, and quite unable to take regular watch. I was sleeping with my rifle at my side, when I was suddenly roused by seeing the barricade of the window tumbling in on me and a large animal in the middle of it. I sprang up and brought my rifle to bear on him, and was just going to let off when the animal laid hold of the muzzle of my rifle and begged me not to shoot him just yet. It was Ravenscroft! He had got up, and



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in passing to the fire had knocked down the barricade and tumbled in amongst it.

*June 8.*—We were up at daybreak, and got more water for our oxen, and then started off through the bush veldt; there was very little game to be seen, one large animal, probably a giraffe, which disappeared among the trees. About midday we met two white men coming up from Delagoa Bay, the first to open up the road from the sea since the war. They were both in miserable health from the fever and could barely totter along; they had Kafirs with them to carry their baggage. We gave them some tea and food, and saw them off on their journey, which looked to us rather hopeless. One of them could eat nothing at first, he seemed simply to wish to lie down and die; but we had some Worcestershire sauce, and made him a stiff glass with some water, and when he had drunk it off he sat up and would eat quite hungrily. I know of nothing better than Worcestershire sauce to give an appetite when recovering from fever.

Towards evening the country became greener, the woods resounded with the songs of birds, pleasant and agreeable, quite different from anything we had heard at the Cape; buck were seen sporting about in all directions, and we shot what we wanted to eat; we were evidently approaching water. About sunset we arrived at the Crocodile River, about eighty yards wide and three feet deep, with a hard sandy bottom, the banks fringed with reeds. We crossed without difficulty, we ourselves sat in the cart with our feet in the water, as we were advised to keep as

near as we could to the splashing of the oxen and shouting of the driver and Kafirs. On the east bank we found some old houses belonging to the road company, and close by was a Kafir kraal. We put our cattle into one Kafir hut and crept ourselves into another, and passed a quiet night, though we heard lions near at hand at intervals. We were here only 450 feet above the sea, and on the road made by Mr. Nelmapius from Pilgrims' Rest to Delagoa Bay, which we had struck at Pretorius Kop. The ruling gradient of this road is very gentle, the whole fall to the Komati River being only 1850 feet in forty-seven miles.

The ground passed over consisted of a succession of rounded hills with a fall to the north-east, with gullies about ten feet deep, at intervals of about one mile.

*June 9.*—There are plenty of large game about these parts, but none came across us, probably owing to the present influx of Kafirs, arising from the change in the government of the Transvaal, which causes a sudden development of trade. On speaking to the Kafirs here it was difficult to ascertain whether they had any clear idea as to the change in the government, but they knew very well how much was a shilling, and how much it would buy.

We started early, and at midday came upon Englishmen bound for Pilgrims' Rest; they seemed in pretty good health, but gave a bad account of the fever at Delagoa Bay. They were accompanied by a string of Kafirs carrying their luggage. At sunset we arrived at the Komati River, of about the same



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size, but with more water, than the Crocodile River. Passing to the east bank with safety, we came to a store of Mr. Nelmapius, which had been closed during the Kafir war and had not been plundered. We here stopped the night in some small huts; there were plenty of lions about, and we had to keep up good fires, but we felt much better and slept well in our turns.

*June 10.*—We were now in the thick of the tsetse-fly country—a thick bush veldt—but we did not see anything of them, probably because there was a fresh wind. We constantly came upon the fresh spores and droppings of lions, but they themselves did not come in our way. We now began to ascend the Libomba range, about 300 feet in height, well wooded, and at 1 P.M. passed the boundary stone separating Transvaal and Portuguese territory [III], and we commenced descending until we arrived at a Kafir hunters' kraal in the bush. They asked us to remain near them, and we out-spanned under a thorn-tree and lighted our fires near it; the Kafirs also kept up their fires during the night. They amused us by mocking the cries of wild beasts during the early part of the evening. The lions made much noise about us, but we were now getting accustomed to them and would scarcely take the trouble to keep up our fires well lighted, but when they did get low and we were blowing them into a blaze it was disagreeable to think that there was one near ready to make a spring. The Kafirs were very friendly and exchanged presents of meat; they were delighted to look at our guns. They are now well armed from



Delagoa Bay, and are rapidly thinning the game and driving it away.

*June 11.*—We were now in the great plain surrounding Delagoa Bay, and had to push on, so as to reach the Bay by night, as our steamer was expected in the morning.

We passed on rapidly through the veldt with only two oxen, two being worn out and driven behind us, and at breakfast-time came on some hunters (Kafirs), who gave us some palm-wine. This was quite fresh, but it rapidly fermented and soon it became so intoxicating that we thought we had better throw it away, for fear our boys might get hold of it. At midday we came upon what appeared to be interminable Kafir kraals and mealie-grounds. We wanted water for our oxen, but were told we must get leave from the chief. This delayed us some time, but eventually we watered our oxen and pressed on, but now we lost our way among the several Kafir paths, and at last were obliged to hire a man as guide. Many of the Kafirs could talk a little English, but none Portuguese.

When night came on we found ourselves in a wood with some water and grass; our guide tried to persuade us to stay here for the night, and our boys did not like going on with only a lantern, but we had to meet the steamer.

Starting again at 8 P.M. we went through the thick bush, and about 9 P.M. found ourselves in an awkward position, with our oxen and cart stuck in a spruit of bitter water. There had apparently been a road here once, but it had all sunk in the morass,

and nothing now remained but soft mud, about three feet deep. The oxen were very much alarmed in walking on it, taking it for a quicksand. It took us about an hour to get our cart out of its difficulties, and then only by laying down some timber in the mud. We now proceeded, and we all whistled together, as the natives seem to have an idea that a lion will not come near the sound, but it was amusing to notice that every now and then, when there was a roar near, the whistling became a quaver for a moment. At midnight we came to a Kafir kraal, and there found a Portuguese trader. He with his Kafir wife most kindly gave us some tea and cake. She was dressed in five calico pocket-handkerchiefs stitched together, two in front and three behind; it made rather an elegant dress. Although the trader lived among the Kafirs, he did not know anything of their language, and made no attempt to learn it. At first he refused to speak to me, but eventually we got on easily, I talking Spanish and he Portuguese. None of the Kafirs here, except the trader's wife, could speak Portuguese, but many knew a little English.

The trader told us there was a very dangerous bridge in front of us, and advised us to cross it in daylight. However, we hired a Kafir to point out the bad places, and passed it in safety, but with a very small margin. We were now travelling by night in a heavy dew, wet and cold and hungry, with our boots covered with malarious stinking mud of the bitter spruit, so we took a little quinine to ward off the fever. About 3 A.M. we came to the entrance of



Lorenzo Marquez, guarded by a sentry, who was so astonished at our appearance that he lost his bayonet, and was some time before he found it stuck somewhere in his clothing.

He stopped us and inquired whether we had cargo, which led us first to suppose that he in his sleepy condition had mistaken us for a ship drifting in at the land-gate; an ox-cart was evidently so unusual a spectacle.

The sentry called the officer of the guard, who was equally astonished at our arrival; but he, with great presence of mind, said he would go and inform the governor of our arrival (3 A.M.).

He accordingly disappeared behind a house for a little while, and then returned, announcing that we might enter.

We asked him for the Hotel Fernandez, upon which he took us up to the first large house and began to beat the door violently, and then took us to the back of it, and wanted one of us to jump over the wall. We thought there might be a dog on the other side and declined. After knocking for half an hour the proprietor appeared, announcing, "This is not the Hotel Fernandez; this is the Dutch Factory." This took us aback, and we fervently apologised for waking him up; but he seemed rather to like it, and kindly explained where the hotel was, and asked us to call upon him in the morning if we wanted anything.

We proceeded down the street, ankle deep in sea-sand, and found the hotel. Its door was badly fastened; and after a little struggle gave way, and



## 196 FROM THE DIAMOND FIELDS

we found ourselves in the dining-room, redolent with garlic. We were very tired and made our beds on the table, leaving our boys to shift for themselves. At daybreak the servants were greatly surprised to find us, as no ship had come in, and strangers from the gold-fields were almost unknown ; they go up but they don't come this way. Our first care was to know whether our cart and oxen could remain in the street, and the Kafirs keep up a fire and cook their meals in the middle of the thoroughfare. To this there was no objection.

Our arrival created some excitement in the place ; it was only the third vehicle which had come down from the Gold Regions, and we were the first people down since the war. That we should have brought our oxen through the tsetse-fly country seemed a marvel to them, and we were even congratulated on not losing our Kafirs.

There are about six stores in Delagoa Bay and about fifty Europeans, for the most part married to Kafir wives ; in this matter so strikingly different to the Dutch people in the high veldt, who have a horror of a Kafir wife. There was very little chance of selling our cart, for there were several carts there that had not been used for years. Our oxen, after much bargaining, we sold for £20, thus losing £20 on them. They were to be cut up for butcher's meat.

There is very little going on in the Bay, and the imports must be very small, except in firearms. Many thousands of rifles, we are told, are sent up annually to the Kafirs.

The railway plant lies fretting on the beach. I calculated about twenty-four miles of single rail, but the storekeeper informed me there were forty miles of it.

A party of engineers sent out by the Portuguese Government on a three years' commission are now at Delagoa Bay, engaged in erecting workshops, barracks, and draining the marsh around the town. At spring-tides the sea-water washes over the lowlands to the west of the town, and sweeps over the marsh, keeping up a disagreeable effluvia, to the effects of which is attributed much of the severity of Delagoa fever. The engineers have already succeeded to a great extent in keeping the water out. They are also engaged in making a road across the marsh, and find the Kafir labour difficult to manage. The Portuguese seem to keep themselves aloof from the other Europeans.

The Kafirs outside the town do not seem to be governed in any way by the Portuguese, and are said to be very treacherous. We found them uniformly civil and obliging. We were particularly told at Lydenburg and elsewhere by the Boers to show that we considered them to be dogs, otherwise we should lose their respect ; but this course we did not consider desirable. We sat down among them, fed with them, and joked with them, but always found them most deferential.

There is now a considerable influx of Kafirs from Delagoa Bay to Capetown, the steamer *Natal*, by which we left for Capetown, carrying sixty of them.



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Regarding the road from the Gold Regions, it is evident that Mr. Nelmapius and his company have done much work, cutting a path through the bush veldt and erecting houses. The whole distance from Lydenburg is about 165 miles, but the portion from Pretorius Kop to Lydenburg is unfit for any kind of vehicles. The road, however, from Pretorius Kop to Pilgrims' Rest is said to be passable.

In the deep kloof of the mountain sides there is much timber between Lydenburg and Spitz Kop, but it is difficult of access. From Pretorius Kop to Delagoa Bay the bush veldt extends, with more or less dense forests of hard and soft wooded trees; these trees do not grow to any size, being seldom more than five feet in girth. Several varieties of the mimosa-tree abound, some with the most lovely seeds, which rapidly fade in a few days. The wood might be made useful as log timber for the road through the marshes, though not so well adapted to this purpose as pine-trees. It would also be sufficient for the supply of fuel for a line of railway for many years, provided the trees are properly thinned instead of being cut down *en masse*.

The Delagoa fever appears to be of a bilious remittent type, and is ascribed generally to the malaria from the swamps near Lorenzo Marquez. The intensity of the fever may be due to these causes, but as the same fever prevails in some of the hill districts of the Transvaal, it is possible that the true cause of this fever may be found elsewhere.

The tsetse-fly is said to follow the game, and if the Kafirs continue their present use of firearms, not only



the fly but also the game will be exterminated in a few years. Should this take place, one bar to easy transit between Delagoa Bay and the Transvaal will be removed ; but even at the present day it seems that the tsetse-fly country, which is said to be eighteen miles broad, can be passed through at times without great danger. Two of our oxen were said to have already been down to the Bay and back again from Pilgrims' Rest, and the four oxen arrived at Lorenzo Marquez without apparently having suffered in any way, although we had to drive them nearly forty miles on the last day. They accomplished the 165 miles in eight days, giving an average of twenty-one miles a day.

During this journey we passed for about 500 miles through the Transvaal, and thought that the account of its wealth had been exaggerated. A land where horses, cattle, sheep, and fowls die suddenly of an incurable disease cannot progress very fast. The seasons are also most uncertain and the people indolent. A great influx of British might stir up the country, but otherwise I cannot understand how it is to develop suddenly in the manner so often forecast.

The distances approximately are as follows : Leydenburg to Spitz Kop, 35 miles ; Spitz Kop to Pretorius Kop, 30 ; Pretorius Kop to Lion's Spruit, 17 ; Lion's Spruit to Crocodile River, 15 ; Crocodile River to Komati River, 15 ; Komati River to Libomba Bounds, 10 ; Libomba Bounds to Lorenzo Marquez, 46 ; a total of 168 miles.

Their heights above sea-level are : Lydenburg,

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4350 feet ; Top of Pass, 6700 ; Spitz Kop Diggings, 4050 ; Pass, 4700 ; Nickerk's Farm, 4200 ; Top of Pass, 5050 ; River, 1500 ; Camp near Pretorius Kop, 2100 ; Lion's Spruit, 1350 ; Crocodile River, 450 ; Komati River, 250 ; Libomba Boundary, 450 ; Lorenzo Marquez, sea level.

*Railway.*—As regards the prospect of a railway : Looking to the expenses of such works in other parts of South Africa it does not seem probable that it would be constructed under £12,000 a mile. Assuming that the distance to the high veldt will in no direction be less than 150 miles, the cost would not be less than £1,800,000, but £3,000,000 is not too high a sum to allow, keeping in view the nature of the work. The maintenance expenses over a line which passes for 40 miles over a swamp, and for 110 miles continuously ascends to a height of 7000 feet will be very great. There appears to be no prospect of such a line paying for several years to come ; but that it would materially help and hasten the development of South Africa there can be no doubt. At the present time progress is very much retarded for want of iron and timber at reasonable prices.

The *Natal*, Union Company steamer, arrived on June 12, and left with us the same day, and we arrived at Durban on the morning of the 15th. We had the usual disagreeables of landing, on account of the bar to the harbour. We got deluged with water, and my pocket-book with various notes got wet through ; and here I learnt an important lesson, as all the notes, written on prepared paper with metallic pencil, vanished as the sea-water penetrated

to them. The scenery in the harbour of Natal reminded me of the Menai Straits without the mountains behind, and without the beautiful green.

We went out to see the sugar and coffee plantations, but we were not impressed with any sign of progress. The service was carried on by coolies from India, and as they came back from their work there were columns of men coughing in a terrible manner, as I had never heard a body of men cough before. Evidently the climate does not yet quite suit them.

Durban is not paved; there are good shops, but it is disagreeable to have to proceed down the street knee-deep in sand. (Shortly after this Durban was properly paved.) Embarking on board the *Natal* on the 16th, we arrive at Capetown on June 25, on our way to England as I supposed, but another visit to Griqualand West was in store for me.





**FROM CAPETOWN TO  
KIMBERLEY**





## CHAPTER XV

*June 26, 1877.*—I arrived at Capetown and had bespoken my passage home for the following day, but went to see Sir Bartle Frere before paying for my ticket. I found that he wished to see me at once, and in our interview he said that I had been so successful in my work in Griqualand and O.F.S., and had pleased both sides so well, that he thought it advisable that I should return to Kimberley as Special Commissioner on the Land Question, to arbitrate between the farmers. He said that Major Lanyon had stated that I was the only person competent to do the work in a satisfactory manner, and that it would be work highly appreciated by the Home Government. I replied that I knew the kind of work it would be, that I could see that the chances were in favour of failure, and that I did not desire to undertake work in which I could have no authority of any kind, but depended entirely upon my getting antagonists to mutually agree to give up some of their claims. He said I must look upon it as a duty, as all progress in that country—Griqualand West—was at present arrested owing to the greater number of farms being in some manner or another in appeal against the recent Land Court judgments, and that I might be quite sure that if I arranged matters so that

titles for the land could be given out, the Home Government would mark their appreciation of the work.

I did not feel in the least convinced, and asked that I might have a few hours to think it over, fully intending to go to England; but when I called on Lady Frere I found that all my plans must be given up and I must sacrifice myself for the good of the State. She pointed out so clearly what I ought to do and settled it all so firmly that I felt I must give in. I was Sir Bartle's first selection, and there was no one so suitable for the work. Next day I called again on Sir Bartle Frere, and he said that he had already by that mail written to Lord Carnarvon asking for my services, complimented me highly on my past services here, and said that they wanted for this work on the land question "a man with a backbone." I could not now resist Sir Bartle Frere, having been reduced to submission by Lady Frere, and agreed to go up on the understanding that the work did not take more than six months, and so far the matter has been settled. I have felt quite desolated for some hours but I must accept the appointment.

*June 28.*—Ravenscroft goes home by this mail and on to Ceylon; we have been great friends and I hope that he will go down to see you and tell you all about me. He is a right good fellow and is very much liked all round.

*July 4.*—During the next few days I started the two N.C.O.s and our baggage to Southampton, bid farewell to Ravenscroft, who said he would see after them on landing, and I did various services for



Sir Bartle Frere, writing up an account of my journey to Delagoa Bay through the Transvaal, and trying to get rid of a malarious sore throat contracted there. I lived at Government House, sleeping at the hotel ; and Lady Frere, feeling that she had the responsibility of keeping me in South Africa, said that she must do her best to make up for it. And certainly they have all succeeded in making me feel quite at home ; nothing can exceed their hospitality and kindness. Lady Frere must have been a wonderful help to Sir Bartle all through his career. Even now she finds time to copy her husband's despatches for him, and I found her sitting down to copy out for him the forty-one pages of my journey to Delagoa Bay. She would have done it had I not proposed to do it myself. One of the pleasures of being at Government House is that the Freres make you one of the family and you have to take up your duties of doing something for the commonweal. Lady Frere finds me plenty to do, and I do it with right good will ; it is a pleasure to do anything for her.

My luggage has gone off by mistake with Ravenscroft's from Natal to Zanzibar and Aden, and I am stranded here with only a travelling suit. I have bought the best suit of "reach-me-downs" I could find in Capetown and have been measured for frock-coat and evening-dress, &c., but my "reach-me-downs" seem to meet with universal ridicule. Now why is this ? No one seemed to laugh at the old ragged clothing I came down in from Natal. Arthur Barkly has made a sketch of me (giving the price in large letters on each visible garment), and he sums me up



at about 14s. 6d. This priced sketch has got a place in a young lady's scrap-book, and I shall have to live up to it. I have had a most amusing encounter with Mr. Merriman. Just before dinner I was standing on a chair in Government House in my "reach-me-downs," doing something to the gas-lamp for Lady Frere when Mr. Merriman came in dressed for dinner. I got down at once to shake hands with him, but he promptly put his hands behind his back, thinking no doubt, that I was the gas-man who owned his acquaintance in some political manner, but who had no business to be on easy terms with him in Government House; subsequently he was very amiable.

I begin to realise how much there is in T. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

*July 6.*—I gave my lecture on Palestine yesterday afternoon in the library, Sir Bartle Frere in the chair. There were about 300 present—people very attentive and appreciative. I made a point of the fact that discoveries are all in accordance with the Bible, as an idea has got abroad that this is not the case.

*July 7.*—I have just returned from Simonstown where we had a pleasant visit. I went with Lady Frere and party in the Spider, a very light vehicle drawn by four horses, with a Malay driver. We left yesterday at about 11.30 A.M. The distance is about twenty miles—the wind blowing a gale.

After the first five miles we drove through a beautiful country; of course, it is moderately beautiful about Capetown with Table Mountain (3800 feet

high) towering above us, but the dust is so great and the stinks are so prevalent that the beauty of the spot vanishes before them.

After passing Mowbray we came upon groves of pines, on rounded hills, underlying the mountain, with great bushes of succulent plants glittering like the golden yew. Almost all the wild plants are of a succulent nature, with thick stalks like large mosses. They are beautiful when in flower, only the stalks are so thick that you cannot put many in your hand at one time. After about an hour we came on a sheet of water covered over with lilies, and in the distance to north-east the mountains rose in peaks nice and sharp against the sky.

Then we emerged upon the shore of the great Bay, to the east, which makes Table Mountain a Peninsula. The air here was quite brisk and the sea roaring and foaming in great breakers on the rocky beach, and right away overhead the mountains go straight up in cliffs and precipices, covered with bushes bright yellow and white. It is totally different from anything I have seen before at the Cape; more like Catalan Bay, Gibraltar, on a large scale, without the stretch of sand of the neutral ground. Cork Bay is a lovely spot with a delightful cemetery, to which I took a great fancy. Here I said I would like to have my winter grave—I don't think that it would look so well in summer.

Soon we arrived at Simonstown, the habitat of the navy, and we were hospitably put up at Admiralty House by Mrs. Sullivan. The Admiral is away at present on the west coast. The house is



large, with a hall in form of a cross, looks on to the sea, and has a private jetty ; altogether most comfortable. We all went for a walk to see a fort which is being built here to protect the dockyard ; it is being put up in a hurry. We seem always to be doing things in a hurry. It has suddenly been discovered that both Simons Bay and Table Bay are defenceless, and that on war being declared with any sea Power, they could, in the absence of our fleet, walk off with our Governor-General and the Admiral from Capetown and Simons Bay, and burn all our coal. It is so odd that it should be left to Sir Bartle Frere to find this all out ; I suppose that it always has been well known and often brought forward, but that Sir Bartle Frere is the first person of any influence who has forced it on the attention of the Government ; he seems to think of everything.

We have now in Simons Bay, the *Flora* (British), and three Dutch ships of war. We drove home to-day.

*July 9.*—To-day—Sunday—we went to the Cathedral and the Dean preached. The steamer *African* arrived from Port Elizabeth with Sister Henrietta and Miss Trench, and I was sent by Lady Frere to ask Sister Henrietta to stay at Government House, but she could not come, and only paid a visit in the afternoon. Lady Frere is perfectly charmed with her, and says she is the most beautiful person she has ever seen. Miss Trench is staying here, and they both go to England on Tuesday.

The Bishop of Capetown and his sister Miss



Jones lunch here to-morrow: I like them very much. He is tall and stately, over six feet three inches I think, and looks very young for a bishop.

I am getting some children's books for the Boer children to read and look at; they have no books and no toys, and no amusements, and I think that if I get some books showing how children amuse themselves in England it may help to inform them. I must get books also for my little friends the de Villiers and Erasmus.

I have been looking into our South African history since I have been down here, and find that we have not far to go back. Towards the end of the seventeenth century there were scarce 600 white colonists in South Africa, principally discharged soldiers, sailors, and officials of the Dutch Government, but not all Dutch. They seem to have been an insubordinate set, and they resented the rigid iron rule of the Dutch Government. About 1688 the French Huguenots commenced arriving from Europe, driven out by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They had been expatriated on account of their love of liberty of conscience, and they were not the people to be merged in the inferior classes of colonists they intermingled with. The Dutch Government stamped out the French language, but the French Huguenots engrafted their ideas on the other colonists and supported them in resisting the grinding oppression of their Government. By 1770 the colonists though they numbered little over 10,000, were occupying the country as far as the Great Fish River, and some of them had got beyond the limits of the Government

rule. Eventually, when the Government followed them there, they became so exasperated that, in the Graaff Reinet and Swellendam districts, they broke out into open revolt and declared themselves a free Republic. While things were in this condition (1795) the Cape Colony came under the control of Great Britain, and these border farmers had to be reduced to submission by means of a military expedition. In 1803 the Colony reverted to the Dutch Republic, and in 1806 it again became a British possession; but the border farmers were still dead against the Government, and transferred all their hatred from the Dutch officials to the British.

The British Government had to consider a very intricate problem in which several races, European and native, were involved, and it was decidedly despotic in its rule.

Missionary societies, principally the Moravian and the London Missionary, arrived at the end of last century, and were followed up by other British, German, and French societies. These all taught "the brotherhood of men," black, white, and yellow; and this doctrine was repulsive to the border farmers who looked upon the native tribes as the Israelites looked upon the heathen tribes of Palestine—a people to be dispossessed and slaughtered.

In 1815 five border farmers were hanged for high treason at Slachter's Nek, and this execution seems to have never been forgiven. Why it should have raised up such never ending bitter hostility it is difficult to surmise, because in those days the penalty of death in our own country was meted



out for horse-stealing and other crimes short of murder.

After this the liberation of the Hottentots in 1829, and the emancipation of all slaves (about 39,000) in the colony in 1834, was considered by the Boers as specially levelled at themselves, particularly as our Government took no steps to secure that the compensation should be paid into the hands of the rightful claimants.

The great trek of the border Boers from the Graaff Reinet district took place in 1836, and with their wives and families and waggons and cattle they crossed the Orange and Vaal Rivers and also descended into Natal.

From that time to the present moment there have been great vicissitudes in the history of the colonists. Now we have exercised a vigorous policy, and now we have let everything slide. At the present moment we are on the top of the wave. All South Africa is British, and we have only to get the natives quiet; but they seem to be in a state of unrest, far and wide.

It is said that Sir Theophilus Shepstone only prevented a disastrous incursion of the Zulus into the Transvaal by suddenly declaring the country to be British territory.

There are many difficulties and the solutions are not very clear. The British Government has not seen with the same eyes as the Governors they have sent out, and two of the best and most far-sighted—Sir Benjamin D'Urban and Sir George Grey—have been censured and recalled.



The giving of a full constitution to the Cape Colony so prematurely is a very doubtful blessing to the country, and the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Froude last year in stumping the country and falling foul of the Cape Ministry and the Governor, while posing as speaking for the Secretary of State, has done a world of mischief.

Sir Bartle Frere was sent out here specially to confederate the several states, and was sanguine of doing so on arrival, but I think that he begins to be doubtful of its possibility at present, there are so many adverse factors; if only Mr. Froude had not put everybody by the ears the States might have learnt to pull together.

The great difficulty is the Customs' dues. The Cape Colony and Natal take them all and the Transvaal, Orange Free State, and Griqualand West get nothing. This is the crux.

The Cape Colony should never have been given a constitution without limiting its power over the Customs' dues. It can have no moral right to the dues sent in transit, but it takes them nevertheless. Of course then it does not wish to confederate, when by confederation it loses the Customs' dues of the interior states.

Then again many on the eastern side of the Cape Colony want to break off from the west and form a separate state, and petitions have been sent in to the Secretary of State on the subject.

So here we are in a very difficult position. Confederation was proposed first in 1858, and fell through until Lord Carnarvon took it up again in

1874 and sent Sir Bartle Frere to carry it out, thinking it would take two years to accomplish. But now there is another cry—unification from Capetown. I don't yet know what it means, but I do not like the look of it; it seems like a Dutch counterblast. I shall have plenty of time to go into this question when I get to work on the land question at Kimberley.

*July 10.*—I have now met most of the principal people of the land, at Government House, and have heard politics discussed from many points of view. Mr. Molteno, the Prime Minister, seems to be a very solid personage, full of decision. He is, however, aged and feeble of gait, but he has a determined eye, when he takes off his blue glasses and lets you see it. He is very ably assisted by the Government Secretary, Captain Mills, who is a mine of information, and has no narrow prejudices. I like him immensely and think that he is a very creditable product of our army system, for it is said that he has risen from the ranks. The Government here are fortunate to have such a man. Mr. Merriman is clever, and has a name for ability in debate, but for an Englishman he seems somewhat Colonial in his views, and rather conveys to me the idea that I am an intruder on the scene. I suppose I have become an upholder of Griqualand West, for I feel that the Cape Colony Ministry do not seem to take any great interest in its welfare, and it is such a relief to turn to Sir Bartle Frere and hear his broad sympathetic views on South Africa in general.



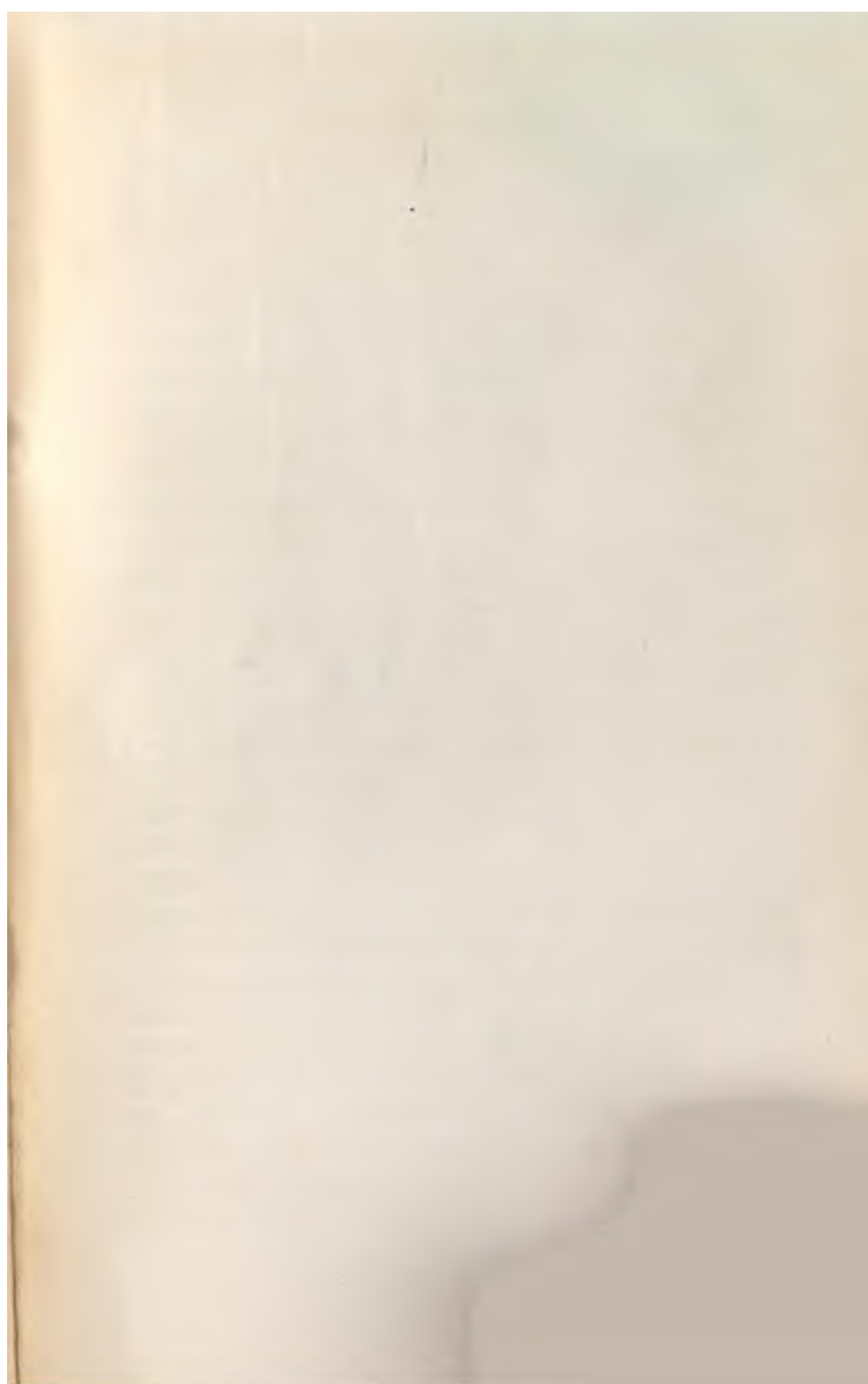
Sir Bartle Frere has a most remarkable knowledge of South Africa for three months' residence in one corner of it, and is constantly astonishing me by telling me things about the country that I don't know and ought to know.

I don't think that he is at present thinking much about Confederation as a near thing; he has got his eye all at once on four points which require care and attention, viz., the Transvaal, Griqualand West, Natal, and the Eastern Province; comprising the greater portion of the country, and there are elements of difficulty if not of danger in each. The native unrest to which I have often alluded seems to be growing apace, and it is difficult to see what it may lead to.

There are so many rumours of native risings in various directions that it gives a spice of excitement to our doings even if it be all untrue. There is nothing explicit, only hints from old stagers, who know the natives. Major Lanyon has started a volunteer corps at Kimberley and Du Toitspan with great success, and has kept the natives in bounds to our north. Whenever I see the Kafirs they seem to me to be very sullen and discontented, but it may be their manner only.

Lady Frere has asked me to send them word as to what I see as I go through the country to Kimberley, and I am to branch off to the east in the direction of Queenstown to learn what I can. I think in this manner Sir Bartle Frere knows so much about the country; he gets contributions from every direction.







LOOKING TOWARDS WORCESTER FROM DARLING BRIDGE

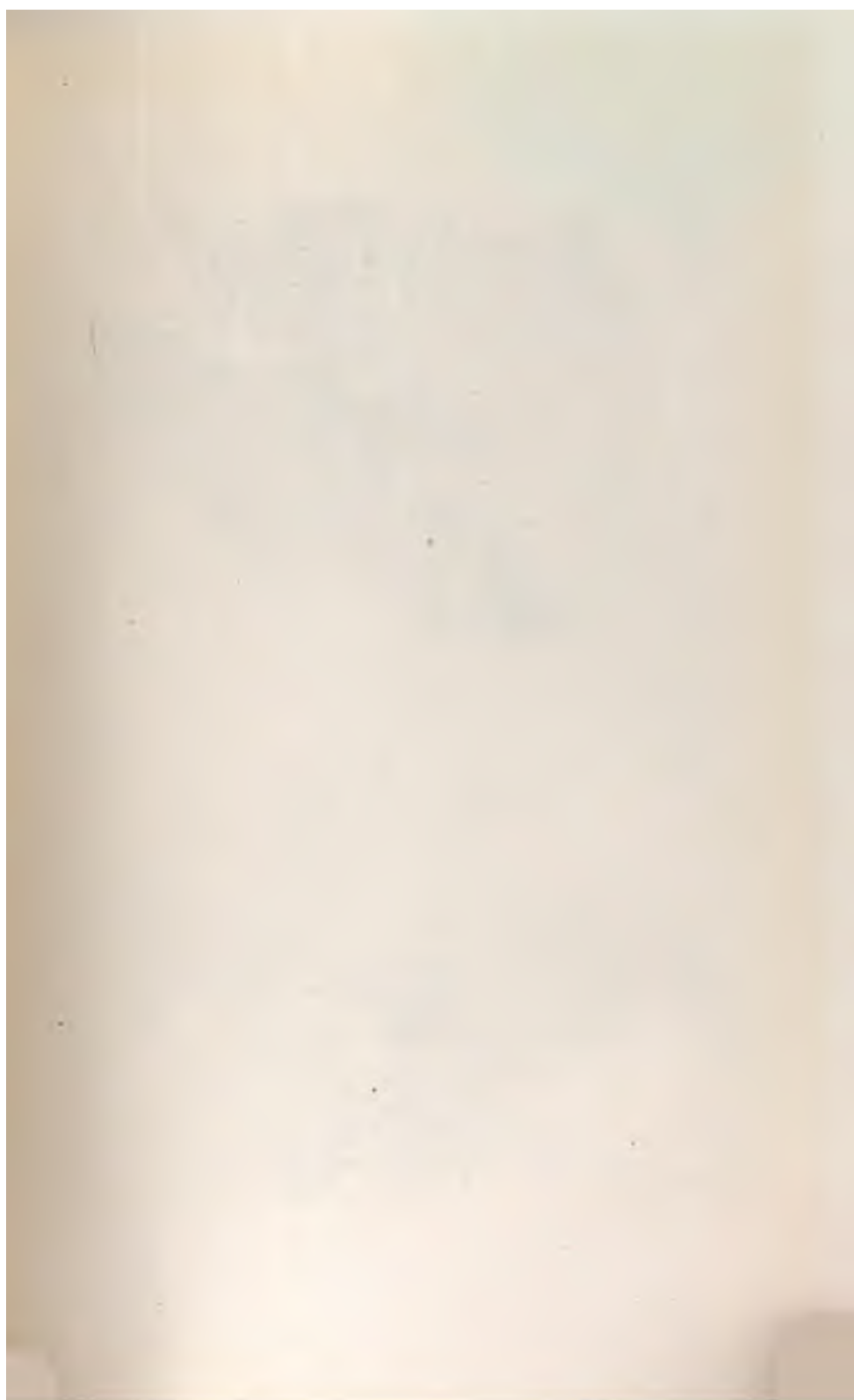
*July 12.*—I went to see the South African Exhibition, which Sir Bartle Frere remarks is an exhibition of foreign products. The only Colonial products I can see are a case of wine, nicely got up on the outside from High Constantia (Van Reenan), and two cases of native woods; one from British Kaffraria and the other from Potchefstroom (Forsmann), but neither showing off the wood in any measure equal to its capabilities. They evidently do not yet know how to show off their native goods to advantage.

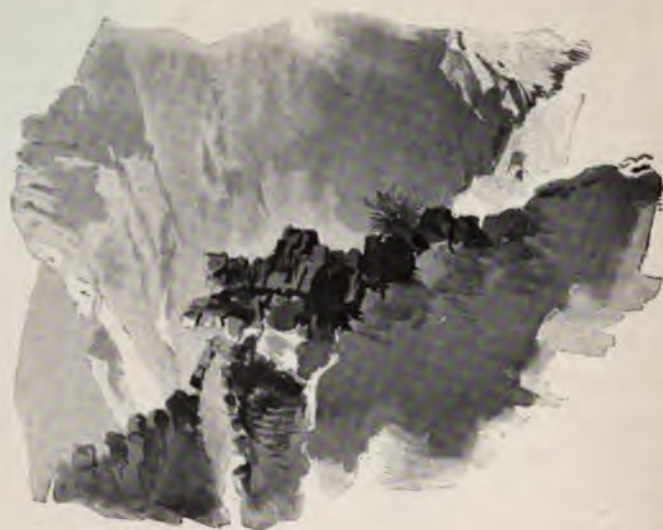
Sir Bartle Frere wished me to go to Worcester and see the Hex River Railway which has gradients of 1 in 40, and rises 3500 feet. I was also to see Bain's Kloof beyond Wellington and report to him on the prospects of the country. Captain Nixon and I left in the afternoon, taking tickets for Wellington forty-five miles off. We kept Table Mountain in sight for about twenty miles, travelling over a flat plain covered by the karoo bush on which the sheep fatten, and getting nearer and nearer to the bold mountain range that fringes the passes to the Middle Veldt. We stopped the night at the Fernandez Hotel, Wellington, where we met two farmers (from England). One said he had farms in the Colony and Transvaal and was going to buy more, his brother has 30,000 morgen. Farms pay much better here than at home. He said he had lost in England during the last ten years; that he was paying thirteen shillings a week for labour when the farm-hands struck for sixteen shillings. He and his farmer friends then locked them out



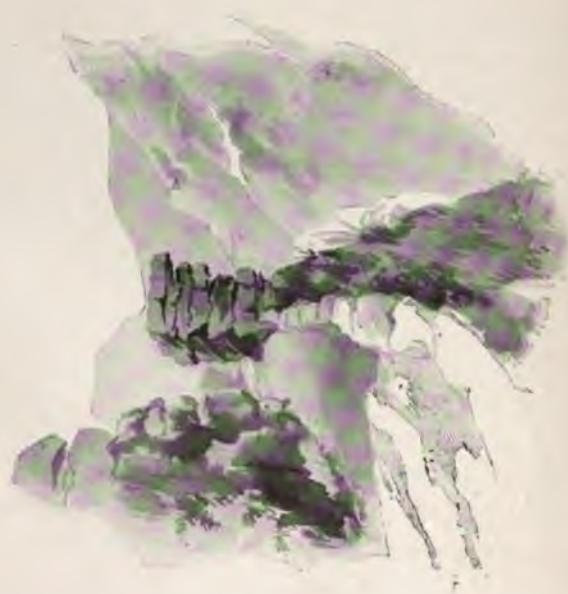
and farmed themselves until they starved the labourers into submission.

*Sunday, July 15.*—We sent our bags by rail to Worcester and ourselves proceeded to walk by Bain's Kloof so as to see the view. We were near the foot of the range and took our course north-east up a steep incline. We met many vehicles with Boers coming in for the monthly service. There was some fine scenery, the highest point being 2000 feet above Wellington; farm-houses were dotted about in all directions. We lost our way but met a coloured woman dressed in her Sunday best in European clothes, with her two sons (Kafirs) dressed in broad-cloth, and holding umbrellas, looking very important. They spoke Dutch and told us our way, up a steep valley through Bain's Kloof. Many wild flowers about, principally of the karoo-bush kind, with succulent leaves, and here and there pelargonias; one a relation to "Mrs. Pollock." We were now on the high road, plenty of water in the valley below and the sides of the hills dripping wet in many places. The view back over the plain towards Capetown was very fine; no clouds, but a blue mist on the hills. We lunched at a stream where there were many ferns. The road winding round the side of the mountain brought us at last to the top of the kloof, 1500 feet above Wellington, where there is a half-way house. Here we had a fine view over the veldt and drank a glass of beer. The road is well kept up, and many transport waggons about. In descending we came on a valley shaded from the afternoon sun, dripping with water, and





WOLF'S KLOOF



BAIN'S KLOOF



covered with beautiful ferns. The hills are mostly of cold grey like those in Andalusia, but here and there pure white. There is also much pure white sand about, which must be very trying to the eyes in summer. There are no cattle or sheep about, not even goats, and no birds to be seen, no trees, and the scenery though bold is dreary.

After fourteen miles we came to Wolf's Kloof and four miles further to Darling Bridge. The deep kloof here opens out into a wide plain up which the Worcester Railway runs. On this side of the bridge we stayed at the hotel of Mr. Tubbs, a delightful old innkeeper, who got us dinner ready. He and others were full of the railway, enough to make one feel sad. The farmers don't use it, and it goes nowhere and is of no use—this is the view of those who lose by its success. There used to be a bridge over the Darling River, but it had just been tarred when a Kafir dropped a light from his pipe on it, and it rapidly ignited and was burned down.

The Government won't build another, as they wish the railway used instead, and the farmers who persist in using Bain's Kloof road are told they may build a bridge themselves. Sometimes the river is much swollen and then Mr. Tubbs sends a horse over swimming, and a passenger lays hold on to his tail. Quite recently there were nineteen waggons waiting at Tubbs' house three days to cross the river.

*July 16.*—A beautiful morning, clear and bright, with blue haze on the mountains. Walked across

the river ankle deep, and then across the plain or Vega, amid beautiful flowers of the "everlasting" kind, different to any I have seen before, also beautiful yellow marigolds. Plenty of water about and one snipe. Lost our way and took some sketches. A plain running east and west, and mountains 2000 feet high on either side. Passed a farm with many ostriches, and arrived at Bride River station, a forlorn house like Noah's ark except that it will *not* float when the rains come down. The stationmaster in broken shoes, said that the broad-gauge trains would go forty miles an hour, but that this narrow-gauge line of three feet six inches could only go thirty miles an hour in safety, and usually goes fifteen miles; that the train goes fastest down hill, and he winked when he said this. *He* also could not see the use of the line. Arrived at Worcester at 2 P.M.

Austral Hotel, where we found a pleasure-party come to see the line—Mr. Ebdon and his daughter. We all went together to see the Rhenish Mission School. This is a church and school, originally started by the Germans, but working on its own account under the parent school of Ceres, near here. Dr. Estler, the pastor, received us and took us to see what he called the Hottentot children, but they actually seem to be half-castes, day children, of Malay, Kafir, and Hottentot descent. We heard 150 children sing two English hymns very nicely. The old pastor has been here since 1835, and has done much. He has 400 in the school, and his church holds 1500, but there are usually not more



than 900 present. School very clean. Ventilated by large holes in the wall at top and bottom. The mother-language of these children is Cape Dutch, but they are taught as much English as they will bear.

In connection with this Rhenish Mission I here quote from my father's journal of 1824, showing what was being done in these parts fifty years ago. Genadendal is about 20 miles south of Worcester:

"*November 4, 1824.*—Left Rivier Zonder Einde 7 A.M. and arrived at Genadendal about 10.30 A.M.; road easterly. The first part of the road is over a high hill, very bad, and then through frequent rivers, good pasture, better for horses than for cattle.

"Saw five reibocks, who came within shot with ball, looked at us and run away. Genadendal is a pretty place lined with fruit trees for some distance; small Hottentot kraals and nice gardens. A man took our horses and carried our luggage to the place set apart for strangers. We went towards the dining-room of the Moravian missionaries, but on our way, hearing a noise like a school, walked into a house. The schoolmaster was very civil, and we heard the children (mostly Hottentots with a mixture of European blood) repeat their lessons, which they did together in a sort of song. We dined at twelve o'clock in the missionaries' hall, and met with five sisters and three brothers, the chief was gone away some distance. They sang a grace, and we ate a good dinner. After dinner



we walked with the schoolmaster, who told us several things about the institution. That it was founded in 1737 and discontinued after five years, but revived again in 1792 upon a larger scale. One of the wives (or married sisters) having died, the missionary expected another from Germany, to be chosen by the Society—a female he had never seen; yet I hear these people are happy in their married state. The garden in which we walked was large and well supplied on one side with vines, and the other with all sorts of vegetables and fruits. Lately they had extended the walks, planting oaks on each side, as far as a little farm at some distance. They have everything of their own—a mill which the schoolmaster attends to—cattle which another brother attends to—the garden, care of the wine, strangers' house, &c., for another—four altogether. The sisters take it week about to look after dinner. The houses are pretty good, built of clay and cow-dung. The Hottentot kraals are at some distance and in all directions.

“We had tea at 2 P.M. and supper at 6.30 P.M., went to church after that, when my friend the schoolmaster officiated. We all sat down during the service, which consisted in several verses being read out and sung, then either a prayer or lecture extempore, then more singing and out. The church was large and built of brick, the men sat on one side, the women on the other, and the missionaries and ourselves at a place raised above the rest, where the officiating schoolmaster, miller, &c., stood. There was a small table on the opposite side for

communicants. The Hottentots sung very well, and I was pleased. One of the missionaries seemed highly delighted with the English Government, because they were allowed a bell, which the Dutch would not permit.

"They manage these Hottentots by teaching them gratuitously and allowing them gardens to cultivate, and as they are under their own management, having no veldt cornets, if the Hottentots do not conform to the will of the chief missionary, 'totty' is marched out of his possessions. They have a factory for knives, Hottentots are the workmen, and some of the females work patterns beautifully on cambric and muslin. I understand that the missionaries have bought the land; they have another establishment upon the same plan near Caledon now beginning, and another for lepers."

*July 16, 1877.*—The house built by Lord Charles Somerset is now used by the magistrate, and the gardens are in decay, but there are many roses. Water runs through the streets of the town, and irrigates the avenues of blue gum and stunted oak.

Several railway officials were at dinner, and they told us about the line; it is going up the Hex Valley, and thence across the Karoo plains to Beaufort West; the rails are first laid down right through the river beds, so as to push forward the railway plant and building materials as rapidly as possible, and the bridges are built at leisure.

The sleepers are of Baltic fir, creosoted; rails forty-five pounds each. Country wood has been



tried on the line, but it comes more expensive than imported wood, it is so hard.

The reduction in cost of carriage will be enormous, two shillings and sixpence per hundred-weight to Beaufort West, 300 miles; farmers will begin to use the line when it pays them. The only advantage of the three feet and six inches gauge is the economy in getting round curves; but this is a great matter in a hilly country.

*July 17.*—Taking some sandwiches with us, our party started at daylight this morning, from the station, on trollies with awnings of canvas, which sheltered us from the sun. Our course lay east along the valley of Worcester. This valley is quite flat and six miles wide, and the mountains rise precipitously on each side to 4000 feet. Soon we plunged into a valley from whence issues the Hex River, coming down from the Middle Veldt. Our course lay on the east side of the valley, and the views were fine.

A very sunny day, rather frosty, with a blue haze covering the hills, so that the distances came out splendidly, each hill having a different shade of blue; the blue is the half opaque colour of quinine and water in a soda-water bottle. The rocks are cut most sharply, some of them all ragged, as though there had been some grand convulsion of Nature here. They appear to be Sedimentary (Devonian and Silurian), uptilted at an angle of thirty degrees. Those we went through were principally shale, with here and there basaltic or trap outcrops. Our path became steeper and steeper until we ascended



gradients of 1 in 70; and then on the side of a hill we came on gradients of 1 in 40 to 1 in 50. The slope up which we went would have been steep even for a carriage (the steepest gradient for a stage coach is 1 in 30). At 10 A.M. we arrived at a station in the Middle Veldt, forty miles from Worcester, 2800 feet above it. From here to Beaufort West, it is karoo, an undulating country—the line will reach there in two years. At present the cattle from Beaufort West are driven all the way, 300 miles, to Capetown, and no use is made of the railway.

We are told that at the McGirds' farm, he had ceased to grow root crops for his sheep because he had so much corn, and could not find means to bring it into Capetown, where they are importing corn, and yet he is only thirty miles from the coast. Still the Boers will not use the railway, because they say they have their waggons and oxen. A hundred and fifty miles by rail costs (for goods) one shilling and threepence per hundredweight and by waggon eight shillings.

We came down in our trollies at about twenty miles an hour—in some places at the limit of thirty miles an hour—and we realised that a heavy train must be kept in hand.

In the evening there was a most interesting conversation about the prospects of South Africa. A farmer from Basutoland described it as all under the plough, while about Worcester it is all karoo, gravel and stone and bushes. What I wanted to arrive at was whether the difference was due to the people or the soil and climate. It seems to be due to both.

*July 18.*—Returned to Capetown.

*July 19.*—Sir Bartle Frere introduced me to Mr. Arnot, recently Waterboer's agent in Griqualand West. He states that he claims about thirty-six farms, equal to nineteen miles square, or 361 square miles. The farms are about 3000 morgen each. His case is now in appeal. Eskdale was given to him by the Land Court freehold, but the Crown has appealed. Several persons also have got theirs freehold, and the Crown has not appealed; why is this inequality?

Arnot's case does not look very bad on the surface, as he cannot get any high rent on farms which are only worth about £200 each.

I have arranged to go to Kimberley, *via* Port Elizabeth on July 21.

The Governor and Lady Frere gave a ball to-night, in honour of the 24th Regiment, and I assisted in the decorations.

There were a great many Dutch officers present from the war-ships. Some of them are staying in the house. They talk English, but confuse some of our words. For example, instead of saying that they had brought their portmanteau or bags, they said they had brought their "reticules" with them. They said that they could not understand Cape Dutch, and thought it more difficult than English. There were only 200 people present on this occasion. Everything admirably managed, and no crowding.

I was surprised at the nice dresses and good looks of the people of Capetown, and the good taste shown in dress. There was one lady, however, with



a glaring orange-coloured dress (I suppose a republican colour), and all the auburn-haired men took refuge near her and danced with her. The contrast made their hair look quite black.

The Sergeant-at-Arms came in his official costume, like a Court dress of 200 years ago, and he danced in the old-fashioned style, like a cork bobbing up in water. His wife is greatly smitten with the idea of going to Greece and Palestine, but does not care about seeing Europe generally. She was charmed when I told her that the pass at Bain's Kloof is beautiful, she could scarcely believe that I was not joking. English people abuse the country so much.

I have been doing all I can to ventilate the subject of torpedoes to protect the anchorage of Table and Simon Bays, and am writing home to Crossman about it; it requires pushing, but people do not recognise the importance of the matter.

Colonel Walker has promised to come up to visit me at Kimberley when I have finished my work, and then go with me through native territory and Damaraland to the sea coast in Portuguese territory.

*July 21.*—On board the steamer *Nubia*. I have parted with the Freres with very great regret. I am delighted to have work under Sir Bartle Frere, he makes us all enthusiastic about the country.

*July 21.*—My left hand neighbour is named Rhodes, a young man from England who has been working at the diamond-fields, and shooting in the Transvaal and gold-fields. Strange enough, he is well versed in all the questions I am about to examine



into. He is strongly of opinion that agents to native chiefs should not be allowed—that is to say, people who go and gammon the chiefs, and get them to grant them tracts of land. But he goes very far; it seems difficult to be certain when a man has acted honestly, and when he has cheated in such matters. He also thinks that one cannot get at the real views of the Boers by speaking to them, because they say different in public; but I say that their words in private are their true views, and that what they say in public are the views they put forward in deference to public opinion.

Dr. R—— a minister of the Dutch Church introduced himself to me, and talked of Palestine. In a loud voice he said that the power of that painim full of pride, the Pope, had been lowered to the dust, and that the false prophet must follow, and that he was reading Josephus.

*July 22, Sunday.*—We stopped at Mossel Bay, but our forty tons of cargo must wait till to-morrow, no work on Sunday.

*July 23.*—Mr. Forsmann, Consul-General for Portugal, talked of Delagoa Bay. The Portuguese are going to do as much as possible for their possessions along the east coast, in building, draining, and opening out the ports, and they will not be willing to sell any portion. He is a Swede, and dislikes the Hollanders. There is plenty of wood in the Transvaal, and at one time it paid him to send it to Kimberley. He tried to float it down the Vaal River at the freshets, but the natives are too lazy to do anything, and he lost money. Coal is found

in the bed of the river, fourteen miles above Potchefstroom, and brought down and sold there at five shillings a bag, say fifty shillings a ton; at this rate it might be got to Kimberley at £5 a ton, but the natives are so idle. He said that he and Moodie and Lievert were the original concessionaires of the Libomba Railway; that they humbugged him, and Moodie went to Portugal, and got a concession, but could not commence the work. Now Portugal has advanced £20,000 for the railway as far as the boundary line, as a national undertaking. It seems to be as much in a muddle as most things are in South Africa.

I here give notes from my father's journal concerning the country near George, Mossel Bay, and the Knysna, which is considered so beautiful. I mentioned the subject of making use of Knysna Harbour in my letters describing my first voyage to Port Elizabeth.

"*November 12, 1824.*—Georgetown. Stopped at Mr. Kuys'. We went to see the institution supported by the London Missionary Society. Mr. Anderson, who was at the head of it, talked of the Hottentots being asked to take a chair, and being equal with the farmers, and seemed to expect grants that would set aside the laws of the country. He said he had built a church of considerable size (the stonework was all finished and roofed) for 600 R. dollars, having got the Hottentots to work gratis. I do not like this institution so much as the Moravian one at Genadendal. Here the Hottentots were not instructed in anything useful, though Mr. Messer, who had be



before, had taught one or two useful employments and had cultivated some places that were now going to ruin.

“Mr. Kuys lives quite in the European style, and is well informed, having been eight years in Holland during Napoleon’s government. Major Forbes and I agreed to separate, as I wanted to see the Knysna, and to meet again at veldt cornet Sondays’.

“*November* 13.—Set off from George Town 6.30 A.M., passed the River Kaymanskappen, gave the horses a roll at Captain Harker’s, and proceeded to Mrs. Tunbridge’s, about ten hours from George on same horses. The guide carried my saddle-bags on his horse. From George I passed through a beautiful country, and after crossing the Kaymanskappen River, *most* beautiful, and as I proceeded I found it like English park scenery, the valleys and sides of the hills covered with fine forest trees. I heard the rivers running in glens where they could scarcely be seen for the quantity of foliage. The mountains in the distance put me in mind of Wales, and of great height, and the tops of the trees peeping out of the glens and appearing above the level looked like English hedges. I found it very difficult to travel, and had to walk a considerable part of the journey. I passed deep valleys, through which rivers ran, and which were thickly covered with the finest trees, under whose branches a man on horseback could not find room to pass. I once heard a loud crackling in the wood, which I thought might proceed from wild buffaloes.

“Mrs. Tunbridge, whose husband has been dead



about six weeks, lives in a pretty cottage, so clean and quite English ; flowers neatly tied up. The house inside is ornamented with birds and several animals stuffed by her late husband, who had been very clever in that way. The contrast between this cottage and the hovels of the woodcutters, or even the houses of the Boers, at once brought to mind the superiority of the country inhabitants of England over the rest of the world generally. This beautiful-looking country is covered with sour grass, which grows all the year round, and by being burnt periodically and by cattle feeding on it improves considerably. Cultivation has not been carried on here so much as in other places, probably owing to those persons who have lands employing themselves in cutting wood, which is much more profitable. The forests are open to everybody, but a duty is exacted by Government for cutting. This is the finest country I ever saw, having wood and plenty of water, and I should think very capable of anything, though perhaps not warm enough for wine ; but on the other side of the ridge of mountains I hear there might be good wine.

“The Knysna, from so many advantages and from being central, if the Port were not so difficult, would, I think, become the capital of Southern Africa ; but as long as the trade to India is carried round the Cape, the largest harbour is likely to have the largest town. The trees here which grow to timber are the stink wood and yellow wood. The former is considered much more valuable, and is so named from the smell which it emits, which is very unpleasant ; but by being exposed to the air wears

away, though by violent rubbing or sawing it can I believe, be again produced. The depth of the valleys in which the rivers run is so great as to render it most difficult, if not impossible, to irrigate. There was very little cultivation attempted, and very little, if any, corn.

"*November* 14.—Left about 10 A.M., and had to wait for some time at the Knysna Ford, which I crossed, and arrived at G. Rex at about 3 P.M. Sent on baggage with guide to veldt cornet Van Harston to order horses for the next day, and went myself, accompanied by one of Mr. Rex's sons, to see the mouth of the Knysna. I took a sketch of the river at the ford, and after crossing it a little distance further on had a most beautiful view of it all the way down to where it runs through a great mountain, which seems cut through, and a gap made for the river to get out.

"I wish I had sketched it, as I had no such view afterwards. When I went down with Mr. Rex's sons to see the mouth I heard the passage was 220 yards across, though it does not look a stone's throw, from the immense height of the mountains.

"There is a lighthouse on the higher part of the mountain near the mouth. Ships of 300 tons have been in this river, and larger would find water enough; and I was told, except on particular occasions, the passage is easy enough, though it looks dreadful. But from the story of the *Emu*, which entered about eight years ago (the first ship that had attempted it), and stuck upon a sunken rock at the entrance, and was afterwards driven ashore by



an eddy wind and wrecked, it seems the eddy wind must always be dangerous. The rock goes by the name of the 'Emu Rock.' When once in the harbour it is quiet as a mill-pond, and there is plenty of room. I supped and slept at Rex's, who was not at home, being on his road to Cape-town. He has an English schoolmaster. His house, in the usual style of Boer houses, has an exceedingly large hall, and was well furnished. Several large plate glasses occupied the vacant spaces along the wall. Rex is an Englishman, formerly a lawyer, and, whether from the name or otherwise, is said to be a son of George III.

"*November 15.*—Left Rex's about 6 A.M., and passing Van Harston's, arrived at Sondays' at 6 P.M. The country passed through was beautiful and still wooded, and inhabited by men of the 60th Regiment (Germans), who had become woodcutters on being disbanded. Their huts at different distances along the road, and the number of trees felled, shows that great quantities of wood must be exported; but there was no great show of affluence among these people; their huts were generally poor. The road, or rather the way, from Van Harston's across the Paard Kop to Sondays' is scarcely passable on horseback; in some parts it is even difficult to lead a horse. There are immense ridges of hill to pass that succeed each other like waves. The veldt cornet Van Harston let me have four horses; two were led a quarter of the way, and then the two we rode turned back."

*July 24, 1877.*—Arrived at Port Elizabeth,



Phoenix Hotel, and paid £18 for ticket to Fields by next week's mail.

Harris says the breach-combers (Kafirs) get six shillings a day here, while in Natal they get sixpence a day; they only want to buy a gun or an ox and then be off.

There is money hoarded all over by the Kafirs. Plenty of game in the bush here—five guns will bring in one hundred buck in four days.

Rhodes and I went up to the club. It is far better than that at Capetown, and has a room to dine forty persons. I was introduced to Mr. Stockenström, late judge of the Land Court at Kimberley. He told me much about the subject, and we talked on the education of the Boer. He is a Swede by ancestry. His grandfather was killed by Kafirs between Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown and his father was Landrost of Graaff Reinet, and afterwards Lieut.-Governor of the Eastern Province, and was created a baronet—the only South African baronet. He says the English officials in former years used to insult the Afrikanders in every way they could, but now they are more like gentlemen. He is only thirty-three years old and is leading barrister in the Cape Circuit. A big man, of great physical powers, I think, but he has dim eyes and is inclined to be deaf.

He says, that in his time, twenty-five years ago, there were no schools in the Colony except at Capetown, where only the three Rs were taught, that the Boers could not afford to send their children to school, and that it was owing to his

father having a private income that he could be sent. As it was he was obliged to travel 450 miles to Capetown, and then only got the three Rs, but he afterwards went to school in England, and travelled on the Continent. He is supposed to be *very* anti-English. He says that Burgers (late President, Transvaal) was son of a Boer and that his father, seeing that he was a smart lad, sent him to school, which much improved him, but his brothers are all regular Colony Boers. Stockenstrom says that the Presidency of the Transvaal was offered to him twice, but that he would not accept, the first time Burgers offered to go as his secretary, but he persuaded him to go himself. He says Burgers' chief fault was being over sanguine and expecting that the Boers would follow him blindly.

My father passed through Graaff Reinet in 1824 and thus speaks of Stockenstrom the parent :

"*April* 19, 1824.—Stockenstrom, the Landrost, a very superior man. This town has prospered under him, and is beautiful, having lemon-trees planted on each side of the street by which the water passes. About 1800 persons in it, who live on the produce of the gardens, and sell their wine to the Boers up further in the country. There is not water for more houses (360) than the town now consists of.

"There is a press for all Government orders, and a library, to which Stockenstrom has lent almost all his books, and a school and large church."



## CHAPTER XVI

*July 25.*—Started with Rhodes by rail to see sheep-washing at Uitenhage, the market-garden of Port Elizabeth, over a marshy country. One of the passengers told us that he was on a farm where there were seventy ostriches, and that each ate as much stuff as an ox. Another said land was worth £5 an acre about Port Elizabeth, and only two shillings and sixpence an acre up country.

We had letters of introduction from Mr. Jones to masters of woolwashing establishments which fringe the river or stream—there are now ten of them. They can each wash one and a half-bale of wool per hour, and can work night and day if required. We went to the Phoenix works, where there is new machinery. Wool comes down from the interior in all its dirt—in bales 450 lb. weight. This is opened and put into a teasing machine, in which process much of the dry dust is extracted. It is then dropped down a funnel into a hot-water tank for a few moments; this sets free some ammonia and potash in the wool and cleans the wool when it is in the cold water. If it is left too long in the hot water they say that the ammonia and potash is washed out and the wool is not cleaned. The hot



water is kept full of the greasy matter which is supposed to be good for the fleece; then a fork is inserted, and takes the wool into a long funnel through which cold water is running, and after that these forks push it on until it is clean, and it is pitched out on to clean boards. It is then put into the wringing machine used for wringing clothes and is thus partially dried, and after this it is put in the open air upon a bed of pebbles from the river. It takes about twelve hours to dry. It is then put back into the bales and only weighs 200 lb., having lost 250 lb. in dirt. The mills are only at work during the wool season. Some wool is washed up country to save cost of carriage, but is not washed thoroughly. The iron bands are put on at Port Elizabeth.

Returned and dined at the Club. Stockenstrom was next me, and talked a great deal, repeating much that he had said yesterday. He was most anxious to assure me that he had not been prejudiced against the English in his Land Court judgment, and that all the abuse of him was unmerited, and there can be no doubt, I think, that his proud blood has been aggrieved by many supposed insults from English people. "Those — Dutch!" is so often said thoughtlessly, just as he kept saying to me, without being aware of it, "those English," putting an unmistakable stress upon "English."

*July 26.*—The hotel bills are about twenty shillings a day. Fourteen pounds extra luggage by train and coach cost £1 15s., about two shillings and sixpence a pound.

At Sandflats we left the train and took coach to

Grahamstown. Passed through scrub where there is said to be a troop of fifty elephants.

A passenger said that the native washerman puts all the light articles into the leg of a pair of drawers or sleeve of a shirt and beats the lot on a rock, which accounts for the bagginess of one side now and then.

Wood's Hotel, Grahamstown. An amusing conversation between two men, one wanted ten shillings, the other gave him a bill at one month to sign for £20, but he would not sign for more than £10. I suppose there was something more than ten shillings behind the business.

*July 27.*—Grahamstown is prettily situated among hills with many trees, and reminds me of a diminutive Cheltenham. Stockenstrom lives here, and came to see me.

Went for a walk and looked back on the town between two hills. It is very pretty, an old wall and cottage in the foreground flanked by blue gum trees; the cathedral appears beyond, and cypress and blue gums around. The hills are all about the same height and the town is in a basin.

Went on over the undulating veldt, the wind blowing softly and the air light and balmy; very few flowers. Soon I came to the railway works. They are getting on very slowly, and have two long tunnels to Alicedale to complete before the railway can be opened, on August 25, by Sir Bartle Frere. I returned and then went to see the Botanical Gardens, which are well kept on the side of a dry hill; plenty of English flowers. I went to see the curator, Mr. Tidmarsh, to ask him about the Prickly



GRAHAMSTOWN





Comfrey, which I had been told would shoot its roots down fifteen feet, through a hard, dry soil, to water. He said that this plant's qualifications were delusive, that it will only grow in marshy ground, and that he has three roots which have not had a leaf for three months, and that if it will not thrive in the dry weather it is no better than other plants. He said that the town is planting 20,000 trees per annum on the sides of the hills, principally pine-trees, and showed me several which would get on well. On an average a pine will, here, become a fine tree in ten years. The difficulty is to get them to start; you cannot just put them in as you like, but must put the soil round about the roots from where it has been growing. I bought two dozen selected ever-greens for Kimberley, to be sent by coach.

Stockenstrom brought Marsdorp to see me; I hear that the latter is a fair-minded man and likely to get on at the Bar.

On my return I found a telegram from Rhodes to say he had missed his coach. He has one brother in the Royal Engineers and one in the Royal Dragoons. He is going to join me at Queens-town, and we shall go to look at some Kafir kraals together. He can speak a few words of Kafir language.

*July 28.*—Saturday. Started in coach for Queens-town. Our party consisted of Mr. Frost, M.L.A., another passenger, and a little Kafir girl from some missionary school. There were some strong remarks about allowing a Kafir in a coach, but as it was only a little girl I think every one was rather ashamed of

saying much. Mr. Frost spoke much about farming. He says that you put two sheep to a morgen in the eastern provinces, but only one sheep to a morgen in the west. Eight sheep equal one ox on pasture. The sheep are always kraaled at night, and if this could be dispensed with they would thrive better because of not having to make a journey from the feeding-ground in and out again; also the droppings would then be distributed. Some farmers are beginning to enclose with wire fencing. The difficulty of not kraaling is the mixing of the flocks.

The white folk in South Africa are very much down on the coloured people. I do not think that in the whole of South Africa there is a single black man in any high position. Not even a shopkeeper or innkeeper. There are no native merchants as there are on the west coast and at Gibraltar. The native must not rise here. I was told to-day of a Kafir who had been educated and sent to America where he became a minister and dressed in black clothing. When he returned here after many years no white person would treat him civilly and he was obliged to doff his black dress and return to his kraal and dress in blankets and yellow ochre.

We passed through a bush country of succulent plants, the Euphorbia everywhere; in the distance it looks like part of the rocks; it may have suggested the seven-branched candle-sticks. The Kafirs are all dressed in corduroy of yellow ochre colour. Passed the great Fish River, about the size of the Modder River, and arrived at Fort Beaufort. The great Fish River was proclaimed the eastern



boundary of the Colony in 1788 and continued so till 1819.

Put up at a very respectable hotel, the ladies of which were all got up for a performance at the theatre (Palmer's troop); we went also after dinner—an excellent performance.

This seems to be one of the few parts of the colony that have histories. We travelled over the battle plains of the Kafir wars of 1846 and 1852. I saw the place in the hills where Colonel Fordyce was killed. The scenery is not very interesting and is void of trees and shrubs; scrubs here and there in the kloofs and valleys. The grass all burnt brown by the winter cold—in summer it gets burnt by the sun—and often it is burnt black by fire. From 1819 to 1847 the country between the great Fish River and the Keiskama was called the Neutral Territory, and many of the old forts remain till to-day.

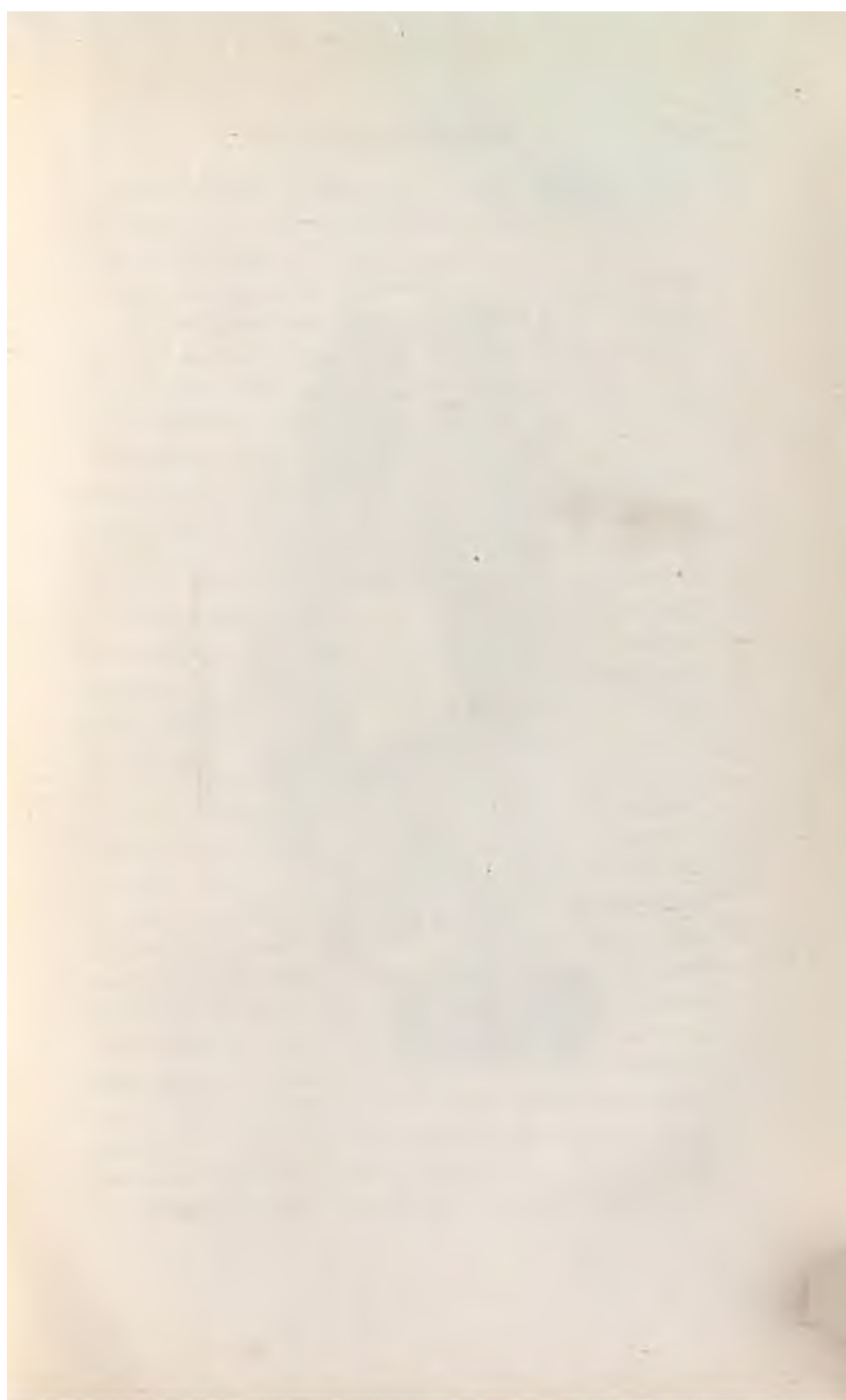
*July 29.*—Put off with a post-cart; four passengers, a great crush; a lady, with a flaxen wig, behind—how the cart did jolt her wig about, poor thing, she looked most miserable, it sometimes came over her eyes.

After racing along the flat with four horses we came upon hilly country and passing the Kat River arrived at a well cultivated country, a happy valley, in a basin formed by hills of the Katberg. We rose 3000 feet through a pass; the Katberg looked very fine with clouds resting on the summit, and snow all round it, about 1000 feet down, but not very thick. Fortunately there was no wind,

otherwise it would have been very cold. About 10 A.M. we arrived at an hotel where we breakfasted. This is a beautiful spot where married couples come for their honeymoon; in spring it must be lovely. The kloofs and valleys on the south side of the Katberg are covered with trees, the scenery is very fine, but certainly not the finest in the world, as stated by one of the passengers. The road at an easy gradient leads up the steep side of the mountain among groves of trees, yellow wood, sneeze wood, iron wood. Gradually it got colder and colder until we got out and walked. The lady with a wig said she had been snowed up three years ago for eight days on the summit. Here we found a toll-bar and house, the inmates sitting shivering. We got to the summit (forty-three miles) at noon. On the northern side the slopes are quite different, the grass quite brown and not a shrub to be seen. We descended into a great valley, where Queenstown lies.

I was desired to admire this road over the Katberg as the best engineered road in the colony, and certainly if it is for the sake of seeing scenery we ought to be grateful to the engineer, but why it should go over the top of the mountain is to me a mystery. It was suggested that as any one could make a road over the level, the most difficult and lofty route was chosen to show the skill of the engineer.

Mr. Frost said that the usual age for marriage among the Boers is twenty for the man and sixteen for the girl; that a couple had lately







NEAR MOUTH OF COALMINE

married whose united ages were twenty-seven, fourteen and a half for the boy and twelve and a half for the girl.

We arrived at Queenstown at 6.30 P.M.; here I met Captain Spalding, D.A.A.G., from Pretoria on his way to Capetown. He said that typhoid fever had broken out among the troops there from drinking bad water. He had come through Kimberley.

*July 30.*—Queenstown, 7 A.M. Hard frost but beautiful air. A great straggling village of 1200 people, built round a square or market-place in the form of a hexagon with six streets radiating from it—a very awkward shape as the principal houses are all corners. Prowled about and found a young nursery of trees planted near a sluit (water-course) from which it was irrigated. It is brought out from the river above a rapid, and goes round part of the town. Town well-wooded. Every street has an avenue of trees, irrigated from the sluit—blue gums, acacia, oaks. The grass will not keep green in winter, even when irrigated. Inquired about coal in the neighbourhood, and was first shown some from the Stormberg—wretched stuff. Then I went to see some from the fields near Dordrecht, and found it much better. Got most varied opinions about this coal-field and found that I must go myself and see it. No one even knew the distance the field was—some said thirty-five miles, others said sixty miles. Mr. Davis agreed to send me there in a Cape cart, for £2 a day, and deposit me at Dordrecht on Friday, where I had agreed to meet Rhodes.

A bank clerk told me that the shops in Queens-town were, many of them, closed, owing to the war scare, but a lawyer said it was due to over-trading.

A farmer told me that the Kafirs are much more respectful and under control in Natal than in the Cape Colony; but he said they are often flogged here and seldom bring up their masters before the magistrates.

My father came along this same road from Grahamstown in 1824, and I here give extracts from his journal:

*"December 20, 1824.*—Left Grahamstown with the Commissary Johnston, two Hottentots of the Cape Infantry with led horses, and a servant, on the 20th (day of the Eclipse), and arrived at Myers' on the Fish River, which we crossed, and stayed all night, making a fire, and sleeping on the ground in the Neutral Territory.

*"December 21.*—At 3.30 A.M. set off for the Taka Post, and arrived about 2 P.M., direction N.N.E., thirty-five miles. Saw several hartebeests, and fired at the springbucks, without number, and some quagha (wild asses). Left the Neutral Territory, which is close by, and joined by a mountain to this place. Lions are frequently seen on this route. Captain Massey commands the Taka Post with a troop of Cape Cavalry. There is plenty of wood and timber.

*"December 22.*—Left about 2.30 P.M. for Konep River, fifteen to twenty miles, but did not arrive till very late. Captain Massey had sent on his tent and troop-waggon and when we arrived we found



HOTEL NEAR COALMINE





supper all ready for us. Massey and I parted from Johnston and the doctor; they saw a lion.

"*December 23.*—Got up early to beat for the lion, which had been seen not above 150 yards from where we slept, but could not find him. The quagha that was lying near this place where the lion was had been eaten up. We then tried to find guinea fowl, but did not succeed in killing any, though we saw some of them, and then returned to breakfast. About 2 P.M., we set off, and arrived at the Kat River, at about 6 P.M. Fort Beaufort, an old station, about a mile from us. Saw plenty of hartebeests, quagha, and springbucks. The country good.

"*December 24.*—Set out for Fort Wiltshire about 6 A.M., and arrived at noon. Passed through a country covered with grass and the Mimosa. We found on our arrival that the Kafir fair, which lasts three days, was nearly over, that being the last day; but we saw enough. Beads are given in exchange for oxen, hides, and for anything they have. The fair is conducted under Captain Murphy, who commands at the fort, with two companies of infantry. Fort Wiltshire is calculated to hold 150 men, cavalry and infantry, is built on a slope, and is quadrangular, having four bastions, one at each corner, with an 18-pounder iron gun. The walls eighteen feet high, and a ditch. The barracks roofed with tiles, some with loop-holes, others with windows on the outside. The barracks are the walls of the place, except at the bastions."

*July 30, 1877.*—Interesting conversation at dinner about the squabbles over water and the wastefi



system of the Municipality. I said that in some countries (India, &c.) the water runs under the bed of the river when the bed is dry; a lawyer said that the same is the case with this river. It is dammed up here and there, but runs just as strong underneath and breaks out again lower down. The farmers complain that the natives steal cattle and sheep and drive them into Kafirland, the border of which is close by. They talk of putting up a wire fence along the new railway to stop this wholesale marauding.

In the spring the town is often flooded with water from the hills. All the plain will grow corn, but some parts which used to grow two crops will not now grow more than one a year without rust getting into the oats, &c. The cattle disease is said to come as the crops ripen and to be in the air. Fowls die suddenly (sunstroke); goats will not live here, and cattle will not live if taken from here to the coast; some have taken to penning in their sheep and feeding them on root crops in winter—the sheep suffer so much from being driven to and from the kraals. The manure of the sheep is much wasted—thousand of tons. It all collects in the kraal; in wet weather the sheep are up to their necks in it, and in dry weather it sometimes burns for months. Iron telegraph poles are required where there are grass fires. There is any amount of water obtainable at Queenstown.

*July 31.*—Set out for coal-fields in spring-cart at 7.45 A.M. Country very rich soil; cultivated and irrigated everywhere. The Kafirs are in Govern-





VIEW OF THE MOUTH OF COAL MINE



ment locations and forced either to work or to trek. At Schoolplaatz there are mealies (Indian corn) everywhere, and plenty of Kafirs; the better class of the Kafir farmers dress and live just like Europeans, but their herds are like savages, with nothing on but a blanket of Venetian red, the same colour as they put on their bare skins. Arrived at the house of Mr. Hart, formerly a Dragoon. He has two well-dressed daughters who live in a nice sitting-room; I asked if Cinderella was cooking our food in the kitchen, but they had never heard of her and the joke was lost. They would not take any payment for their hospitality, and I gave them one of Marcus Ward's fairy tales, with which they were delighted. Mr. Hart told me of some Bushmen's drawings on rocks close by on the way to the hotel, so I took a Kafir guide and trudged off, sending the cart round by the road.

Naked Kafir boys were dancing together in a most absurd manner, jumping according to some ceremonial. I was told that this was a sign of war impending.

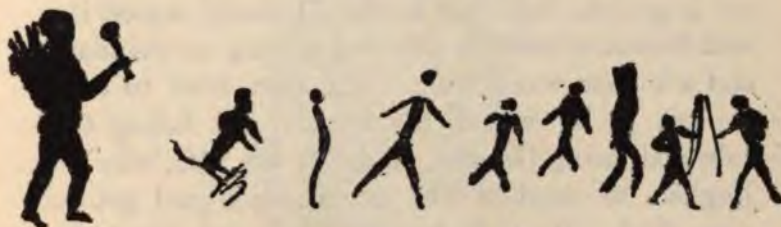
We came to a rocky scarp with a smooth face where were the bushmen's marks. I was fairly astonished at these though I had seen so many others before. They are all painted on the rocks and are the most perfect representations of animals I have seen in the country. I don't think that there are a dozen white people in South Africa who could do as well. There are red, brown, and black Kafirs: buffaloes, antelopes, ant-bears, not merely of one colour, but coloured or shaded with marvellous



BUSHMEN'S MARKS  
(From a sketch by the Author)

accuracy; brown buck with white bellies, white buffaloes, tawny animals. I copied some of the hunting scenes in a hurried manner. One bushman with his bow and arrows was quite a picture.

Leaving the spot at 3.30 P.M., I went over the hill and arrived at the hotel at four o'clock. Here there were many Kafirs and a witch doctor who could tell the future by looking at his assegai. £30 had been stolen out of the shop till in May, and they had just



BUSHMAN'S MARKS

*(From a sketch by the Author)*

got a clue and had arrested a Kafir, and taken him before the magistrate. I sketched the house. There is one little boy in the family, Georgie Venter, and I delighted him by showing him pictures from Marcus Ward's book—father and mother both German. I have to-day heard that there is coal close to this house, and I am to look at it in the morning. Since coal has been found about here wood has come down from £5 to £2 10s. a load, and dung from £3 to £1 10s. Dutch are trekking into Griqualand East, and farms formerly worth £50 are now fetching £400. Women servants (Kafirs) cost 15s. a month and food.

August 1.—Up early, but the Kafir who knew the



position of the coal-field kept me waiting till 9.30 A.M. The hotel people would not take any money, but asked for a sketch of the house, and I gave Georgie "Puss in Boots" by Marcus Ward.

Passed over an undulating plain till 10.7, then up a hill till 10.20, down a very steep pass till 10.50, to a shop just building, then again over hills till 12.30, when we arrived at an hotel. A pleasant-looking white boy came and helped us to outspan, and told me to go into the little house. I found myself in a well-furnished room; a man was playing on the piano, and a woman was sewing. The man tried to make me out to be one of his friends, but failing that subsided, being German, and left his wife, who was English to conduct the conversation and get me some food. He then began to tell me his plans. He is well educated and seems to know the customs about; but is going to leave the place because he cannot stand the cold in winter. He says that cattle-stealing among the Kafirs generally results from faults on the farmer's side. The Kafir agrees for a sum of money to work—one day he is lazy and the farmer docks his pay—the Kafir does not forget this, and months after steals his cattle in revenge. He says that if the Kafirs are fully paid they never steal, unless indeed they are beaten. He seems to consider them very easy people to get on with, and says that his horses and cattle are among them, and that he never loses any. He calls the Dutch a very industrious race in this part of the Colony, but thinks that they do not like to be governed by law, and that the magistrates

DORDRECHT







and veldt cornets are afraid to administer justice equally because if they do they become unpopular among the Dutch and are at once removed. He thinks that the manner in which the responsible Government acts is very sad. It is keeping the country back very much. He also referred to the usual story of sudden deaths among the Dutch. He would take no payment, and I delighted them both by giving them the "Sleeping Beauty."

We arrived at the coal-fields in the afternoon. The rocks here, as in other parts adjoining, lie nearly horizontal, but they are of sandstone and fret away into curious shapes, of which I took a sketch. On turning a corner we came upon the tents of the exploring party. I went up to a big man, who shook hands without letting me introduce myself; he proved to be Mr. North, the coal-mining engineer. He took me over the coal-mine, and asked me to stop the night at his tent, which I gladly assented to. The coal was found by Mr. Fergusson, a farmer. He has been here twenty-one years, and won the Government award of £50 for the best sample of coal (fifty sacks) within a given time. He took the fifty sacks into Dordrecht and secured his money.

The coal crops out on the side of the hill, and is in horizontal layers, about eight feet thick altogether, separated by thin bands of shale. The mine is on Government land, and is now worked by the Government—is eight feet square, and goes in about fifty feet, dipping slightly to the west. The coal is sold at the pit mouth for £1 10s. per ton; carriage to

Dordrecht costs 15s. per ton. Mr. North introduced me to Mr. Dunn, the geologist, and Mr. Norton, an assistant. He has lately (July 20) had a grand function here—a Kafir dance at which 2000 were present and took part. I am very sorry to have missed it; I want to see these functions and judge whether they are religious ceremonies. Alas! the old Kafir customs are fast dying out, and there are so few records of them worth having.

This coal burns well. There is a pile of it on the veldt burning brightly. We dined at sunset and played whist till midnight, and I had a most interesting conversation with Mr. Dunn about my favourite subject, geology. He seems rather disgusted with his treatment by the Colonial Government. I think they *are* rather brutal unless you snap your fingers at them. His terms are £2. 2s. a day and travelling expenses (say £150 a year), small enough for an accomplished geologist in all conscience.

He hails from Australia, and has been over Griqualand West and the Transvaal. He says that the diamond-fields about Kimberley (the dry diggings) are old volcanoes with the tops cut off by denudation. If this is the case there may be diamonds in any volcano if we go deep enough.

*August 2.*—Up at daybreak and sketched the coal-mine from two points; breakfasted and left the camp before noon. Passed a house where the owner was very sanguine about the coal, and expected soon to be a wealthy man: I hope so too. It will be a grand thing to get good coal for our steamers.

VIEW FROM DORDRECHT







Arrived at Dordrecht at 5.30 P.M. A miserable little village on the side of a hill without trees, and with no water near. A poor little hotel, and everything speaks of poverty and want of enterprise. A few more English about here would transform this country.

*August 3.*—After breakfast went out and found that there is water in a stream in a kloof above the town, and estimated that it would cost £250 to bring it into the village. This I crammed into the heads of all I could speak to; but everything is dead and flat here just now—war scare. Made a sketch and waited for coach, expected at 1 P.M.

Begone dull care! Palmer's theatrical troop has arrived suddenly, the village is transformed, and full of music and talking. After all, Dordrecht can be noisy, not to say rowdy.

I am delighted to see the coach coming up; glad, very glad to see Rhodes again, Mr. Bradford (M.L.A. for Dordrecht), and four others. I got into a back seat, when an excited individual came up and said, "You have my seat, sir!" I said blandly, "I shall be most happy to give it up to you," and moved the required number of inches to my right; more excitement and bluster—but I took no further notice of the stranger, who evidently expected the whole seat to himself. Then the driver came and pointedly made a pleasant remark to me, addressing me as Captain Warren, upon which my truculent neighbour (evidently a swashbuckler) collapsed and spoke not another word for hours.

Our route lay over a <sup>h</sup>brown country, and there

was little to see until we arrived at Jamestown, a miserable village of red-brick houses, built by Mr. Bradford. I was busily engaged, however, in such a funny manner. Rhodes who sat opposite to me, was engaged in getting something up by heart, so I offered to hear him. It was the XXXIX Articles of our Christian faith. We got on very well until we arrived at the article on predestination, and there we stuck. He had his views and I had mine, and our fellow passengers were greatly amused at the topic of our conversation—for several hours—being on this one subject. Rhodes is going in for his degree at home, and works out here during the vacation.

An Australian keeps the hotel. Mr. Green, the engineer of the Orange River Bridge is here and knows — at Sheffield. A very intelligent farmer told us a good deal about the diseases of the animals in the country. The sheep suffer from parasites about the liver, and so long as they only stimulate its action they grow fat, but when they get too numerous the sheep pine away and die.

*August 4.*—Started at 6 A.M., and descended 1000 feet, arriving at Aliwal North to breakfast. Here Green and another left us, and Rhodes and I had more room for carrying on our arguments.

Near the road, about half a mile out of Aliwal, are two hot springs, situated in very springy, turfy soil; they are always bubbling up sulphureous gas. The waters are quite warm, more than tepid; people come here and bathe. The waters are carried into the town to irrigate the trees which are now being





THE CITADEL, BLOEMFONTEIN



planted about. The hotel is very decent, and the towns will soon look well.

The Orange River is very empty just now, and we drove over the drift (ford) without difficulty. There is a water-mill on the north side of the river. Our road now lay over a very dry country, the grass being much sparser than further south. At night we arrived at Smithfield; where there is only a small and poor hotel, and being Saturday night it was crowded with loafers.

*August 5.*—Up to 6 A.M., coach quite full; and Rhodes and I did not get on very far in the Articles. Passed a small town where there was an auction going on, and dined at a farm where there was roast sucking pig—a Sunday dinner. Arrived at Bloemfontein at 6 P.M.

After washing and supper I walked up to Bishop's Lodge, and found the Bishop, Mrs. Webb and a large party, all looking well and Cyprian much grown.

*August 6.*—Took a sketch of the citadel. Got the top seat outside, and went on to Boshof. There has been an indignation meeting relative to the Raad; the people want to reduce the pay and numbers of the members so that they would cost £1092 per annum, instead of £6000, but they will not succeed.

Went to see old Mr. Bain, who got out of bed and talked a long time. He said he had been looking out for me all the week. He is a great gardener, as great as Solomon, at any rate with regard to South Africa. He says that the poplar-



tree suits the soil far better than does the blue-gum. His great scheme of supplying Kimberley with fresh vegetables has not succeeded. He ought to have made his fortune over it, but unfortunately he cannot get middlemen to sell the things from house to house at Kimberley. He sends no end of vegetables there at reasonable prices, but there is no sale, although everybody wants vegetables.

*August 7.*—Saw George Paton at Bain's Vley, and breakfasted at Harvey's. He has brought water out, conducts it in canvas pipes and ducts, and grows water cresses; most enterprising. His garden is a sight.

Arrived at Kimberley, and put up at Government House; so glad to see Major Lanyon again, after a rather monotonous journey in the coach, but much relieved by Rhodes' company and the XXXIX Articles.



22°

23°





**THE LAND SETTLEMENT OF  
GRIQUALAND WEST**



## CHAPTER XVII

*Wednesday, August 8.*—Major Lanyon has most hospitably put me up until I can look about me, and see how I am to dispose of myself. I cannot hear of any rooms vacant anywhere at present. In the meantime I must busy myself in getting an office and a secretary or clerk.

I find that there are several men who wish for the job, but there is only one that I think very suitable and he is at a very low ebb just at present. I plump for Mr. W. P. Hutton, he looks just the man for the work. He has been clerk in a magistrate's office, has a good knowledge of Cape law, and wants to have a try at the work, and I have taken to him. I do not know what has brought him up to the diamond-fields, but I fancy that he is some near relative of Judge Stockenstrom, and of our Attorney-General, Mr. Shippard (who are brothers-in-law); but if I cannot always take exactly the same view as Mr. Stockenstrom has done, it will be all the better that I shall have had the advantage of the views of his relative before coming to a conclusion; we are going to look out for an office.

*August 9.*—They have found me an office in the Government buildings close to the offices of the



Administrator and of the Surveyor-General. It is a good-sized room, some thirty feet square, with mud walls and a high-pitched iron roof (insufferably hot, no doubt, in summer). They are going to ceil it for me with canvas, and when furnished with two tables, four chairs and a cupboard I shall be complete. The floor is of mud and will require fresh cow-dung over it at least once a week. I shall have the roof whitewashed as soon as the heat comes on, but I hope to have completed the work long before Christmas.

I must recollect that my position in regard to the Administrator is now changed. When on the Boundary Line I was an Imperial officer, independent of the Administrator; now I am a Colonial official, and though independent of all other Colonial officers am directly subordinate to Major Lanyon, and must be careful to remember that our positions are now changed when I meet him on official matters.

My secretary or clerk, Mr. Hutton, tells me that he was registrar of the land court under Mr. Stockenstrom; I am in luck.

*August 10.*—I have no instructions as yet and shall have none for a long time, though I know pretty well what to do; still I must have something definite to work on. After conferences with Major Lanyon it has been settled to refer to Capetown, and we shall get no reply till the end of the month; in the meantime I must work out some lines on which to regulate my action.

I think that the following will be absolutely necessary if I am to avoid endless litigation in the

future : I shall not propose or initiate anything (if I can help it) in connection with personal claims. I must insist on the applications coming from the people who have claims so that they cannot afterwards repudiate the arrangement. To do this they must of course know what I am ready to recommend, so that their applications may be made out accordingly. But my recommendations are reviewed by the members of the Executive Council, consisting of the Administrator, the Judge of the High Court, the Attorney-General, and the Treasurer ; and eventually are approved by Sir Bartle Frere. I shall have thus in each case to talk the matters over with each of the Executive present in Kimberley, and ascertain their respective views, for they do not all think alike. It will be a weary business, but it is my only chance of success.

So my general line will be as follows. I must first study the case and see the claimants, find out what is the least they will accept in lieu of all claims (of course their attorneys will be with them) ; then I must see the members of council one by one and ascertain what they will agree to, and then I will see Major Lanyon and find out what he will approve of, and then I must consider the whole subject over in the light of all these views and come to a conclusion as to what I can in equity recommend.

Although it is, after all, a compromise in every case, *not an arbitration*, and though my freedom of action is very circumscribed, yet I must keep in view what is fair and just and shall not recommend anything that I do not feel is quite fair to all parties



I do not like the business in the least, it seems so very laborious and likely to come to nothing, but I see no better way out of the present difficulties.

In the first place I cannot imagine what there is to induce the people to come to me, especially as it will dock the fees of the lawyers. I think that I may be sitting day after day in my office without any one coming to see me. Supposing all the lawyers agree to advise their clients to hold aloof, and stick out for their full claims, what am I to do then? If the lawyers do allow their clients to come to terms they will deserve well of their country, for it must be at a great prospective loss to themselves. I can picture Mr. Hutton and myself sitting day after day in the office waiting for claimants and twiddling our thumbs.

Hurrah! This is a good omen for the future! The mining people (I don't know who they are) are going to ask me to report upon all their squabbles in the Kimberley mines. That shows that there is no objection to me.

It will be fun. I hear that one of the members of the Mining Board always comes to the meeting with a pickaxe, which he lays down on the table in front of him ready for any emergency. I shall find myself in a hornet's nest when I begin to look into their affairs and mete out judgment. This is quite different to the Land Claims; it is a case of arbitration, and I shall not take it up unless I can ensure that they will abide by my decision.

*August 11.*—I am going to devote all next week to a study of the Land Question; it requires such



careful consideration ; land has been given out by so many different authorities, and they are not all of the same account.

Unfortunately, however, before I can proceed with my work I have a very difficult matter to tackle. I have to make good my own words. When on the boundary line I assured the Boers that they would be treated justly in Griqualand West, and now I find myself a Griqualand West official and must show the Boers by my own dealings with them that this is the case. Yet here at the outset is a difficulty. They say that their land titles have been impounded in the Registry Office, and that a quit-rent of £5 per 1000 morgen is being charged on all farms, no matter what the original warrant may have said. I don't know whether this really has been done and I am not going to inquire, it is quite enough for me to know what the Boers say, and I am writing in to the Government to say that I wish to be enabled to assure the Boers that their surmises are not correct, as it is impossible for me to commence work until they are in possession of their title-deeds, and are charged according to the original "briefie." In some cases the titles were given out under the British Sovereignty at £1 per 1000 morgen, and it is absurd to charge five times the original amount on our own British titles. I don't know in the least whether this has actually been done by our Government, but the Boers think it is so, and I cannot deal with them or commence my work until this matter is cleared up.

*Saturday, August 19.*—I have had a week's hard

work, reading up and talking, and am gratified to find that in the meanwhile my two bugbears have been removed—the Boers can obtain their title-deeds on application to the Registry Office, and their quit-rents are to be charged on the original “briefie” and not on the rate laid down by the New Ordinance, which is only to apply to lands given out in the future. Major Lanyon, to whom I referred the matter, tells me that my observations and proposals are quite reasonable and that he approves of them.

I have had interviews with the leading attorneys retained by the litigants. There are over 220 cases in appeal before the High Court, and these involve nearly all the lands in Griqualand West, so that there can be no progress in land business until they are settled. The attorneys are Messrs. Smuts, Haarhoff, Buyskes, du Toit, Manby, &c.

To my surprise they seem all ready to confer and see what can be done for their several clients, to enable them to compromise and keep things out of court; though Mr. Haarhoff says that if compromises are effected it means a loss of about £20,000 to the legal profession during the next ten years; but on the other hand it will stimulate business in land and the prosperity of the country. It is quite evident that, even lumping the Griqua claims into batches, I shall have from 300 to 400 cases to inquire into, and some cases, such as those of Waterboer and Arnot, involve the examination of very voluminous correspondence.

I have been reading a little pamphlet lately



published by "An old Colonist" on the South African Conference, and have discussed the subject with Rhodes and various fellow passengers on the way up from Capetown. I have not found any very definite views, for there are embarrassing questions which lead to dilemmas of the most prickly description. Incidentally it throws a good deal of light on my present business.

I think that all agree that the Conference was proposed by Lord Carnarvon mainly for the purpose of pushing confederation; but on the subject of confederation itself there seem to be many opinions with mighty differences. The real crux, I think, is the matter of customs dues; the Cape Colony do not want to give them up (for articles in transit to the interior), but are afraid of Natal doing so and thus drawing the shipping from the Cape ports to Natal.

The "Old Colonist" is (he says) a resident of the Eastern Province, but he does not go in for separation. He is very much annoyed with Lord Carnarvon for having proposed a conference without first bringing the suggestion before the Free Parliament of the Cape; but Lord Carnarvon in his despatch of July 15, 1875, points out that the Cape Colony is only one out of several states, and that "her Majesty's Government are alone in a position to invite communities, wholly independent of each other, to meet and confer." Undoubtedly Mr. Froude has raised a great number of difficulties which cannot readily be surmounted for a long time. Lord Carnarvon is found fault with in this pamphlet for having



suggested that both the Eastern and Western Provinces of the Cape Colony should be represented in the conference ; but in his despatch (July 15, 1875) he has already given us his reasons for so doing, viz., that Mr. Molteno himself in 1871 moved a resolution that the Colony should be divided into three or more provincial governments, and also that petitions for the separation of the Eastern and Western Provinces had been received at the Colonial Office more recently.

The " Old Colonist " seems to think that the great difficulty in the way of confederation is the different lines of policy adopted towards natives in the Cape Colony and north of the Orange River ; and the supposed insolvent condition of Natal. He says that the great objection to English law on the part of the people of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State is that in questions of human right it allows of no distinction of colour, and that they would not change their native policy for the sake of conformity with the Cape Colony ; that the Cape Colony has settled its relations to the aboriginal races upon a basis of justice and reason ; that there is not one law for the black and another for the white, but that Hottentots, Kafirs and Bushmen have been encouraged to adapt themselves, within the limits of their capacity, to a certain degree of civilised order maintained by one supreme law ; in many parts of the Cape Colony the coloured population are *thoroughly domesticated* : and that the Colony is not in want of any instruction or advice from the Imperial Government on the

subject. He considers that under the laws of the Cape Colony the natives are gradually acquiring property and are becoming both from a commercial and social point of view an important element in the settled population.

He points out that the native policy of the Republics presents the most significant contrast to that of the Cape Colony: the natives being treated as an inferior caste, their crimes being dealt with by exceptional penal legislation, their property and mines also being under serious disabilities. He concludes by stating that there must be a physical and social preparation for confederation before it is politically possible, and that this is now going on. This pamphlet was written (of course) before the annexation of the Transvaal, and I am very glad to see this native question raised in so distinct a manner, as I have often been struck by the difficulties of treating the native justly, both under British law and under the Orange Free State law. As to the Cape Colonial law, I cannot accept the rosy view of affairs taken by the "Old Colonist." The law may be the same for all, but the magistrates are subject to dismissal if they do not please, and I don't believe that in the *administration* of the law it is the same for the white man as the coloured population, whatever the theory of the subject may be. In fact, paradoxical as it may appear, there can be no doubt that if justice is to be done to the natives you must *protect them*.

I think that some of the speeches on both sides in the Cape Parliament on the subject of the



proposed Conference (on Nov. 12, 1875) are most interesting and instructive.

Mr. Molteno accuses the Imperial Government of assisting to raise the Separatist controversy of the Eastern and Western Provinces, and states that the sending out of an Imperial agent (Mr. Froude) to arouse the whole country against the Ministry was destructive to responsible government.

Mr. Jacobs (the Attorney-General) points out that the proposed object of the Conference is to secure uniformity of treatment of the natives; but he justly points out that natives require different treatment according to their degree of civilisation. He then uses a very odd argument against confederation. If you want to keep peace, you must prevent union among the natives. If the natives see all the European nations around them combining together they will say, "What is this for? Why should not we do the same thing?"

He says that you cannot adopt a hard and fast rule towards the natives. You cannot, for instance, treat the Tambookies of Queenstown in the same way as the Hottentots at a mission-station: you must have different systems. "*They must be gradually taught and brought under the influence of our law.*" It does not do to free them too suddenly; you must gain an influence over them by degrees, that was Sir George Grey's policy. The natives prefer our laws in the main, as they see that they are more just and equitable than theirs. Nothing is so dangerous in native matters as change: you must work by



degrees. This is very different to the view of the law as tonatives taken by the "Old Colonist."

Mr. John X. Merriman says that the spirit of separation of the East and West is not dead but slumbering, and has woke up at the cry about a Conference: he himself would never vote for the Colony being split up into provinces; he quotes from an article in the *Eastern Provinces Herald* in which it is said that "the two provinces are separated by diversity of interests and modes of thought; and by that want of sympathy which must necessarily exist between a young, rising, vigorous community, such as ours, and a slow, unenterprising people like that inhabiting the sister province, people 'standing upon the ancient way,' and content to advance no further than their fathers or forefathers before them. In the one province the Dutch preponderate, in the other the English."

Mr. Sprigg, with his knowledge of the proceedings of our House of Commons, takes his stand upon Magna Charta, and declares that the Constitution of England is (with a limitation) the Constitution of the Cape Colony. He says that their constitutional rights have been infringed by the course followed by the Secretary of State and his agent, Mr. Froude; that the Crown can only address the people through its own servants, the Ministry.

He then goes into the difference between the Queen's Government and the Imperial Parliament, the latter meaning the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons. He states that the power of Imperial Parliament is so great that it can do anything except

make a man into a woman; but that the Queen's Government, acting through the Secretary of State, has no such power. He denies that the Imperial Government has the power to withdraw the Constitution of the Colony, but allows that the Imperial Parliament has that power.

As a result of considering all the speeches, I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Froude has greatly injured the prospects of Lord Carnarvon's scheme by his conduct of affairs, and that the Ministers of the Cape Colony have taken advantage of this to postpone confederation *sine die*. They do not wish to lose the customs dues of the interior yet awhile, they fear the recrudescence of the agitation for separation of the Eastern and Western Provinces, and they think that the Imperial Government wish to withdraw all British troops (as they have done in other Colonies): leaving the great native question to be grappled with by the confederated States, with Natal almost submerged by the Zulus and in financial difficulties. They also do not see their way to uniformity of treatment of natives throughout the States of South Africa.

At the bottom of all the questions I can see customs dues—disposal of lands—treatment of natives; but above all this, the Cape Colony Ministers think of the supremacy of the Cape Colony in South Africa, and of Capetown in the Cape Colony.

This is made clear by Mr. Molteno's letter to Lord Carnarvon of October 2, 1876, on the subject of confederation. He considers that the unification of South Africa would be most satisfactorily effected by



the gradual annexation of the minor colonies and states to the Cape Colony, and he does not favour confederation. There is, to us in Griqualand West, the greatest difference between the two, as we are an English community and in the Cape Colony the Dutch vote preponderates.

I am afraid that whatever I do on the land question of Griqualand West will meet with no favour at Capetown; the Cape Colony wants the lands of Griqualand West, without the native claims being settled, unless I greatly misunderstand the statements in the House.

The question which now arises is : Is it better for Griqualand West to become one of the confederate states or to be absorbed by the Cape Colony ? The two alternatives have been put by Lord Carnarvon to the Cape Ministers, and it requires thinking over.

I have now gone over the Land Court judgment of Griqualand West, and note the following points to guide me.

The Attorney-General (Mr. Shippard) addressing the Land Court on behalf of the Crown and in the interests of the native chiefs and people, seems to me to come to conclusions which very much favour the Boer squatters on land, *i.e.*, that if a white man squats on land it belongs to him, but if a native lives on land, even on which his forefathers before him have lived, he has no *rights* to that land. And where does the half-civilised Griqua come in ? He is just as white in many cases as the darker Boer and quite as much civilised, yet he must be classed among the blacks and have no rights to land.



Mr. Jacobs, the Attorney-General of the Cape Colony, has enunciated a juster view. Mr. Shippard speaks of espousing the cause of the natives; let us see what it is that he says on their behalf.

In the first place he dismisses the Bushman as living in a perfectly savage state (on locusts and wild honey) under the shade of bushes, and ineligible for ownership of land. In this I quite agree; the bushman (until he takes up civilised ways) must retire before the white man. The two cannot live together independent one of the other.

Then he refers to the Hottentots (including the Griquas and Korannas) and the Bechuanas. He allows that the Griquas are a mixed race—the offspring of Hottentot women by Dutch Boers—and says that their original settlement was Piquetberg in the Cape Colony, but asserts that Griqua usages as to land are precisely analogous to those of all other primitive races, although there is so much evidence to show to the contrary. He then considers what are the rights of the native chiefs and inhabitants, what are their private rights and what are the Crown rights in the province! He allows the native tribes only tribal rights and no territorial sovereignty, the habits of the people being nomadic. He considers that the idea of holding land in severalty is inconceivable and that neither the chief nor the people can alienate the tribal lands over which they roam. So far I entirely agree with him, for a purely savage people that has made no progress towards civilisation. He considers that all the pretended alienation of land in this province must be

struck off the list of claims at a blow, and that the original tribal lands become therefore part of the Crown lands of the province, on the understanding, of course, *that due provision* will be made first and foremost for the original dwellers in that land. In this I quite agree except that we must recollect that native tribes may gradually become civilised, that the Griquas were in that condition of transition and had actually begun to hold lands in severalty before the diamond-fields were discovered, and that certain promises regarding land were made to the Griquas on our annexing Griqualand West.

He then proceeds to propose isolated and detached native locations for the exclusive cultivation of the natives, with also exclusive rights of certain commonages. He considers that these locations should be wedged in between the farms of white settlers so that the natives may learn to be civilised. He points out that if a native acquires a title to a piece of land or a farm he only sells it to the canteen-keeper, and spends the proceeds in drink. In this I concur, except that I hear of great exceptions being taken by colonists and by the missionaries to isolated locations jammed in between the white settlers; this matter I must examine into.

He then points out where the natives should be located :

The first duty of the Government is to establish locations at Boetsap, Campbell, Sifonels and other places. He considers that about half of the ground between the Hart and Vaal Rivers should be reserved as native locations and that Janje Mothibi is



entitled to lands about Likatlong. He considers that the alleged grants of land by Waterboer and the so-called North Albanian Reserve should be dismissed.

So far it is all very good for wholly uncivilised nations, but now comes the Dutch view, namely, that European squatters on land, with the licence of the Chief, had no rights of any kind so long as the country remained in native hands, but that on the advent of British supremacy the conditions of life were altered. and that, having occupied land for a long time, these white squatters can claim possession by prescription, and are entitled to the land, and that by these means only the *bonâ fide* colonist gets anything, and the speculator can profit nothing.

He considers that *occupancy* by Europeans constitutes a title good even against the Crown in such a country as this, but it must be *bonâ fide* occupancy before October 27, 1871 (date of annexation).

With regard to the Chief Waterboer, he trusts that his private lands will be secured to him, and that the Government will treble or quadruple his present very inadequate pecuniary allowance.

The difficulty to me is that on annexation, under this theory, the European comes to own land he never did own, and from a squatter he becomes a landowner, while the native who did own the land becomes less than a squatter. This is not the way to elevate or civilise the natives ; this is not the way to gain their confidence or to do them justice. The



native evidently requires some protection which British law does not secure.

The judgment of Mr. Stockenstrom delivered in the Land Court on March 16, 1876, covers a large number of subjects and is generally considered as being given from a very Dutch standpoint. I am only going to note those particular points which affect my proceedings as Commissioner in trying to come to a settlement of the various claims disallowed, for of course all the allowed claims hold good.

Mr. Stockenstrom commences by stating that he finds that the same pieces of land had, in many instances, been granted or sold to different individuals by the representatives of different tribes, each tribe claiming that the land in question belonged to it, while Waterboer claimed to be regarded as the sole lawful lord of the soil, and pointed to the fact that the British Government had taken cession of the country from him as an unanswerable argument to his contention that his grants alone were valid. Mr. Stockenstrom, therefore, proceeds to give an outline of the historical questions, which I shall very briefly allude to.

(a) At the date of annexation of this territory in 1871, Janje Mothibi and a portion of his tribe of Batlapins (Bechuanas) were living at Likatlong (near the junction of Vaal and Hart Rivers), while other portions were scattered in small villages and kraals on both banks of the Hart River in this Province, along the north bank of the Vaal River as far as the present town of Barkly, and in three large kraals under head-men Sogo, Sitlogome, and Siffonel, on

the west side of the Vaal River towards Campbell : and, while occupying these positions as their headquarters, they also had outlying gardens and cattle-posts in various parts of the country which they used at the proper season of the year, and they had been in possession of and had used these lands for at least thirty years.

(b) The north bank of the Vaal River, from Barkly to Fourteen Streams, was occupied by Korannas, intermixed with a few Batlapins, and about half a dozen white farmers, who had taken up their residence in these parts with the consent of the natives. These Korannas resided near the bank of the river and had no boundary between themselves and the Batlapins, who, indeed, denied that the Korannas had any claim to land north of the Vaal River, except at Mamusa (outside and to the north of this province). [Mamusa is now Schweizer Reneke.]

(c) With the exception of the places mentioned above the whole of the province west of the Hart and Vaal Rivers was occupied by Griquas or those who admittedly claimed under them.

(d) The rest of the province, *i.e.*, that part lying east of the Vaal River and north of the Vetberg line, was occupied by persons holding Orange Free State titles, while the land south of the Vetberg line as far as the Orange and Vaal Rivers, was held by lessees and grantees under Waterboer.

(e) In addition to these divisions, the land between the Hart and Vaal Rivers had been divided up and sold in 1870-71 by Theodore Doms,



an agent for Janje Mothibi, while a great portion of the same country had also been sold and granted to various persons by Barend Bloem, who called himself paramount chief of the Korannas, and others again claimed the same lands under grants from Jan Bloem, father of Barend Bloem. Others again claimed the same lands under grants of Barend Barends (a Griqua chief of Boetsap), and there are further claims to the same lands under grants which Waterboer had recently made.

(f) To the north-west of the Vaal River are grants of Cornelius Kok, Captain of Campbell, which were ignored by Waterboer.

(g) On the Vetberg line the farms of Orange Free State and Waterboer titles encroached on each other.

Mr. Stockenstrom minimises the Griqua claims: he goes back to the beginning of the present century and quotes the statement of the Rev. Mr. Anderson, that they were then "a herd of wandering naked savages, subsisting by plunder and the chase—their bodies daubed with red paint, their heads loaded with grease, with no covering but a filthy kaross, without knowledge, morals, or a trace of civilisation."

Under the missionaries they gradually became civilised, and the Judge relates that in 1822 Captain Andrew Waterboer began to issue written "requests" or certificates for farms to prominent members of his tribe.

He considers that Barend Barends and Cornelius Kok were independent chiefs exercising as full control over their subjects as Waterboer ever did, and that they were chiefs over *tribes*, and *not over*



*territories*; that about 1825 Waterboer, Cornelius Kok, and Adam Kok were the head men respectively of Griquatown, Campbell, and Philippolis, and that in those days boundary lines between tribes or sections of tribes were unknown; that in later times the missionaries had taught the natives the advantages of a more settled mode of life, and that it became a recognised principle among them that the waters flowing from a fountain and the lands under cultivation should be reserved for the exclusive use of the persons who had opened the fountain, and cultivated the land, and that on the abandonment of the land they forfeited their rights and the property reverted to the general community.

Under this ruling it might have been expected that the Judge would have awarded lands which had been in occupation of natives for a long time, to them in some definite manner, if he did not choose to consider that a native could be awarded land in severalty. Let us see what he has done!

The Surveyor-General tells me that the Judge has allowed 164 claims based on Orange Free State titles to Europeans, and thirty-six grants of Waterboer to Europeans and a few natives, but that he has disallowed nearly the whole of the native claims under Waterboer grants, amounting to 223. Many of these so-called native claimants are old Griqua Councillors who to all appearances are quite as civilised and have quite as much white blood as many of the coloured Boers.

The Judge recommended locations to the Korannas according to their wants, and to the Batlapins at

various places where they now are living, and to certain Griquas at Campbell he awarded farms or lands under grants from Adam Kok, which were repudiated by Waterboer, but as to the claims of the bulk of the Griquas under Waterboer there seems to be a general disallowance, and no recommendation even for locations, except an opinion that Griquas who had no "requests," and therefore no *locus standi* in the land, and who could show long occupation of land, should have allotments made to them in proportion to the number of their stock and the value of the improvements made by them.

It may be said that there is no intermediate point between holding lands in severalty and in locations for natives, but the missionaries have shown that the Government could avoid issuing saleable title-deeds to natives, who might be induced to sell the lands, by giving them leases for a certain number of years to be renewed from time to time. In the case of the Griquas, however, the promises of the Government seem to be distinct—that they should have their lands in severalty.

My perusal of the judgment of the Land Court does not lead me to think that substantial justice has been done to the original owners of the ground, the Griquas. The Judge had a very difficult task to perform, and he carried it out with great ability, but it seems to me that according to the principles enunciated the lands claimed by Waterboer and his councillors on old certificates were either private lands or tribal lands, and should have been awarded to the people, so far as they required them, if not in



severalty at least as tribal lands. But here comes in the difficulty about our law, whether British or Roman Dutch: there is no modification of it for half-civilised people like the native tribes here about. Either the land belongs to them in severalty or it does not belong to them at all.

In addition to this, we took the country over with distinct promises that the rights of the natives would be respected, but these promises were not put in a concrete form before the Land Court of September 7, 1875, and were not considered except to be dismissed as undetermined.

My business is to see that substantial justice is done to all claimants to land in Griqualand West so far as my recommendations are of any avail, but I must be very sure of my grounds for recommending.

I have been given two books to read which are said to be respectively the antidotes one to the other: one is by Captain Lumley, called "Adamantia," and the other is by Messrs. Orpen and Arnot, and is called "The Land Question of Griqualand West." They are both mines of information and will be most useful to me, but they are both rather inclined to advocate the absorption of the native lands. The question of justice to the natives is scarcely considered enough, and yet from even a utilitarian point of view it must be worth while giving the natives enough land to live upon and to expand in, otherwise we pay for it in the end.

The missionary records show that during the first ten years of this century the Griquas advanced in a



remarkable manner towards civilisation. Mr. Anderson speaks of four square miles at Griquatown being covered with corn and barley, and of the congregation at that time numbering 800 people. The statements as to the advanced condition of these people may be understood from the fact that in 1814 the Cape Colonial Government ordered Mr. Anderson to send to the Cape 20 Griquas for the Cape Regiment.

Mr. Moffat in his book published in 1842 speaks of the great advance of the Bechuanas and Griquas in agricultural pursuits as early as 1828, and of the farming operations in those days at Kuruman.

The view taken by Sir Harry Smith in his despatch of January 20, 1851, is that which appeals to an Englishman as being more in keeping with justice; he says: "The great principle by which I was guided was that all the inhabitants, white and coloured, should continue in possession of the farms and territories occupied by them at the date of my proclamation—the great principle which guided me was, as I have already stated, not to disturb, *but clearly to define the existing occupation*; and my arrangement has consequently improved the condition of all." Had our Government gone on this principle on annexing Griqualand West, I should not be here to-day to try to bring matters to a peaceful conclusion.

There are thus two views as to treatment of the natives: the English and the Dutch view: and if you draw a line from Ramah on the Orange River to the north, about 10° westerly, about the position

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of the boundary line and produce it till it reaches the Limpopo, you will find two kinds of civilisation. In the east that of the Boers—Dutch in its origin ; to the west that of the native tribes, influenced by the missionaries, and English in its origin. Hence we see the reason of the antagonism between the Dutch and the missionaries. So long as the Cape Colony was a Crown Colony there was a balance of interests between Dutch and natives carefully held, but now that the Cape Colony has a constitution, the natives are nowhere, and even the Crown Colony of Griqualand West is detrimentally affected owing to the influence of the Cape Colony, exercised through the Governor, who is also Governor-in-Chief of Griqualand West.

## CHAPTER XVIII

*August 20.*—My first report is on the subject of the Diamond Concessionaires to whom Waterboer (when he consented to give over Griqualand West to Great Britain) gave farms in lieu of their concession.

These claims were disallowed in the Land Court and an appeal was lodged. The provincial government, feeling that the claims were valid, approached the claimants with a view to a compromise, and at the time I arrived matters had so far advanced that it only remained for me to settle the quit-rent with them. This has given me a good deal of occupation and it is fortunate that I have heard the views of English, Dutch, and Natives on the subject constantly during the last six months when on the boundary line.

The system is as follows:—In the Cape Colony, whatever the quit-rent on a farm may be, the farm holder has the option of paying the surplusage off and reducing the quit-rent to £1 per 1000 morgen by capitalising the whole quit-rent at  $16\frac{2}{3}$  years purchase. In this province, however, for some reason unknown to me, it has been settled, or proposed, not to reduce the quit-rent below £5 per 1000 morgen, and this acts detrimentally on all



purchases of land. Under Ordinance 3 of 1874 Crown lands are sold by auction on lease, and farms are put up at an upset rental. Every lessee can convert his lease into a perpetual quit-rent tenure at a price to be agreed upon, on condition that for every £100 purchase-money there shall be paid a perpetual quit-rent of £2 per annum. Thus supposing a 3000 morgen farm is rented at £6 per 1000 morgen the upset price, it could be converted into a perpetual quit-rent farm for £300, and the quit-rent would be £6 for the farm or £2 per 1000 morgen. If the farm were to sell for £3000 the quit-rent would be £20 per 1000 morgen. It is evident that such a system acts detrimentally against the Government obtaining any high price for a farm, and dissatisfaction is widespread on the subject.

The Boer can raise money to buy a farm, but he cannot pay annually a high quit-rent, and it is found by experience that £1 per 1000 morgen is the most he can readily raise in each year on his farm, though of course he has great value on his farm in kind. The result is that Boers are not willing to buy lands in Griqualand West under the present system, as in case they could not produce the money in cash they would be liable to be sold up, and their property disposed of by auction at a nominal value.

I have got to work my way out of this dilemma. I am told that in the Orange Free State the farmers are allowed to pay their taxes in kind when the cash is not handy, and that this was one of the difficulties which led to our giving up the Orange River Sovereignty. Our system of government does

not admit of such elastic treatment, and we have come to loggerheads with farmers by ruthlessly selling their property by auction at nominal values. At the present time the whole revenue of the Orange Free State is only about £100,000 per annum, very little more than that of Griqualand West, and yet they have no difficulty in governing that vast area under their system of government. It is painful to contemplate the loss that has accrued to this province from instituting such a grasping policy in land matters as that shown in Ordinance 3 of 1874, and disclosed during the proceedings of the Land Court; for the prosperity of the province the lands ought to have been settled right off; for even if the Government had lost a little in one way it would have made it ten times over in getting in quit-rents and in settling the country. During the last five years it has become more or less a desert, and all the money there was has gone in fees to the lawyers.

My second report concerns the claims of Mr. F. Orpen, the Surveyor-General, and members of his family. He was surprised at my taking his claims so early, and evidently expected that I should let them wait; but I told him frankly that I should so often come to him for advice and assistance, that I felt it would embarrass him if he had to advise while his own claims were still unsettled. He thinks that I have shown great confidence in him and is much gratified.

He belongs to a branch of the Orpen family living in South Africa, and his brothers hold various Government positions of trust in the Cape Colony and are



shrewd, long-headed men of business, with the reputation of being honest and frank in their dealings. He himself is well read on many subjects, he thinks things out and is a very agreeable companion. I think that he first brought to my notice the several conditions of civilisation, though I may have read about them in Darwin's or Lubbock's works.

(1) You have the nomadic hunter who requires extensive lands to live on, and who roams at will having no fixed lands he can claim. (The Bushmen come under this.)

(2) You have the cattle- and sheep-farmers, some nomadic, who require at least 3000 morgen for a farm. The Boers come under this head for the most part.

(3) You have the tillers of the soil who can live on four or five morgen of irrigated land. There are many natives under this head.

The natives generally come under (1), (2) and (3). They cultivate lands, and they keep cattle and sheep, and they hunt.

Now considering our native tribes and their lands generally, the only true view to take is to allow them the lands they have cultivated with a margin for expansion, to allow them the grazing lands they are using, again with a margin, and these lands should be inalienable, because British law gives no protection to the natives.

As to the hunting-lands, and surplus other lands, arable and pastoral, the Government can sell them as Crown lands to farmers as they are wanted.



But there are two matters which particularly concern Griqualand West where the natives are in many instances nearly civilised. First we must have respect to the private lands of those natives who held them in something approaching to severalty, before the annexation, and secondly we must do something if possible, where lands cannot be given in severalty, towards giving individual native farmers land approaching in tenure to a farm though at the same time inalienable. Some of the Griquas are too civilised to place on locations, and yet the law only recognises, as yet, two kinds of tenures.

*August 28.*—It is very nice weather here just now; cold, frosty mornings, but sometimes a blinding dust all day around Kimberley.

I have been staying hitherto with Major Lanyon, but now he is expecting several guests, and a bedroom has been found for me near my office, for I cannot find rooms convenient in the town. I am to take my meals at the Queen's (Mrs. Jardine's) Hotel, excepting luncheon, which I am to take at Government House so as to keep up our correspondence.

My little room is an adjunct (mud and iron) to the offices, and is just large enough for my bed and trunks, &c.; it is lined with canvas, and colonies of mice seem to be lodged behind the canvas walls. An odd thing happened to me last night; I had sprinkled the bed with Keating's flea powder and was asleep when I heard a loud sneeze close to my ear. I struck out but only hit the wall, and then lighted a match and found nothing; so I lay on my bed and listened, and then heard mice running about

in the walls and a far-away little sneeze now and then ; so I came to the conclusion that a mouse had got on to my pillow and had poked his nose into my ear and then was suddenly taken with a sneeze ; it sounded quite loud so that it must have been right in my ear. A mouse came to see me this morning before I got up and ate some bread and butter on a plate on a chair by my bedside, and bolted each time I winked my eye at him.

Cecil Ashley arrived here on Saturday from Capetown through native territories, and General Sir Arthur Cunynghame is expected here to-day from Pretoria, with his A.D.C. He has been shooting in the Transvaal and Orange Free State. Then the bishops of Capetown and Bloemfontein are also expected, so that we shall be quite in the world ; Sir Bartle Frere is also expected if there is quiet in Kaffraria. There is to be a ball here to-night at the theatre, which I am anxious to be present at ; we have heard so much of the balls at the Diamond Fields in the early days, but I fancy the oddities attendant on them have all passed away.

*August 31.*—I have now received instructions as Special Commissioner to investigate and report upon the claims to land and the settlement of the Land Question of the Province. My duties are to inquire into, report and advise upon :

(a) The land claims of the ex-Chief N. Waterboer, of his agent, David Arnot, of the Diamond Concessionaires, and of alleged grants of land by Waterboer and purchases of land from him. (Though not specified this naturally includes all native claims.)



(b) Whether a compromise can be effected as to appeals along the Vetberg Line ; what are the rights of the Berlin Missionary Society to the Pneil lands ; and extent of land to be allowed in excess of the nominal areas specified in O.F.S. titles.

(c) The amount of quit-rent to be charged on Orange Free State titles and titles issued by the Provincial Government ; cases which came before the Land Court where exceptional consideration or indulgence have been claimed ; claims which did not come before the Land Court.

(d) Questions regarding the alienation of land for townships, locations, commonage, and other public purposes ; and generally all questions relating to the lands of the Province.

It will be observed that my duties are threefold.

(1) To endeavour to compromise and settle the various complications arising out of the disputed judgments of the Land Court.

(2) To advise and make recommendations on those cases of which the judge would take no cognisance, as he considered them matters for the Government to decide upon.

(3) To make recommendations about individual claims on which the judge had only given general judgment ; for example, in the case of allowed farms, to determine their extent and quit-rents.

Upon the question of ultimate quit-rent on farms I have made an immediate report, as I found that I was hampered in my recommendations without some ruling on the subject. I found that the upset prices for rental of dry farms in the Province



do not as a rule exceed £6 per 1000 morgen, and yet that claimants would be willing to accept, in lieu of their claims, farms at from £3 to £6 per 1000 morgen provided they might capitalise the excess above £1 per 1000 morgen and pay down the cash. So that here is an opportunity of settling claims and getting farms off our hands and the country occupied at something near the upset prices. I have, therefore, proposed that all grantees may have the option of capitalising their quit-rents over and above £1 per 1000 morgen at  $16\frac{2}{3}$  years purchase; and I have been told that this will be approved and that I may proceed on this understanding.

Under this ruling the lands of this Province will be obtainable on as advantageous a footing as those of the Cape Colony and the Orange Free State, and many claimants will take farms for their claims at something near the upset price. I can see my way now to settling the claims in a very short time. The Dutch are extremely litigious and, I thought at first, very unreasonable, but I can see now the difficulty they have in readily getting cash to pay their quit-rents. They are also very slow thinkers compared with townspeople, and require time to think over simple things. Yesterday a Boer came to me and when I explained to him a very simple matter he said, "I am dumb"; his attorney then tried to explain but without success, so I said, "Let him think over it and come again." To-day he has come and is quite satisfied; he only wanted time to think the matter over.

*September 3.*—I went to Barkly on Saturday with Mr. Shippard, our Attorney-General: he is small and compact, and is very genial and clever. He has considerable classical knowledge, and is a pleasant indoor companion, but has not studied nature on his legs or from the back of a horse: we have a great number of subjects on which we can gossip, and the native question is one on which we can always beguile an otherwise weary hour, for we do not quite agree in the matter.

We went in a four-wheeled cart, leaving at 3 P.M. and arriving at Barkly at 6 P.M. At the half-way house some question arose relative to deaths from drowning in the Vaal River, where there are weeds, and some one gave me a clue to this matter. He pointed out that when a man is drowning he clutches at anything and pulls at it, and that where there are weeds he pulls at them and pulls himself to the bottom.

Barkly, originally the centre of the River diggings, is now quite a small village; the watering-place and Sunday resort of Kimberley. If the country were green it would be a very pretty place: but even a rapid river winding around rocks and islets need not be pretty when the grass is burnt black and the trees leafless or dead. August here corresponds to April at home, and our trees here ought to be now in leaf, but there has been no rain (to speak of) in these parts for many months; some say for a year, and the country is very desolate; something like the Saharah.

I am Mr. Shippard's guest; we put up at the



Masonic Hotel, and after dinner we went to lodge, where W. Brother Past-Master Warren was received with honour; afterwards we adjourned to supper at the Masonic Hotel, and I had to make a speech as guest of the evening. All the towns in this country seem to have Masonic Hotels, and a large proportion of the people seem to be Masons, and many of them very good Masons. For the first time I think I have heard the word "blooming" used as a universal adjective. I heard a man behind me relating a history of a lion hunt, and he got off his blooming horse, and caught up his blooming gun, and took a pot shot at the blooming lion, and hit it in its blooming eye. I was quite fascinated by the constant use of the adjective, and showed so much interest in the story that the man he was telling it to came up and brought me into the circle, and I heard the word "blooming" used about forty times before the history was complete. My friend who introduced himself is Bradshaw, Inspector of the Police, and I think an excellent man for the rough work they have here; I have quite taken to him. They somehow get very excellent men out in these parts; I seem always to be stumbling on good men, who have their whole hearts and souls in their occupations.

Shippard suggests that I should run for President of the Orange Free State next election, as I get on so well with the Boers, but I say that the pay is not enough, and I propose to run for native chief *vice* Mankoroane and Botlesetse, and offer to take him with me as my native agent, at which he makes a very wry face.



I saw the Mounted Constabulary at Barkly, it is composed of all sorts and conditions, but they have to bring good references ; among them I saw young Wryford, who came out from England in the *Danube*, seeking his fortune ; he was prancing about on a half broken-in horse. I think a year or two in the Constabulary may be a very good prelude to life in South Africa for a young fellow before taking up farming or other occupation : he gets an insight into things at a small expense, and has time to look about him for a job.

I dined at the house of Mrs. Green last week to meet Sir Arthur Cunynghame ; we had a very merry dinner, and the General was most amusing, with first-rate stories.

I like Mrs. Green very much. She has two sons and a daughter, and I can talk to her of you and the children and feel that I have a sympathetic audience. She is German by birth (the Countess von Lilienstein), I think that her father was in the German contingent, and came out here to take up a grant of land after the Crimean War. Her husband is a digger and landowner, and (as the local *Vanity Fair* puts it) "once bred horses and ruled a Sovereignty." He was the last British Resident of the Orange River Sovereignty, and was a big man in those days. He was in the Commissariat years ago, and was in the China War of 1842 with my father ; he is now very asthmatic, and often has to sleep in his chair sitting up.

I find it difficult to get on quickly with the land claims, as one matter hangs on another. The ex-Chief

Waterboer is ill (drunk), his agent is ill, and by some oversight the former has given a general power of attorney to some other attorney, so that the whole matter is at sixes and sevens.

*September 4.*—I have completed David Arnot's case and sent in my recommendation. He asked for 360 square miles on the Orange River, 360 square miles on the Vaal River, and 800 square miles in Batlapin territory. I have, however, succeeded in reducing his claim to so low a limit that even Mr. Shippard thought it too low, till I pointed out that it was Arnot's own proposal. I cannot think why people want farms in this country, they look so uninviting.

David Arnot was an attorney in good practice at Colesberg, making (he says) £2000 a year. He sometimes looks like a Griqua and sometimes like a European, but at all times he looks shrewd, and has his eyes open. He is really a clever man, of great ability though of a speculative turn of mind. It seems probable that he considers that he is partly of Griqua descent, as he has devoted his life as their champion against the Boers. We must not lose sight of the fact that he has made his mark in stemming the tide of Boer aggression.

Probably there are few cases in South African history where political and race feeling has run higher than in that involving the land claims of David Arnot.

In the year 1867, when the Republican States on the Vaal and Orange Rivers (strongly supported by the dead weight of the Dutch party of the Cape Colony)



were ousting the natives in all directions from their lands, David Arnot appeared upon the scene as champion of the Western Griquas, whose lands (in what is now Griqualand West) were being wrested from them day by day by the onward progress of the immigrant Boers of the Orange Free State and Transvaal.

Arnot's antagonists pretend to formulate motives for him in thus taking up the wrongs of Nicholas Waterboer and his Griqua subjects. Self-interest, self-preservation and self-aggrandisement may be very human motives, but they may stimulate a man to exertions in a good cause as well as in a bad one. There is nothing on record to show that Arnot's motives were less honourable than those of any other of the English, Dutch and Griquas who engaged in land controversies on this outskirts of civilisation, and even if he did obtain concessions of large slices of the Griqua lands, yet there is no doubt that it was payment for work of vital importance to the Griquas. He succeeded by his exertions in arresting the onward progress of the Boers, and probably saved the Griquas from utter destruction as a native state, and from losing all their lands and becoming merely servants of the Boers.

He negotiated with Waterboer, and in 1867 banded together a party of British colonists from the Eastern Province with whom he migrated to the south-east corner of Griqualand West (named Albania) to establish a living wall of English flesh between the Griquas and the Boers; and he thus



became the recognised Agent of the Griqua Government.

In carrying this out he (with the sanction of Waterboer) expelled from their lands in Albania the few Griquas who were living there. There is nothing contrary to civilised customs in doing this for the good of the State. It is a matter of everyday life in England to be ruthlessly expelled from our houses or our lands by landlords, railway companies, or municipal authorities on receiving adequate compensation in return. These Griquas were to have got compensation in the shape of other lands, and Waterboer and Arnot ought to have taken care that they were recompensed, and pacified. They, however, were not all recompensed at the time, and there arose in consequence a bitter feeling among the Griquas against the English which has not yet been removed, and they say hard things of them, and liken them to the Boers. Arnot has shown in this matter that, whatever may have been his feelings as champion of the Griquas as a nation, he did not hesitate to sacrifice individual interests in his proceedings.

Arnot had no sooner taken up his duties as Griqua Agent than mutual recriminations commenced between him and the President of the Orange Free State, owing to the continual encroachment of the Boers westward, and reprisals ensued. This disturbed condition of affairs only ended when the British Government annexed Griqualand West in 1871. In the transactions connected with the necessary arrangements for handing over the territory

to the British, David Arnot was employed by the Governor, Sir Henry Barkly, in collecting evidence, and brought upon himself the odium of the inhabitants of the Orange Free State and of the Dutch party in the Cape Colony. Now that these matters are past, these bitter personal feelings might well be buried in oblivion, but the present state of politics at the Cape will not allow of this, and the party referred to appears to desire to see Arnot stripped, not only of the vast possessions which he claimed, but also of the comparatively small property that has been awarded to him by the Land Court.

Promises were made to Arnot by the Governor in 1871 and 1872, concerning his claims, and no reference was made as to their submission before a Land Court for adjudication. Sir Henry Barkly even went so far as to offer to Arnot the whole of the Southern Reserve (360 square miles) as a gift, and he declined the offer merely because he wished to get the Northern Reserve first.

After waiting for four years, Arnot's consternation must have been great when, in July 1875, he received intelligence that his claims must be submitted to a Land Court, and that Court to be presided over by a young Dutch barrister (Mr. Stockenstrom) whom he had hitherto looked upon as one of his most determined antagonists in the Cape Parliament on the side of the Republican States, and who, in taking over the duties of judge, would only leave the atmosphere of political strife for a while, and then return to it.

The result of the submission of his claims was



that he was publicly stigmatised by Mr. Stockenström as a person on whose word no reliance could be placed, and the whole of his claims were disallowed except : (1) the farm Eskdale ; (2) the rents for life of the Albanian Reserve ; (3) the claim against the late Griqualand Government for services rendered.

David Arnot appealed against this decision, and has claimed before the Supreme Court : (1) the farm Eskdale with mineral rights ; (2) the Southern Reserve (360 square miles) in freehold with mineral rights ; (3) the Northern Reserve (360 square miles) in freehold with mineral rights ; (4) the farm Clydesdale on lease ; (5) ten farms between Hart and Vaal Rivers ; (6) £1000 per annum pension for services.

He also claims 800 square miles for Batlapin services beyond this Province, with which I have nothing to do.

Arnot relied on the promises of Sir Henry Barkly which were in writing and very explicit, as for example : " You will not doubt that your claims will be dealt with very liberally, only do not let them stand in the way of present progress," and again : " I quite admit your claims are special, but perhaps on that very account it is more than necessary not to single them out to deal with before those of others."

On Feb. 8, 1872, Mr. Southey, the Administrator of Griqualand West, wrote to Arnot : " As regards yourself, I take it you will be safe everywhere," and this he says in his certificate of August 3, 1877, was written by authority of the Governor.



Thus Mr. Arnot appeared before me with a case which (in spite of the Land Court decision) could not equitably be controverted, because he had the promises of the Governor.

It was not my business, however, to say how much he ought to have had under those promises ; it was for me to find out the least he was prepared to take in lieu of his claims, and to endeavour to keep them down as low as practicable ; of course the cost of an appeal would be brought into the balance.

First he agreed to abandon his claim to mineral rights, and then his claim to have everything in freehold.

Then he abandoned all claim to the Northern Reserve (360 square miles) and ten farms for his Griqua services ; and eventually his claims were narrowed down to Eskdale, Clydesdale (on lease), the Southern Reserve and his pension. This is little more than was awarded by the Land Court.

As regards Eskdale I agreed to recommend that it should be a quit-rent farm, with "quit-rent remitted" endorsed on the title.

With regard to the Southern Reserve I had to study the views of the lessees, and consider what they would each of them accept, and in view of their interests, I agreed to accept Mr. Arnot's offer to take the Southern Reserve on such terms that it is actually giving the rents to him for 23 years, with the proviso that the tenants may, at any time, pay them off to him in a lump sum, and secure the farms to themselves, paying thereafter an annual quit-rent to the Government of £1 per 1000 morgen.

If we estimate it in value it may be taken that the Southern Reserve, as offered to Arnot by Sir H. Barkly was worth £33,000, the value of the award of the Land Court (rents for Arnot's life) is £16,000, and the value of present agreement is £27,650.

With regard to Arnot's pension for services to the Griqua Government, the amount settled by Waterboer was £850 per annum, but I suggested £500 per annum on the joint lives of himself and Mrs. Arnot (as I don't think he will have much to leave his wife) : to this he has agreed.

Thus I hope this very difficult question, involving a great portion of the land of Griqualand West, will be settled, and the case taken out of appeal, but first I have to negotiate with the tenants of some thirty farms, who are hot against Arnot, though why I do not know, for if he loses they do not gain anything. It seems to me that the bare fact of paying their quit-rents to a Griqua is obnoxious. There are three or four of the tenants, however, who admit that Arnot's claims concerning Albania are just. It is extraordinary how all this business of Arnot's has been mismanaged from the beginning : for I hear that the law expenses will be so great that his fortune will be nearly swallowed up, and that he will be a poor man, whereas if he had received the value of his claims even as now limited at the time of the annexation, he would have been a rich man.

It seems all owing to the Cape Colony being now able to interfere in these matters on the Dutch side. In former years, before the Cape Colony was given



a Constitution (1872), there was a balance of power between English, Dutch, and native interests : now it is all on one side.

We must take care to secure his pension so that he cannot sell or otherwise hypothecate it.

Sir Arthur Cunyninghame has met with a good reception ; he was last at Kimberley when he quelled the rebellion in June 1875.

We have had a field day with the Volunteers at Du Toitspan. It has opened my eyes as to their capabilities. In England we are inclined to think so little of Volunteers. Lanyon does these things so well ; he has a natural aptitude for such matters, though of course the experience he gained as A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief, Jamaica, is useful to him.

We had a good show of Volunteers, mounted and foot, Du Toitspan Hussars, Kimberley Light Horse, and Griqualand Infantry, all in resplendent uniform. They performed nothing but parade movements, but their precision was excellent, and when they advanced in line to Sir A. Cunyninghame, with Lanyon at the head, and gave him a general salute, it was done so well that I felt quite proud of our little Province. I don't know what they can do in the field, but if diggers, who are supposed to be under no control, can disguise themselves as soldiers with such good effect on parade, I think they have the chance of doing well also in the field. I am getting quite provincial in my sentiments. Sir Arthur made a speech, and not a little one. He worked up his subject and piled on compliments



one after another till we all felt glowing with pride at the prowess of the Province. I cannot think how many years Sir Arthur said he had been a general officer, but it seemed to vary from fifteen to twenty-five, and during all that time he had seen nothing equal to this display.

No doubt Sir Arthur must have been many years a general, for I recollect him just about twenty years ago, and I thought him then an old man, but I was only fifteen and my ideas of age were not in perspective. It was on the Horse Guards Parade in 1855-6, when the Queen gave the Crimean medals away, and I attended to see my father receive his medal. I knew Sir Arthur's son as a cadet at Sandhurst, and when he introduced me to his father he was most kind to me and got me a good place from whence I could see the ceremony, and took a lot of trouble about it. I have had a very happy recollection of him ever since.

The speech of Sir A. Cunynghame reminds me of an incident down at Capetown, told me by the C.R.A. There was no Field Artillery in South Africa, and orders came out to extemporise a Field Battery out of a Garrison Battery; a somewhat difficult operation, as drivers are small men, and the smallest Garrison gunners are very big fellows. The horses to be obtained here are small, scarcely over fifteen hands at the most. The C.R.A. was very busy trying to get the battery into shape, and was schooling great, immense gunners disguised as drivers, mounted on very small horses, round the inner square at the Castle, with every now and then

a driver sprawling on the ground, when Sir Arthur took it into his head not only to inspect the performance but also to make a speech. As he went on speaking his enthusiasm rose and he declared that he had never seen anything so well done for years ; this made the C.R.A. (who has a high standard of perfection for Artillery) very angry, and he burst out with exclamations that he had never seen anything worse, until suddenly it came over him that he was finding fault with his own men on an inspection parade, while the G.O.C. was commending them ; and he escaped as best he could from his false position.

On another occasion, the C.R.A. found himself saying things he would rather have left unsaid. Sir Arthur Cunynghame had had a difference of opinion with him as to the nature of the field gun to be sent out from home, and had gained the day. These guns arrived at the Cape, but were lost in a shipwreck at Saldanha Bay. On hearing of this, Sir Arthur Cunynghame sent for the C.R.A. and said he was sorry to tell him that the new guns sent out had been lost ; the C.R.A., who did not like the class of gun, burst out with " I am delighted to hear it."

One very good point about Sir Arthur is that such things can be said to him without his taking offence : he bears no malice.

We have had a grand Masonic Ball in the theatre in honour of the General, and we have all (who can) come out in uniform. I had no idea that so many ladies could be got together ; some came from afar,



and I met many friends from Bloemfontein. What strikes me most, in seeing the men in evening clothes, is the brick-dust colour we are all tanned by constant exposure to the fervid sun and keen winds, quite a rich mahogany. The ladies mostly seem to keep their complexions, and there is a fine contrast.

I have been sitting in a box with the General; we take it by turns to attend on him, and he has been telling me again about his notable expedition in 1875 to quell the insurrection in Kimberley, and has been pointing out a few of the most prominent rebels, who are now some of our most loyal people. It is a queer subject this question of rebellion: it is the Colonial Office that they have rebelled against, not the Crown. They are loyal enough to the Crown, but they resent that incessant change of policy of our Colonial Office due to party government. When they were attached to the Orange Free State they belonged certainly to a Dutch State, but they were masters of the situation and did what they liked.

Sir Arthur tells me that the rebellion was due to the claim of the diggers to be able to "wallop their own niggers," but this is too epigrammatic. Alfred Aylward, the Fenian, told me at Lydenberg of many other reasons, which I have also heard spoken of since I have been here. It had certainly to do in many ways with natives, but they were at this time kept out of their lands, and were consequently very discontented and uppish, and at the same time they were being supplied with arms at



the Diamond Fields which made them think they were on a par with the white man.

The General, though old, is very active and energetic and a little impatient at times. He gets up at unearthly hours in the morning, and shouts for Coghill to take telegrams to the office: quite forgetful that the telegraph office is not open so abnormally early. He is a very cheery old gentleman. By-the-bye, it is not F. Williams but Frank Villiers who wrote to you when I was away. He was formerly in the Colonial Office, and is now Acting Colonial Secretary, and (as he should do) admires Major Lanyon exceedingly; he is a most loyal officer, and is very able, conscientious and painstaking. I see a good deal of him, and in order that our conversation may not get monotonous we agree to differ on almost every subject except on business—on that we quite agree. He takes the desponding side and I take the sanguine, rosy view of matters, and we discuss the Province each from our own point of view. I find the position rather difficult to keep up. For example, when, after a dust-storm, an official letter was lost and we had to get a rake and scratch over the chairs and tables in search of it, I found it difficult to think of anything pleasant to say: for everything was red with dust, including our clothes, and the soup certainly had a reddish hue.

I like Major Lanyon immensely; he is so sensible. There are many points on which we do not quite agree, but in business matters he will always talk over a subject as long as you like until it is quite

exhausted, so that even when you do not come to a conclusion just as you wish you yet feel that the subject has been fully considered. There are people here who do not like him, and one of the newspapers is down on him very much, but I think that on the whole he is very much liked.

He has just been offered the appointment of Colonial Secretary in Jamaica with £2000 a year and has declined it; it is a stepping-stone to a good governorship, but he is entitled to a good governorship for his work here. He is much put out about the offer (though this appointment is only £1700 a year), as a slight upon himself and on his position as administrator. I don't agree with him and tell him that he wants a blue pill and a black draught. I have strongly advised him not to resign or do anything rash, as he is too good a man for the country to lose on such a point of etiquette. It is much better both for himself and the place that he should stick to his seat.

I do not know why my appointment here has not yet been approved of officially, as Lord Carnarvon has done so privately. Ravenscroft tells me that he had very much approved of Sir Bartle Frere's keeping me on.

*September 18.*—I don't think I should care to take up the survey of the Cape even if it were offered to me, unless under some strong inducement—it leads to nothing; the work I am doing now is much more to my taste. I have succeeded in allaying a good deal of the bitter feeling on the Land Question.

I dine at the Queen's Hotel every evening with



Mr. Feltham, manager of the Cape of Good Hope Bank, and Mr. Gordon, diamond merchant. We have a little room not too far from the kitchen.

Last night I gave a dinner party to Feltham, Gordon, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Paton, and Mr. Attorney-General Shippard. Cecil Rhodes is a digger, water contractor, stand holder, undergraduate of Oxford, and what not; his father was Vicar of Bishops Stortford (near Waltham Abbey), he came out here for his health some years ago, and, having a very long head, made money when from 17 to 20 years of age, went to Oxford to take his degree, and is now on leave here looking after his contracts. He goes to Oxford to-morrow. He is reputed to have originally brought up an ice-making machine, and when he found it would not pay to make ices, he turned it into a diamond-sorting machine; this merely indicates that he is accredited with a long head. Mr. Paton is a farmer with land claims which have been pretty nearly settled in a satisfactory manner; he lives just now near Bloemfontein.

I generally breakfast at 8 A.M., lunch at 1.30 P.M. with Major Lanyon, and dine at 6.30 P.M. at hotel. I cannot afford to give many dinner-parties, this one to-night will cost £15; prices here are awful.

*September 24.*—I am just now on the horns of a dilemma. Major Lanyon has asked me if I am willing to undertake more land work in the Transvaal, and by this mail I have received a letter from General Cameron (Ordnance Survey) asking if it would suit me to undertake the survey of Natal. I would much rather do work which deals



with individuals than with things ; I prefer having to do with human nature, it is so much more interesting than inanimate objects. Fancy spending ten years of your life on a survey plan, which a terrier dog can worry into jimps in a jiffy. This country is terribly monotonous for survey work, there is so little new to see or learn compared with the rest of the world. I like a country which has a past history, and where there is more animal and vegetable life get-at-able, and where there is an interesting people. Of course there is an immense deal to see in South Africa in places, but not on tops of hills where the survey beacons will be. I don't like to refuse a good offer, but I should prefer the land work in the Transvaal.

Diamonds are looking up just now, and everybody in a good humour. I am having a very pleasant time here, plenty of hard work and everybody very jolly.

The Bishops of Capetown and Bloemfontein have been here some days, they have both come splendidly to the front about the confessional question, and everybody ought to be satisfied. The clergy all dined at Government House last night, and we were a very merry party. We talked of going home at Christmas *via* the Holy Land, tramping right through Africa from end to end. The idea arose from some Dutchmen who trekked off north some months ago to Palestine, hearing that it was in that direction. I don't know what has become of them. The other evening I was walking in the square with the two bishops and the Administrator,

when the latter asked me why I had put on evening dress. I replied, "To give an air of respectability to the party," before I had considered my environs. My surroundings were highly tickled at the remark, and threatened to report me to Lady Frere for treating them all so disrespectfully.

I have written to Sir Bartle Frere, saying that I would rather not undertake the Natal survey, and Major Lanyon has also written suggesting that I should go to settle claims in the Transvaal, with a salary of £2000 a year, and to pay my own expenses.

We have just been indulging in a fine spectacle. Two bishops and an Administrator, all jammed in a two-seated cart. They are all big men, averaging over six feet each in height, and they each looked extremely uncomfortable, but very orthodox in their best clothes: they are all going to the wedding of Canon Doxat of Barkly, to Miss Merriman, daughter of Bishop Merriman of Grahams-town, and sister of Mrs. Barry (the judge's wife). It is to be a very grand wedding for this country, and Lanyon entertains the bishops at the Barkly Hotel to-night.

*September 25.*—The two bishops and Major Lanyon have returned at 5 P.M. this evening and the former left again at 6 P.M. for Bloemfontein; they do not waste time. They were ravenous, having had no breakfast or lunch after the service. They breakfasted at 9 o'clock, had a full church service taking nearly two hours, then cake and wine, and arrived here famished.

Our bishops appear in church in the usual dress,



but our Archdeacon wears a garment like that of a Greek Patriarch, which pleases some people and amuses others; there is a certain amount of incongruity in this country between fine dresses and the surroundings.

The services used to be held at Barkly in the canteen, and on one occasion in the middle of the service the minister saw a smile gathering on the faces of those turned towards him, and looking round found he had displaced a black board put up as a screen, and there was now visible in large letters "Free and Easy to-night. Grogs free."

We have a trouble in Kimberley about the confessional; one of the curates has been preaching about it with great vigour and has given offence; the Archdeacon supports him, and consequently (Allan Webb) the Bishop of Bloemfontein has been appealed to. I, for one, was asked to write and tell the bishop how decided people were here on the subject: indeed I have seldom seen people more of one mind, and it seemed to me that if immediate steps were not taken there was danger of schism arising.

A deputation met the bishop on Saturday and on Sunday he gave out his views.

In the morning the Bishop of Capetown opened with a good wholesome sermon on unity and charity: Bishop Webb preached in the evening. He said that in the early days of the Church various kinds of confession had been in use, and that the Church, as it progressed, had found it necessary to alter its forms: that the Roman Church had a special form of private confession which was found



to be attended, at times, by great evils and that at the Reformation "we Protestants" changed this for a form more in keeping with the rules of the early Church; that the Wesleyans had also their special forms, which did not suit us. He then went on to say that he had not the good fortune to belong to the society of Good Templars, but that he had no doubt that they exercised the power of absolution from certain faults committed by various members against their rules, and that it was the absolution of the whole body given through one of the members of the executive: such he said is the absolution of the English Church. All that the English Church enjoins as absolutely necessary is a general confession of the whole congregation, and an absolution given to the whole congregation, given not by the priest alone, but by the Church through the priest in the name of God. Then he went on to say that in certain cases where people felt troubled in their minds the Church allowed them to come to the priest to confess privately and enjoined the priest to accept such confession; but especially enjoined that the priest was not to recommend people to come, but only to take their confession if they required it. He then went on to say that regarding children, the only people who should look after them were their parents and legal guardians, and that if any priest in his diocese did otherwise he would look into the matter; much more he said, but this, so far as I understood him, is the gist of his decision, and I thought it a most satisfactory conclusion, and so did most of the congregation,

but I hear that some people went away with the impression that he had sided entirely with the curate; some people are so prejudiced against all things reasonable.

*Tuesday, September 25.*—Office all morning with lawyers and land agents. I am arranging a trip to Griquatown to look into Waterboer's land claims, and Villiers and Cecil Ashley would like to come also.

I can go just now as there is a lull in some of my inquiries regarding the Mining Board in consequence of the action pending between James *v.* Atkins, which comes off on Thursday.

Mr. M. came to tell me that he had paid £37 to an agent for taking out his Land Court judgment, which actually costs £10 12s. 6d. The little etceteras which we are accustomed to at home are here like Lord Dundreary's tail wagging the dog. People seem to be geese to go to the lawyers but perhaps they might do worse if they acted for themselves.

I heard a good story to-day of one lover of roses purloining the rose cuttings of his friend, but it hinges on the personal traits of character the transaction brought out, and the two persons are highly amusing characters. A place is really much more amusing when the people are not drilled into one monotonous uniformity; here people allow their eccentricities to come out conspicuously and I vow it is vastly amusing. Sometimes I am reminded of Goldsmith's writings, "She stoops to conquer," &c. I am sure that Goldsmith must have had the good



fortune to meet very original people ; I don't remember where he lived.

You will wonder at my speaking of roses in this dry place but we really have water here in small quantities, and there is plenty at the bottom of the mine, which has to be pumped up ; but much is required in washing the diamonds. We only want water in plenty for Kimberley to be made quite a green oasis ; as it is, a great number of people grow plants about their stoeps and produce very nice flowers, and our roses are not to be despised. The judge is a great gardener. My servant, Christian, often gets me a small bunch of flowers for my little room. Many creepers grow very well here and Major Lanyon has one growing all over the verandah of Government House shading the Administrator from public gaze. If everything else concerning Lanyon grows dim to me in the future I am sure that I shall always recollect his love to his verandah creeper. Every day, after lunch, he devotes about half an hour to this plant, cutting off dead leaves, putting the shoots into vacant places, &c., and sometimes as a treat he allows me to assist him in training it, and then we talk of home ! Griqualand West does not belong to that half-hour.

Last night, Tuesday, September 25, Feltham and I gave a farewell dinner to Gordon : Lanyon, Villiers, Shippard, and two others were present. It was not as amusing as they usually are ; Lanyon was evidently tired. We got on to several subjects on which A. has extreme views, although he always



expresses these in an agreeable manner; but it induced other people to express theirs more forcibly than is necessary; I have always endeavoured since I have been here to tone down the angularities of the extremists. Life is too short for so much controversy; what I strive for is conversation.

*Wednesday, September 26.*—I had much work arranging matters with farmers and also seeing about our contemplated journey.

No oxen to be found on account of drought. At last Mr. Haarhoff (attorney) offered me six mules for 30s. *per diem*, and to pay the driver and boy. I closed with him at once, and arranged that they should be near my office at noon on Thursday. Went and talked the Waterboer difficulties over several times with Lanyon and Villiers to be quite sure of my footing. Dined at Jardine's with Feltham and the judge, the latter talked a good deal about the Mine in favour of companies and said that it was better for the community that the poorer people should be forced out; to this I could not agree and said that in my opinion it was a most suicidal arrangement—that the Government said that the Mine might borrow but would not allow them the means or facilities for doing so, and that if they could borrow £50,000 at once (*i.e.*, the amount of one year's revenue) they could go on swimmingly—but that if they were not allowed to borrow, the claims of many people would lie under the reef and never get cleared, and that then people would become insolvent. I said that the Government ought either to give the Mine proper power to borrow, or else to

borrow for them, which they could easily do at 6 per cent.

Feltham said that the effect of the establishment of companies would not reduce the work of the banks, but I think it would, and I think that I rather convinced him that it would. Our conversation then turned on the feasibility of getting 25 to 30 per cent. on capital put out to interest. Feltham said that 6 per cent. in England was far better than 25 per cent. out here. We then were told that a bank had just lost £20,000 on one venture in diamonds. It had arisen in this way. The letter of credit brought out by a customer said that the parcels of diamonds must be sent direct to House A, but the policy of the Bank stated that the Bank parcels must be sent direct to House B. Accordingly, the manager sent the parcel for A to B to be distributed. All went well until diamonds fell suddenly, and then House A would not accept the parcel because it had come through B instead of to A direct.

## CHAPTER XIX

*Thursday, September 27.*—Very busy getting all ready for our departure, drew £40 from the bank. I wanted both Ashley and Villiers to be my guests on the journey, but they preferred to share along with me. It took all day to get things ready, and the mules appeared at 5 P.M.; such funny little things, more like donkeys, but very strong: they have lately taken Captain D'Arcy down to Fauresmith so I felt happy about them, I went up to Government House to say "good-bye," and dear old Lanyon gave me no end of advice as to how I was to act on the veldt, forgetting that I was a veteran in such matters: he was exceedingly kind and wanted me to take his own stores: I took a few to pacify him, but I had bought nearly everything that was wanted.

The waggon is on springs, and has seats. I arranged the order of our going so: first six mules. Then little Charley Orpen (6 feet 3 inches in height, I should say) and a Cape boy (post-boy), then Villiers, Ashley, and myself, then our baggage. On the back seat were Rufo (Ashley's Italian servant) and Christian (my Indian servant). We started at 6.45 P.M., Orpen (son of the Surveyor-General) taking



the responsible duties of driver ; and he drives well too. We had hardly gone five minutes along the Barkly Road when a trace broke, and the mules turned round up a steep hill of *débris*. The boy tumbled out and turned them just in time ; we were nearly over. After getting safely down again we went on along the road, in the pitch darkness, and nearly drove over a man asleep beside a waggon.

At the half-way house, ten miles from Kimberley, we foraged our mules. A German keeps the house, a pleasant little man, who has only been eighteen months away from Germany : he says he gets about 150 per cent. on all he sells. For instance, beer at 1s. 9d. he sells at 4s. He was very talkative and agreeable, and showed us photographs of pictures in all the art galleries of Europe. He pays £1 10s. per annum, to some Berlin society, and gets about forty photographs a year. He comes from Hanover, was in the Franco-German war, and was wounded three times. He is still a soldier, and can be recalled at any time when his country goes to war. He said that he could not keep a canteen in Germany, it would not be respectable. He does not intend to return till he makes his fortune. To his mind a fortune is £2000, which would give him £100 a year, and with this he said he could keep a carriage (pony shay ?) ; but he also said he began to like the country, and thought he might stay, his reason for liking it being that the people are more free here than in Germany. I asked him about the the Pneil (German) Mission Station hard by, he said that they did not do much, that Mr. Kallen-

berg is not a minister, but merely a business man, who finds money for the Mission by making the natives work, selling their goods and collaring the proceeds. He thought that these natives (Korannas) cannot be christianised. He seemed to think very little of the missionary efforts of his own countrymen, but then as a patriot he kept saying that the English were just as bad. He told us a good story about a native parson, who said that the black people are the sheep (in the parable about the sheep and the goats) because of their woolly hair, and that the white people are the goats because they have straight hair: other stories he related, about the missionaries telling the natives that they were better than the white people; but these are mere stories, without foundation: the missionaries are not so foolish.

There was a German assistant who was on matrimony bent. He takes in the *Matrimonial News* (German), and had some photographs of young ladies, and had fallen in love with one of them; at least with one side of her face, and was writing to Germany to say that if the other side came up to sample she may come out and he will marry her. He evidently was of opinion that she might possibly have a big scar on the other side of her face.

As we were baiting, a party came in from the river diggings (Barkly), and one of them came up to me and asked if I would like to see a parcel of river diamonds he was taking to Kimberley, worth £1300; and out of an ordinary piece of paper he produced a lot of diamonds, great and small. The largest weighed 20 carats, a beautiful white stone,



shaped exactly like a bull's-eye lollypop. He proved to be Mr. Litkie, jeweller, of Kimberley. He said he had at his house a stone of  $52\frac{1}{2}$  carats, the best stone ever found, worth over £2000, and asked me to come and see it when I returned. We inspanned as the moon rose at 11 P.M., and arrived at Barkly at 2 A.M. After crossing the Vaal river by the pont, we knocked up the hotel people, got some hot coffee and went to bed.

*Friday, September 28.*—Up at 7.30 A.M. I met and talked to the Civil Commissioner, C. Campbell, on land matters. While we were talking some persons were throwing bamboos at each other over our heads; anywhere else I should have called them lunatics. At 11 A.M. we went across Barkly commonage, and along the Vaal river till we arrived at where the Hart river falls in from the north. The Vaal running nearly west just here.

The country that we are now passing through about the Vaal river was, in 1870-2, alive with diggers, thousands of them were working in these river diggings; but now (since the dry diggings have been established about Kimberley) it has lapsed into its former solitude, though here and there are a few diggers earning a precarious living.

This country is knee-deep in land claims, all in appeal against the Land Court judgments, and I must compromise in every case, as if even one set of appeals remain the ground cannot be given out.

The most troublesome claims are those of titles from Theodore Doms, because they extend all over the country between the Hart and Vaal rivers and



are really worthless, but yet there is a qualified judgment in their favour according to money paid, and after other claimants have been satisfied; but the difficulty is that other claimants cannot be satisfied until these claims are got out of the way. I have been asking Mr. Campbell to arrange an interview with the Rev. W. A. Robinson, who claims no less than 48,000 morgen (*i.e.*, 16 farms, or 144 square miles), with a view to my coming to terms with him. He has actually paid £385 in hard cash, so that I think he will be entitled to at least six to eight thousand morgen; but we shall see what he will take.

The claims to this land under South African Republic (Transvaal) titles have all been disallowed by the Land Court, and are not in appeal, so that I can easily dispose of the claimants by referring them to Pretoria for redress: they will get nothing from us; they are bogus claims, but still I heard that they were passing at Port Elizabeth as five-pound notes when I passed through.

Crossed the Hart river and arrived at Likatlong (about 2.15 P.M.), formerly the residence of Janje Mothibi. Here Greef lives, a land agent with an unfortunate name, as it is common to say that all who come to Greef go to the bad. Greef has evidently native or Maltese blood in him, and has some very good points. I have heard of his doing kindly actions to people in distress, and I cannot help liking him a little. Likatlong is now a native reserve, there are a few trees here, and water gushes out in several places from the limestone rocks, and no doubt in

many other places it could be induced to come. We found a green patch of grass and here we lunched. A white Kafir was brought up for us to look at, he evidently has some disease or want of skin, only a portion is white, and he said that the white part of him cannot stand the sun's rays as the black part can.

We went to Janje's house, a tumbledown hut, with an enclosure, he is at Kuruman just now. Some time I must give Janje's pedigree, but I do not yet feel certain whether he is the hereditary chief of the Batlapins or not, it is difficult to understand this with their first wives and adopted children. We then went to the police-station, and the field-cornet gave us watercresses, which grow well about here; then on to Greef's house, a small stone hut. He complains bitterly of Mr. Ashton of the London Missionary Society, and says that he cannot get on with Janje, that Janje always wanted to leave Likatlong, but that Mr. Ashton prevented him because he (Janje) keeps the people there. Wheels within wheels. No doubt Mr. Ashton will have a good reply to all this, and I believe that he does what he thinks best for the native, and is thoroughly disinterested; but he often acts without much judgment.

Janje's son, Luka, is a wild fellow, who hates the English. Janje himself does not like law or order, and does not wish to be under any government. [This same Luka was one of our most determined antagonists in the rising of native tribes in 1878, and fought well and fiercely. He was conquered and captured by our troops.]



Greef says that these people will not grow anything in the irrigated soil—that the Almighty must give the rain for crops, and that they cannot take it from the ground. This is a curious idea, and must be looked to when I go back. There is something behind it all. In other parts Kafirs do not disdain irrigated land. Greef showed us the church, which the missionaries never completed (and where his pigs are now), also their old houses and gardens, and graves. It is all very melancholy to contemplate, and somebody is very much to blame, it would seem. The fruit-trees are in full blossom, but the houses are broken down, the walls overturned, and the graves untended. I feel rather sick at it all. I propose that a police-station may be made out of the old mission-house, that the police attend to the garden, trees, and graves, and that the people be persuaded to work. There are now only 200 on the location, and Greef states that it would hold 2000. I consider that the missionary society should be called upon to put their premises in order, or else give up all claim to the use of them, and that the fountain in the garden should be opened up. We went to see the schoolmaster, an old Batlapin; I complimented him on the neatness of his house, and chaffed him about a large lanthorn, in which I thought he put naughty children. These people don't make much of Christianity at present, but the time is coming.

It is painful to see the condition of this place. The location should be put under Government supervision, with an honest native protector, and the land



should be marked out as erven and given to the natives, on condition that they irrigate and cultivate the soil. There are large extents of valuable sowing lands here which for the prosperity of the province should at once be put under cultivation. The ground is in many parts so well watered that Greef remarked that it was too wet for cultivation: it certainly produces beautiful watercresses.

I do not feel certain that Likatlong should not be given out as a township it is so well watered, and the natives are so few: but towns will not spring up until the farms are occupied. It is all like to "the House that Jack built."

The case of Greef is an instructive one. Whatever may be his faults he certainly has strong claims for consideration from the Government, for he held his position as a British subject in stemming the advance of the Orange Free State on this country, at a time when he could have made much money by changing his views.

Likatlong has been occupied by the Batlapin tribe since 1825, when Andries Waterboer gave Mothibi permission to take up his abode here, after having been harried out of Kuruman by the Bergenaars; here they were under the eye and care of Waterboer.

Mothibi himself left Likatlong and did not return till 1840, when he found a man called Kars in possession, who, according to Batlapin laws, ought to have given up the fountain, but according to the law of Kars' tribe, he was in lawful possession; and Janje Mothibi, not daring to dispossess Kars by force, requested Greef to buy Likatlong for him (in Greef's

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name), promising to repay him and take Likatlong himself. Greef bought Likatlong (it is said for £450), dispossessed Kars, and then called upon Mothibi to repay him : but Mothibi had no cash, and the cattle he offered were deemed insufficient. So a quarrel arose. Greef considered that Janje had broken his compact, and claimed Likatlong as his own.

An appeal was made to Waterboer, who decided that Greef must leave the country on payment by Janje of some cattle in lieu of Likatlong ; eventually the matter slid on till it came up in the Land Court. Mr. Stockenstrom decided that Waterboer placed an excessive value on the cattle offered to Greef in order to please Janje, and decided that £220 was due to Greef, and recommended him for a grant of land, not only in lieu of this sum of money, but also, I apprehend, for his summary ejectment from Likatlong. Judging from others of the judge's recommendations this may mean 10,000 morgen. These are not all of Greef's claims. Some years ago he produced a letter from Waterboer regarding land at Campbell, which was stigmatised by the Colonial Secretary at Capetown as a forgery, and he consequently suffered in reputation till the opening of the Land Court, when his letter was decided to be genuine.

I am informed that if this matter is not settled up with Greef it will cause trouble, as he may sue Mothibi, and call upon this Government to support the sheriff in enforcing execution, a course which, politically, would cause much inconvenience, as



Janje Mothibi is a chief, exercising some personal influence within and beyond the confines of the province.

Mr. Greef proposes to compromise with the Government in full settlement of all claims, and asks to have six farms in all, 18,000 morgen, at an average of £4 for 1000 morgen. Taking the upset prices of the farms at £5 per 1000 morgen, this is equivalent to giving Greef £350, and this proposal I am ready to recommend, provided the land is not near to Likatlong, and provided it is near a magistracy, so as to avoid squabbles in the future.

I am going to recommend Janje Mothibi a farm at Likatlong of 3000 morgen, and as the rest of the land will be Batlapin locations, he will be in the midst of his people, and will, I hope, be comforted.

At Likatlong the Vaal river, after trending rather northerly of west, now suddenly makes a sharp turn and runs for seventy miles SSW., till it joins the Orange river. At ten to fifteen miles distance on the west of the Vaal is the great mountain wall or Kaap escarpment, leading up some 800 feet to the higher tableland of Griquatown and Kuruman. The space between the Kaap and the river vale is for the most part a thick bush of thorny trees, interspersed here and there with well-watered oases, where farms and locations have been established. There are the old locations of Sogo, Setlagomi and Sifonel. The wall of the Kaap is broken here and there by ravines or gullies, up which waggon tracks have been made. The most remarkable of these is that which leads to the



townships of Campbell. We left Likatlong at 4 P.M. and went down the Vaal river to Welford's farm and store, where we found a madman, and then on to Langedraaihoekfontein, where we outspanned near the Vaal river, and went to bed ; or rather lay down on our rugs. The country all about here is very bushy, but parched up, and the leaves of the bushes are burnt up. But still the mules can find some food though we give them a bundle of oat-straw each. I slept very fairly on an old tent, and waterproof in the open ; but the mules made much noise in the night kicking each other. We had tried to pitch tents, but the ground was too hard to get the pegs in, so Ashley and Villiers occupied the waggon. They both had toothache from colds, which usually come on when first starting on an open-air expedition.

*Saturday, September 29 (Michaelmas Day).*—I woke at 5 A.M., it was cold but not frosty, gave an unearthly yell outside the waggon, which brought out its occupants, and then a series of yells in the ear of Rufo before he would awake. He had made a comfortable bed ; first, clothes and a rug ; over all a water-proof sheet, three edges of which were weighted down with stones, through the free end he had crept into his den.

We started at 6 A.M. over a bush country towards the Kafir location of Sogo, on the Vaal river. From here the Kaap range seemed to break away opposite to us, and there was a line of hills running east and west, stretching towards Barkly, the Vaal river running through a gorge, but not a deep one. We walked on in front and shot a bird, and then over

monotonous country, with a very cold wind, till at last we reached Sogo, at 15 miles; it is a Batlapin village, Kafir huts, no white person lives here. The huts are circular and surrounded by stockades, or inclosures, just like those in my father's pictures. Men and women trooped down to see us, but we did not get much information from them. Potted lobster for lunch, and then we sat and smoked on the banks of the Vaal river. It is really rather pretty, the banks are thirty feet high and covered with trees, a kind of willow. Kafir women were washing clothes at the water edge, and a pig bathing on the opposite side, about seventy yards across. We left at 3.30 P.M. and trended away from the river south-west towards the pass leading up to Campbell until at 5.45 P.M. we met the waggon of Virtue, the son of old Virtue, who has a farm near Barkly. This son has bought a farm between Griquatown and Daniel's Kuil and has built a house there. He gave £350 for the farm to a Boer who gave £60 for it to the original owner, a Griqua: farms are rising in value. [In July 1900, I passed this farm, after defeating the rebels at Farbers Put and Campbell, and this young Virtue, now become old Virtue in his turn, turned out with the Union Jack to welcome us, and the ladies of the family brought out fruit to greet us with: we had scarcely met for twenty-four years.]

I had a talk with young Virtue, he says that farmers are coming up from Beaufort West and buying land about Griquatown.

We arranged to stop here till the moon rose, and



at sunset went to get a shot at a bushbuck, but saw nothing, though we afterwards learnt that there were Koodoo about—a kind of buck rarely met with in this part of Africa.

We made a nice fire with bushes and had mutton chops for supper; through some mistake we did not awake at the right time and consequently did not inspan till 6 A.M.

*Sunday, September 30.*—We went on through bushy country and then gradually approached the pass until we came to the first fountain, issuing out of the limestone rocks at the foot of the hills. Here we found green trees and birds in them singing merrily, all in the wilderness, the first time I have heard them really singing. Birds without song is one of the accusations against South Africa. It was delightful to sit and listen to them and feel that the accusation is untrue. We took our guns and went after Namaqua partridges, but only saw them in the distance, at present we know not their manners or their customs.

There is plenty of water oozing out about here, but only one real fountain, which gushes from the limestone rock, just as they do in Palestine. All around is limestone, a long range which in the distance is something like the appearance of the chalk range of the Surrey hills. The trees here are green, a sure sign of the proximity of water. I believe that water might be made to run all over the plain below, and that the farm might become very valuable: it belongs to a Griqua who has a hut and waggon hard by.



We started after breakfast and went up the pass till we saw Lower Campbell in the distance, lying in a break in the hills; above it is Upper Campbell connected with it by a bad Kloof road, which we shall avoid. The difference of level is 300 feet or more. As we approached Campbell we found green bushes and saw a few green trees. The township clusters around a series of fountains rising in the Kloof and running towards the valley below.

We drew up our waggon at the house and hotel of Ekman, a Dane, married to a daughter of S. Sindon of Dover Farm. Helsinger, a law agent, formerly servant to the judge, seems to be an important personage here, and paid us a visit. Ekman invited us to lunch, and we asked him to dinner. I went off with C. Orpen to see the springs: there are four good ones in Upper Campbell, already allotted. The water comes out of the ground over a large level space, surrounded by hills, and the level erven, of great extent, are irrigated in all directions. We saw fig trees, pomegranates, in full blossom, and oats growing for forage. There are only about six houses in Upper Campbell; that occupied by Ekman seems to have been sold to Sindon by Waterboer. Boven Campbell is just above. I went to see Janje Griqua there who lives in a mud hovel at the top, above the spring. He was one of Waterboer's councillors and has rather a pleasant face. He claims land and we had a long talk. He said that the old Griquas used to work hard, but that the rising generation are worthless; will do nothing. They

probably get spoilt by going to the Diamond Fields where they take to drink. Then we returned.

There is a store as well as hotel here, and a bath in a tent. A thunderstorm broke over us just as I was in the bath, and I had a shower bath into the bargain; for the water poured through the thin dry canvas roof. When canvas is very dry, heavy rain seems to fall straight through, without wetting the threads or closing up the pores.

After lunch we walked down through Middle and Lower Campbell, and found the remains of the old Mission Station; the widow of the last missionary living in the church; it is all rather melancholy to see; the mission grounds lying waste and the people gone away; and all the result of the progress of civilisation.

The name of the missionary was Bartlett; he first married a native woman (a Griqua) (N.B.—It is very difficult to say where coloured Boers end and Grikwas begin). There are sons and daughters in the first family; he then married a Dutch woman, and again brought up seven or more sons and daughters. I could not distinguish one set from the other, but they all seemed most respectable and well-brought up. The widow was living in the one large room, the church, a very pleasant old lady; she talked Dutch to me while I talked English to her. She said there had not been such a drought since 1862, when all the springs at Campbell failed. The road from Middle to Lower Campbell (which we avoided coming up) is very rough, like limestone steps, and on each side are hedges. It is like a wady



in Palestine, the first place like Palestine, I have seen in South Africa. There is everywhere the appearance of a drying up of the land.

We found only a few huts down here, inhabited by Griquas, Jasper Abraham and Abraham Kok; the latter is a very old man, nephew of old Adam Kok: he claims an erf here.

We went to visit Jasper Abraham, who was lying full length on an easy chair in the verandah of his hut. He is a fat old man, formerly a councillor of Waterboer, and supposed to be very rich. Among natives fatness is always supposed to accompany riches. He would not get up to greet us, and we had some conversation on the point: he said that a white man would not shake hands with a Griqua, and so the Griqua refused to get up and greet the white man. I said that I could not do business with him while he behaved in so inhospitable a manner; this touched him up, and he rose, and I shook hands with him, which seemed to affect him very much. I believe that these old Griqua head-men are more proud even than the Boers: and with the Boers pride is a great factor in their character.

His sons were out hunting ostriches in the desert beyond Kuruman. He said that he had had two farms in Albania, and had been turned out by the English settlers there, and that Waterboer had given him two farms near Campbell in lieu, but had omitted to give him any documents, and that his claims had been disallowed in the Land Court. He spoke most disrespectfully of the Government and of the Land Court, and seemed to have no trust in



Europeans. I was obliged to check him several times. He seems a sturdy old fellow, and more straightforward than most Griquas I have met. I could not promise to do anything for him, but said that it would be all looked into at once. In front of his house was a large erf (sowing ground) lying waste, this, he said, he had been turned out of by other claimants. These lands seem knee-deep in claimants, and they all prevent each other using them, and so nothing is done. Really things would be better under a less civilised government, as then the dominant party would get the upper hand, and the land would be cultivated, even if the rightful owners were ejected; but under our splendid system of government the lands lie waste altogether, and the only persons who thrive are the lawyers, who will soon get hold of all these properties.

Darkness came on and we groped our way back, and arrived at the hotel at 7 P.M. The landlord dined with us as our guest, and we had to ask him every now and then to get up and open a bottle of beer for us, which he did with alacrity. The half-caste land-agent kept coming through our dining-room every few minutes, as though he hoped to be invited to feed with us, until he was asked to go round, and then he went to the bar and talked at us in a loud tone of voice.

These Campbell land claims are very troublesome, as the Land Court has taken a different view of the matter to the Government, owing to the Orange Free State having put up Cornelius Kok and his successors as chiefs independent of Waterboer. The real

condition of affairs does not make much difference now as I have only to see what can be done to remedy the injustice done to the natives in so many ways ; but the case is instructive.

Campbell was originally discovered by Andries Waterboer in 1805, when on his way back from the Bechuana country, and was named Knovel Valley ; it then possessed a number of excellent fountains, far more than they are at present, so far as I can judge.

In 1811 these lands were taken possession of in the name of the London Missionary Society, by Mr. Janse, Mr. Burchell, Adam Kok, chief of Griquatown, and many of his people. Shortly after this Short Adam Kok and a party of Griquas started agricultural pursuits here, as an out-station of Griquatown, and in 1813 the name was changed to Campbell, after Mr. Campbell the missionary.

At this time there was one Bushman and his family living on the spot, October Bailie, and Adam Kok paid him 150 dollars to clear out from the fountain. In 1824, Andries Waterboer placed Cornelius Kok in charge of Campbell as sub-captain, and this was approved at Capetown on Waterboer's recommendation. In 1834, when Adam Kok, as chief of Philippolis made his territorial treaty with Waterboer, he received back from Waterboer the 150 dollars he had paid. It was not until the time of Nicholas Waterboer that Cornelius Kok began to sell farms surreptitiously to the Boers.

In 1820 there were no less than 800 Griquas at Campbell. There are now very few, though there



are thirteen good fountains and several hundred of morgen of excellent erven subject to irrigation. It is one of the best-watered places in Griqualand West and is a desirable spot for a township.

Having this in view I am making arrangements to give the place about 10,000 morgen as a commonage, and to set free for public use the greater number of the fountains. In all this I have to arrange that persons who have valid claims to ground at Campbell shall receive farms in lieu, only keeping their erven.

I am also recommending that 100 water erven should at once be surveyed and beacons off for the use of the Griquas and other natives living in the neighbourhood, and that in all cases where fountains have not been enclosed, the owners shall have only a first servitude on them, so that the townspeople may water their cattle at them. This provision seems necessary in order that in case the population increases private persons may not have the power to retard progress by cutting off the water-supply.

There are twelve cases in appeal, and compromises can now be effected with all.

The greatest trouble is the absurd cost of the survey of the erven. I should put it down as not more than 5s. an erf at the most, but the inspection charge is over £2. Verily surveyors can make their fortunes in this country.

*Monday, October 1.*—Got away at 7.30 A.M. for Griquatown (36 miles) through a good deal of bush, and eventually came out on a limestone plateau and bare veldt. The day was windy, the birds very wild,



and we shot nothing until arriving at the fountain half way, where Namaqua partridges come to drink : we got some of them, and they were very good to eat. Villiers was dreadfully desponding at the desolation we had met, and wished he had never seen it ; we knocked his hat over his eyes and hit him with sticks until he turned on us in wrath and retaliated, making us flee before him, and after that he was more sanguine about affairs.

Arrived at an outspanning place at 1.30 P.M., when we had food and went after spring-buck, but could not get near them. We were lured on after a hare, then a koorhaan, and then a paauw, until we were nigh being lost and found our way back with difficulty.

I had a trial of skill with Rufo, the Italian, in making an omelette. I chose this day for the trial because there was a very cold wind blowing strongly. Rufo began to make his omelette in orthodox manner, and no doubt it would have been excellent had he been indoors ; but he did not calculate on the effects of a cold wind : the result was something like leather, to his great mortification. Then I took my turn, screened off the wind with my body, and kept a plate over the eggs until I turned out a fairly good omelette to the surprise of all. Rufo was comforted later on when I explained about the effect of the wind and allowed that in a house he could beat my poor efforts. We now went on over the bushy veldt, plenty of scrub, and then bush again, and at last saw Griquatown in front of us with a line of purple hills beyond.

We were not prepossessed with its appearance ; it lies in a valley, and consists of a few brick and stone houses, a desolate and forlorn-looking place, without trees or gardens that we could see. As we got nearer, however, we found some signs of progress in a cutting in the rock at least ten feet deep to conduct water to the erven which are, however, at present quite dry.

The Civil Commissioner and others came out to meet us. There are very few persons here, and all except the officials, are living on the land question and the litigation that has ensued since the Land Court was held. There are Mr. Roper the C.C. and wife, Mr. Hinton, Mr. du Toit, and Mr. Manby, attorneys and land agents. Mr. Scholtz was here to buy farms. The Dutch have just made Griquatown their Nachemaal centre, and consequently the town must grow. There were forty Dutch waggons here a few days ago. The Dutch are fast taking up farms in all these parts. It is reported that about a month ago £65,000 was brought up for the purchase of farms, but that it all went back again when the intending purchasers found out the high rate of quit-rent *at present* charged on the dry farm, viz., at least £5 a thousand morgen. I am hoping to get this excessive rental reduced, particularly because, under the Crown, it must be paid in cash, and even wealthy farmers cannot get hold of cash though they may have plenty of kind.

We put up at the hotel or store of Harrison Brothers, general dealers, and dined with the Ropers ; a very pleasant evening. It was curious to



see in this out-of-the-way place the Civil Commissioner when walking out, dressed as carefully as though he were walking up Bond Street; there is something incongruous in this amid all the desolation and penury around; but the Griquas do want an example set them in dressing neatly.

It is difficult to give correctly the very early history of Griquatown; it goes back to the heroic ages of the country.

I believe that over one hundred years ago this country was entirely unoccupied except by Bushmen and wild animals, such as hippopotami, elephants, rhinoceros, buck of all sorts, and lions. In those days the grass grew high and stiff, tambookie grass, and the sun never reached the soil, consequently the ground never got really dry and heavy rain fell periodically. There were swamps and vleis in all directions, and the sluits, now dry, used to run constantly. All the traditions of the natives point to this. The Molopo, now usually dry, was then a flowing river.

Then came up the Koranna, and they brought sheep with them. Now sheep cannot live amongst high grass; they want short grass or bush. The result was the burning down of the tall grass near the dwelling-places and the substitution of grass or bushes that sheep could live on. Then the sun got at the soil, and a general drying-up process commenced.

Griquatown is now a melancholy sight. You can see how the fountain has been cut down lower and lower—until at last it is about fifteen to twenty feet below the surrounding soil, and a deep trench has



been cut so that the water may reach the erven below.

Major Lanyon has asked me to instruct the Civil Commissioner to get the erven laid out according to the survey, and at a cost of £2 2s. each erf: it seems to me a prohibitory sum, but the law lays it down.

Why cannot they just peg out the erven in rectangular allotments as we do at home? The whole could be surveyed in a morning, and the cost would be nominal, but then the surveyors must earn their daily bread, and I suppose this is a matter on which they make.

*Tuesday, October 2.*—Up early: rain and mist, a most unusual occurrence and quite a Godsend to the country; it will put every one in good heart. I called on the Civil Commissioner and, with him, went to see the ex-chief Waterboer; he lives in a good house, near the Courthouse: it is badly furnished. He does not now drink to excess, as he formerly did, but his swollen eyelids tell tales of former days, for he has been a hard drinker. His father, Andries, was said to be a pure blooded native, and some think a pure blooded Griqua, which seems impossible as the Grikas are said to be half-castes. The Surveyor-General says that Andries was a Bushman; and this again seems improbable, as he was an exceptionally gifted man of great force of character, more like a very able white man. His son Nicholas Waterboer, the ex-chief looks like a Griqua: he has good features, his white curly hair growing in tufts, and a white beard.

He was very pleasant and haughty and dictatorial and talked as if the whole country still belonged to him, and as though he would settle everything with a wave of the hand? I was obliged to tell him that he had handed over his country, was under British rule and must come to terms soon or he would be ruined by those who were lending him money, and that my object was to settle matters with him so that he might have something to live upon. I told him, however, that I could not go into details with him unless he gave up his claim to Daniel's Kuil, where he claimed 100,000 morgen, worth about £10,000 (about thirty-three farms or 300 square miles). Daniel's Kuil is one of the three farms awarded to Waterboer by the Land Court, but the Crown has appealed against the judgment and there are other claimants to portions of the lands. It is one of the best watered pieces of country in the province and is required in the future for a township. I have no doubt myself that it is not part of the private property of Waterboer but was bought by him territorially, *i.e.*, his father bought the goodwill of the Government from another chief.

We had a long talk over the matter and he said that he must consult his sisters, but I showed him, that I had his sisters' consent to abandon the claim; then he said that he must consult Klaas Kruger, one of his old councillors; so I agreed to wait until the following day. He does not like giving up Daniel's Kuil though I feel sure that he knows that it is not his private property. All these people



so far as I can judge, like to retain vague and sentimental grievances and cannot be happy without them; grasping at the shadow and leaving the substance. At the bottom of Waterboer's sentiment regarding Daniel's Kuil is his inability to realise that he is no longer paramount chief of the land. But the matter must be settled, otherwise the land agents will collar everything and Waterboer will be a pauper in a very short time.

Waterboer has three sons and all drink: Andries who is in the house now is less addicted to drink than the others.

After lunch the Civil Commissioner came over and talked about Waterboer's claim until 5 P.M. when he took us for a ride to the outspanning place, which is said to have been proposed by the Surveyor-General. It is five miles from Griquatown. I am lost in astonishment and cannot imagine what they are all driving at. They are all at cross purposes down here; I cannot think that Mr. Orpen can have proposed an outspanning place so far off from the township. The rocks below the town are almost picturesque and when it grows they can be made to look very pretty, but it will be a long time before Griquatown prospers.

We dined with the Ropers and during dinner a telegram was received forwarded from Kimberley saying that there was war on the Kafir frontier, and that Ashley must go off by October 10: so our expedition to Kuruman is knocked on the head, though it is only fifty miles from Daniel's Kuil, for which I hope to start to-morrow. I fear now that



Sir Bartle Frere will not be able to pay us his intended visit till there is peace again.

There is a good fountain near here called Uit Kyk where there should be plenty of erven as the water can be brought out ; it is a thousand pities that all erven are not at once sold and cultivated : people would go ahead here if the Government would only let them, but who is responsible for the mismanagement about here I cannot say : I am sure that Lanyon wishes to push matters foward.

The land claims of Waterboer are perfectly enormous, and far beyond anything he can have any right to, comprising as they do all the best watered places in this part of the province. Arnot's claims on the other hand were mostly dry farms. I rather stick at the question of private rights to water in such a dry country : I think that there is naturally a servitude on all the springs for out-spanning, &c.

I have, however, to look to the promises made to Waterboer by the British Government and not to his actual rights, and under those promises I think he is entitled to about thirteen farms. The worst of the matter is that Waterboer is not fit to look after his own affairs. His lands ought to have been put into commission at the very beginning : now it will be difficult to save much for him out of the wreck of his claims, as he has plunged so frightfully into the hands of the land agents and money-lenders. I hear of the interest on some of his debts exceeding greatly the original sum lent. I can see no rosy side to this business.

The locusts swarm about this country at times, though I do not see what they can find to eat: in the distance their flight looks like the dust of many horsemen or cattle moving quickly. I heard a story about a farmer near here; for six weeks he and his family fought the attacks of locusts on his garden and beat them down the well. At last the wind changed, the locusts vanished, and the family breathed freely and said "We are safe, we shall have all our fruit in consequence of our exertions." A few hours after a hail storm came up and destroyed everything in the garden. It seems to me that the stories here abound in moral lessons; I suppose it is so when there are so many people with primitive ideas.

*October 3.*—Up rather late and find no signs of Klaas Lucas on whom Waterboer relies, so I have been asked to wait till the afternoon. The Civil Commissioner cannot understand the town plan of the erven made by the Government Surveyor, he does not know where to mark the road in consequence and he asked me as a surveyor to assist him. Of course the surveyors ought to mark off everything on the ground; but they say that they are not paid for doing so, and consequently the Civil Commissioner is left with a plan only intelligible to the initiated. I couldn't find on the plan a single object existing on the ground except some of the outside beacons, and it was difficult to get a starting-point. Eventually the Civil Commissioner showed me a heap of stones in the corner of the proposed market square, which proved to mark the central road; and as



soon as I recognised one point I could ascertain by measurement where the other points were. I had to pace yards and I do not think that he liked striding along beside me, doing nothing but hold the plan. I pegged out the road for him, and he immediately sent convicts to bridge over the sluit and make the road secure. I then pointed out the several erven to him, and ascertained that the land agent knows all about them, and can say who are the claimants, so I asked that he might be sent for; but the Civil Commissioner said that he did not speak to the agent and that if he came he would have to go. I suppose it is incidental to such a place that private quarrels are brought into public affairs. Mr. —, who is a land agent to the Griquas, has a son here who keeps a canteen, and his office is next to the bar, and the natives complain that instead of getting their lands they only get drinks, boots and jackets; it may be much exaggerated, but it is a matter for Major Lanyon to see into. I went to see the gaol; it is a miserable two-celled place fit for about twenty prisoners at the most, but they often have to put fifty prisoners in it; the women are separated. The sentences are mostly long, and those cases should be sent to Kimberley gaol. There are never any white prisoners kept here.

After going round to see a Griqua claimant, Mr. Manby an attorney came up and spoke about the condition of Waterboer and said that the agreement I would accept was liberal, and Mr. Mitrovitch (a Russian from Malta) also said that Waterboer



must come to terms and that he would go and see him. Beautiful drizzling rain.

At lunch time Mr. Harrison came rushing in to say that the sisters of Waterboer had come to terms, as though it were an affair of state; and all about the streets of the little place, people, white and coloured, were talking it over; it was most entertaining. At about 2 P.M., Mr Harrison came to say that Waterboer had had too much drink to see me and asked if I would put off my journey: I gave him till 9 A.M. to-morrow.

*October 4.*—Klaas Kruger has not come and Waterboer is not really drunk but wants to gain time.

In the afternoon I went with Villiers over the erven of the town and on to Lieuw Kuil to show him the absurdity of the proposed outspanning place. Moreover they want to put the outspan on the soft ground fit for erven instead of on the hard limestone close by. The oxen can be taken to drink at Lieuw Kuil. Villiers quite agreed; the difficulties all seem to arise from the private local squabbles.

Griquatown is a wonderful place for gossip and yet so many are not on speaking terms with each other. Now that the people begin to know us they have told us some of the stories others have told of us. I dare say they make them up themselves, but they amused us; but some of the stories have evidently been believed. For example Mr. Harrison asked us more than once if we did not wish to have a bottle of spirits always on the table, and was constantly apologising for the poorness of their apartments; this arose they say from their having been

told that we were so particular and very easily offended. We were told some ridiculous stories about our behaviour to Major Lanyon at Government House, in crabbing at his good fare ; and the conversation was all told so circumstantially. Among other things we were told that some one just arrived here from Kimberley had said : " You will not like Captain Warren, he is so particular. He goes into Major Lanyon's office with his hat on the back of his head, sits down in a chair and says : ' Your stationery is bad, I cannot write out of a pewter inkstand—you must bring me a glass ink-bottle and proper paper and pens or I shall throw up the matter and go home to England.' " I cannot think how they can have believed such rubbish—but here, though people are always making up stories, they seem to believe anything they are told ; they don't look upon the stories merely as so much chaff. Lanyon will be amused when he hears of the manner in which we are supposed to communicate with each other.

*Thursday, October 4.*—Klaas Kruger has not turned up, so Waterboer is going on without him, and at 9 A.M. appeared in our little sitting-room at the Harrisons, supported by Mr. Manby, attorney. Just then Klaas Kruger arrived and Waterboer must needs go out to see him and there the business seemed likely to end. I therefore had the waggon packed to show that we were going, and at last about 11 A.M. Klaas Kruger and Waterboer came and said that they would agree to anything I proposed ; so Mr. Manby sat down and wrote out a



draft of the whole matter: in the middle of it Waterboer complained of a pain in the stomach and went out: so we had to send a councillor with him to see that he did not get drunk. He came back after a time all right, and then he got a pain in the leg and must have some wine. At last at 1 P.M. all the proposal was written down, agreed to by his councillors, and signed by him and his attorney. Before leaving there was an amusing mistake owing to one of the stories about our always requiring two servants to wait on us: when it was explained the Harrisons laughed heartily, and we parted good friends. The fact is that we are accustomed to do things for ourselves, but the white people about here are so proud and conceited that they will do no menial act on any account, and they have imputed to us (in an intensified degree) their own failings in this respect. I thought that after pegging out all the Griquatown erven for the people, in company with a lot of convicts, the people need not have believed the stories as to our being so sentimentally fastidious.

We started at 2 P.M.; the roads very nice from the recent rain; went north for several hours, and at 5 P.M. outspanned in a lovely country, shot some partridges and Koorhaan for dinner, went on at sunset, till we could distinguish the road no longer, and slept in the bush.

*Friday, October 5.*—Up at sunrise: the mules very thirsty, there being no water about; went on to Jacobsfontein, the only fountain between Griquatown and Daniel's Kuil: there we had a good



breakfast, and shot a hare which was standing up at the end of the road dazed by our appearance. Went to shoot partridges, but they are too wild at this time of day. Went on over a bushy country where water may be found, and came to Daniel's Kuil at 5 P.M. The natives here are burning the bush to drive out the white man ; there are real live Bushmen about here with poisoned arrows, but they are seldom seen, they keep out of sight.

Got down and walked up to the farm, Oude Plaats, where there is a beautiful spring of water issuing from the limestone rock. Here we met Mr. Chapman, the purchaser of the ground. He has enclosed about four acres, and planted a thousand vines and many fruit-trees ; then we walked on to the fountains of Daniel's Kuil, and very voluminous they are. There are acres and acres of erven well watered : much might be made of this place. We came on snipe in the marshes, but our guns were not handy. We came to a fountain where a black field-cornet, Flemming, lives ; and then on to the house of Mr. Burness, field-cornet in the Barkly district ; here is a fine fountain. Mr. Burness asked us in to supper and showed us the lands he is cultivating, called Taka ; they belong to Jood, and he cultivates all and gives Jood half the produce ; these Griquas will not now cultivate anything themselves.

Mr. Burness, his wife and brother, live in a little shanty, and trade with the interior : this used to be the high road to Kuruman through Hardcastle and Griquatown. He had heard no n than a month, as there is no post to

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We had a very interesting conversation; he says that he never sees any Bushmen about. He thinks that the land agents are getting the lands of the natives, and wants something to be done on their behalf. I asked if a government agent or protector of natives could do it, and he said "Yes." I must see to this. He wanted very much to have a piece of ground to cultivate himself.

Daniel's Kuil was one of the places occupied very early in this century, it was under the rule of the Griqua chief, Barend Barends, who seems to have exercised independent control up to 1822. But after that, in consequence of the incursions of the Mantatees, and the pillaging of the Bergenaars, it came under the dominion of Andries Waterboer, as paramount chief; and in 1834 he bought Barend Barends out. He actually bought Daniel's Kuil for a mission-station. I consider that he did not buy the actual soil, but only the goodwill of the Government.

*Saturday, October 6.*—Left at 9 A.M., and traversed a good country, past Cook's fountain. Much rain has fallen. We passed a village of Grikwas, and arranged for a span of oxen to take our waggon down the steep road of the Kaap, next morning, and went on till 8 P.M., when we outspanned and slept on the ground.

*Sunday, October 7.*—The oxen did not turn up, and we had to go down a very steep and rugged descent with our little mules, till we came to a beautiful park-like piece of scenery. We shot a good many partridges near the fountain at the top of the Kaap.



We arrived at Likatlong at 3 P.M., where we met Greef, Bailie, assistant surveyor, and Sam Edwards, who are engaged in laying out Kafir locations: the latter is taking up work as a sort of protector of natives, and is the best man that could be got for such a post; only give him the necessary power. The natives have absolute confidence in him, and so have all Europeans: he has a wonderful reputation for doing what is right, willy nilly.

We arrived at Barkly at sunset, and found the hotel full, so that we had to pitch our little tents outside: we supped at the hotel. F. Orpen, Frank Green and Minton came to see us.

*Monday, October 8.*—Started at 7 A.M., crossed by the pont, shot partridges on the way, and arrived at Kimberley at 11 A.M.

At the halfway house there is a charming little parrot or love bird, which likes to have its head scratched, and a delightful rat-tailed meerkat, which rolls itself up into a ball and likes to be petted.

On our way in we passed Mr. J. B. Robinson and his bride. We learn that the Kafir war is going on nicely, and that Kreli is being driven from pillar to post, but our news is not worth much. Ashley leaves by coach to-morrow.

I had an amusing interview with a claimant this afternoon, named Thomas Cox. He wants a farm because he led the Volunteers at the "jollification" at Cawood's Hope. I suppose that was in April 1871, when loyal subjects of the Queen were banded together to oppose the Free State Commando of one thousand men sent by President Brand to defend the



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Free State rights against the mounted police sent to the dry diggings by the British magistrate. The high contending parties were in grim earnest, but I fancy that the diggers thought that the fun was got up for their own amusement. I get such strange and interesting versions of the doings in those days that I only wish I had time to write them down.

## CHAPTER XX

*Monday, October 9.*—Waterboer's case seems a hard one. If he had come to this country and squatted on these lands as a half-caste Boer they would have been awarded to him. If he had gone into the Orange Free State he could have held land, for many of the Boers are coloured.

Before stating how I have arranged for settling Waterboer's claims I must note down a short account of the condition of the Griquas continuing from what I said on January 1 (page 43).

The older Cornelius Kok, captain of the Griquas, was confirmed in his appointment by Lord Caledon early in the century, but his son Adam (Dam) Kok actually acted as chief at Griquatown, where the Griquas, instructed by the missionaries, settled down to cultivate the ground. Dam Kok, however, soon tired of civilised life, and about 1819 he left Griquatown with a band of discontented followers, and resorted to plunder and rapine, living in the hills about the Orange and Vaal rivers, and acquiring the name of Bergenaars.

In the meantime a very remarkable man, named Andries Waterboer, was advanced to the ministry of the Griquas by the London Missionary Society.

was reputed to be a full-blood Hottentot, but from his great ability and indomitable energy he may be supposed to have had white blood. He was appointed chief of the Griquas when Adam Kok abdicated, and his appointment was recognised by the Governor in 1822, when a political agent, Mr. Melvil, was sent to Griquatown to reside with him and support him.

In 1823 Andries Waterboer (at the request of Mr. Moffat) took command of a force from Griquatown (accompanied by Mr. Melvil) and marched to the assistance of the Kuruman mission against an invasion of the powerful and savage Mantatees, whom he routed utterly.

I give some account of this period from my father's journal in 1825.

"*July 9, 1825.*—Lived with Melvil, at Griquatown, the Government agent, who gave us an account of the differences of the Bergonars. Only one missionary here, a very old man, Mr. Sass, a German : several tolerable houses, but the place deserted for want of grass, &c. Andries Waterboer, the captain of the town. I heard from Mr. Melvil that a little lower down, the Orange River might be turned from its course and water a considerable country. Also that in crossing the country between Beaufort and the Ax river there was a plant very much like a reed, which had some silky fibres which make very good thread.

"A considerable number of Koranas and Bechuanas come and reside here. The Koranas are very much in the same state as the Bojismen. The country very poor just now, and nothing to be got ; a great



deal of iron in the stone. I heard an account of an expedition to Sibonel, one of the chiefs of the Barrolong natives.

"Six hundred of his cattle were seized by the Griquas because Mr. Broadhurst's (the missionary) house had been plundered, supposed by the Griquas to have been Sibonel himself, and not the Mantatees, and they considered they had a right to punish the affairs of another nation. What are now called the Bergonars are different from the Hartoneers, having been joined by two old captains. Kar's place belonging to a Griqua, now called Daniel's Kuil, halfway between Griquatown and the Souree, will produce about two hundred muids of corn this season unless fail by ill-luck: fondness of the Griquas for dress, waggons, horses, &c.: debts to the Boers for these articles. Bechuana servants and Bechuana house at Griquatown.

"Arrived at Souree (considered five days from Griquatown), on the Kuruman River, on Sunday, September 5, 1825, and departed on Thursday, September 9. Heard from Mr. Moffat, who travelled a considerable way in the interior to the Bamwaketze (called by Campbell Wanketzens), of whom Makabba was king, about the regular state of the country, the age and superior knowledge of that king, his death by some Mantatees after fighting for some time; Melinda, said by Campbell to be the capital of his country, is the name of his father. Kunan, or Chunang (now Kunana), the capital of the Barrolongs, is called by Campbell Mashow, and the king Kossei; Kossie, or "king" in Bechuana, and Mashow

his name. Campbell's geography is totally incorrect.

"Went to the town of Letakoo, and found it deserted; it is built in circles, enclosing kraals.

"Arrived at Tourtham on Sunday the 12th, after travelling a little to the eastward of south. Here we found poor Mateebe, who had been driven from old Letakoo by the Mantatees, and from New Letakoo by the Koranas, assisted by some Griquas, Jacob Cloete, and Nicolas Diver. He says he could not fight against muskets, and does not know what to do; was pleased to hear of the order in the colony prohibiting Griquas from selling cattle; he has no horses—has only a bush to live under and not many followers.

"Customs that differ from Kafirs on the east coast: the Bechuanas live in cities, and have outposts for their cattle; build better houses; can sell cattle without asking permission from their chiefs: dance more like Europeans: sibelo (a sparkling stone) used for the hair instead of red clay; cultivate beans; fight in their carosses; their shields smaller; their carosses with the hair on; dress with more decency and cover their person; the language considerably different.

"A great number of Koranas with the Bechuanas; some, indeed most, carry the bow and poisoned arrows. They are of copper colour. Conversed with Mateebe by means of Dirk, an interpreter sent by Mr. Moffat, who spoke Korana; gravity and time taken to reply; news on both sides first said; chiefs collected, and conversation about Mantatees;





THE CHIEF MTHIBI AND HIS WARRIORS, SEPTEMBER 12, 1825





a Bechuana said that he had heard of the Mantatees from his father, but that they had remained quiet for a considerable time afterwards. They conquered some of Bechuanas, and spread in different large bodies over the whole country, and killed Mackabba, and about the same time were beaten by the Griquas in their attempt on Letakoo.

"Account of the action by Mr. Moffat; firing and running until they had killed most of the chiefs of the Mantatees; how desperately they fought, one succeeding another, throwing out bodies of troops to surround the horses of the Griquas; Moffat's escape: weapons—a circular piece of iron fastened by a short stick to them, a battle-axe, very much curved, short assegais; always rush on; some wore the same ornaments as the Kafirs.

"*Sunday, September 19.*—Returned to Griquatown.

"*Tuesday, September 21.*—Dr. Philip arrived. Heard that Waterboer was set up by the missionaries with power equal to the old chiefs, and attempts at making him greater; old Dam Kok bamboozled out of the captainship. Left Griquatown, Saturday 28. Passed Hard Castle, Asbestos Mountain, Groote River, farms of Old Fortun. Koranas are a remove above the Bojismen, having cattle. Passed by several salt fountains and rivers; arrived Sunday, October 3, 1825, at Lang Valley. Bastards with cattle; they wander about as the grass grows and water lasts, between this and Namaqualand."

In 1824–5 the Bergenaars plundered the Bechuanas, under Mothibi, on the Hart river and captured their

cattle: upon this Waterboer attacked the Bergenaars, captured the cattle, rescued the Bechuanas, and took them under protection. Adam Kok was subsequently induced by Dr. Philip to give up his wandering life and settle about the mission-station of Philippolis, in the country north of the Orange River about Fauresmith, what was then called East Griqualand. He was acknowledged chief of Philippolis by General Bourke in 1825.

The Griquas, at this time, were called the Makoods (*i.e.*, the civilised) by the Barolongs, and the territory Waterboer ruled over was identical with the present province of Griqualand West. As an instance of the custom of buying and selling lands in those days is the fact that in 1819 Adam Kok purchased the Campbell Springs from October Bailie, a Bushman, for 150 rix dollars, and that A. Waterboer paid this sum back to Adam Kok in 1834.

In 1834 the Governor entered into a treaty with Andries Waterboer, under which the latter engaged to protect the Colonial border from Kheis to Ramah. In 1837 Andries Waterboer agreed with Adam Kok, of Philippolis that the Griqua territory should be divided into Western and Eastern Griqualand, Ramah being the point of separation.

Up to this time the territories north of the Orange river were entirely under the Griquas, subject to British influence; but about 1834-6 the rebel Boers commenced the "great trek," and flocked over the Orange river into the Philippolis district, and the Griquas were unequal to keeping order. In consequence of the troubles that arose, the Governor



in 1846 entered into a treaty (the Maitland Treaty) with Adam Kok, in which his absolute dominion of East Griqualand was acknowledged: but his territories were divided into two parts: those that could be sold to Europeans and those that were entirely reserved to Griquas.

Shortly after this (in 1848) Cornelius Kok, sub-captain at Campbell in West Griqualand, who had been for some time at variance with Waterboer, began to sell lands in West Griqualand to Boers, or else allowed them to squat on land, north of the Reit river. In this year, in consequence of the troubles made by the Boers in Adam Kok's territory the British sovereignty was proclaimed over the country between the Orange and Vaal rivers, but West Griqualand remained as before.

Andries Waterboer died in 1852, and was succeeded by his son, Nicholas, a young man who showed no signs of the ability or individuality of his father; he was recognised as chief of West Griqualand by the British Government, but no formal treaty was made with him.

In 1854 the Orange River Sovereignty was abandoned and the Orange River Free State (Republic) established in its place. After this the Boers began to overflow into West Griqualand, squatting or buying land from Cornelius Kok or other Griqua or Koranna occupants, contrary to the Griqua laws. In 1863 David Arnot appeared on the scenes to champion the Griquas, and in 1867 the English settlement of Albania was started to act as "a living wall of flesh against Boer aggression."

Shortly after this diamonds were found in the Vaal River, and in 1870 there was a rush of thousands of whites and natives to the Diamond Fields, who required a strong hand to keep them in order.

In 1862 the Griquas of East Griqualand were removed by the Government to Nomansland (now Griqualand East, near Natal) so that they not only sold their lands but got others in their place.

The following points are to be observed in the history of the Griquas.

Though they were treated as independent native tribes by our Government, yet they were looked upon as being sufficiently civilised and competent to keep order amongst the Boers who came amongst them.

Their system of government was modelled on that of the Dutch ; they had a Raad, and Councillors, they laid down their boundaries, and sold their lands between themselves, like white men. They were organised to all intents and purposes as half-caste republics, recognised and supported by the British Government.

Although the life of the lower orders was tribal, yet it is quite certain that the life and rule of the chiefs and their council and of the more civilised was *territorial*. From the earliest times they had territorial boundaries, wherever they were required, and alien tribes coming within those boundaries came under the rule of the Griqua chiefs. On this account Andries Waterboer had under his rule, Batlapins, Barolongs, Batlaros, and Korannas ; and these people disposed of their lands, one to the



other, giving cash or cattle, though their laws forbade them to sell lands to white men.

When the province of Griqualand was proclaimed British territory (October 27, 1871) by cession from Nicholas Waterboer, he was made most distinct promises as to his lands being confirmed to him, and an adequate pension befitting his rank. He was to have his lands at once, and a quieting proclamation was issued which clearly implied that all land claims put forward by Waterboer and his council were to be confirmed.

The delay in the issue of titles was not, at first, due to inactivity on the part of the Provincial Government. Waterboer went off to Nomansland and did not return till 1873, when he sent in lists of the farm claims, signed by himself and councillors.

A land commission was appointed in 1875, of which Waterboer was a member, and he gave much trouble by his inertness and inebriety. This Commission beacons off several of the farms he claimed, but had issued no land certificates, when there was a change of policy (possibly due to the influence of the newly established representative Government in the Cape Colony) and a Land Court was established. Had the duties of the Land Court been restricted to the land east of the Vaal and Hart river they would have comprised all the claims in which Orange Free State titles were involved, and no particular hardship would have been entailed upon the Griquas: but unfortunately the claims of Waterboer and the Griquas were submitted



to it also and were for the most part disallowed and are now in appeal.

As to the nature of the promises of our Government to Waterboer and the Griquas there can be no doubt, as Mr. Richard Southey (who was Colonial Secretary at Capetown at the time of the annexation and was afterwards Land Governor of Griqualand West) has stated on several occasions that the intention was to give the Griquas the farms allotted to them on Waterboer's lists, and to allow them to sell their farms if they wished to do so. The Land Commission above alluded to was initiated by Mr. Southey to enable the Griquas to acquire the lands they claimed.

N. Waterboer's position is this. In 1871 the Government promised to him his private property (as stated by him) at once, and a handsome fixed salary befitting his rank.

The Land Court judgment of 1876 gave him four farms. He has had to borrow £1000 to pay for his expenses in the Land Court. He has had to sell his farms, in prospect, in order to live, as his temporary allowance made to him has only averaged £500 per annum.

In 1876 he paid £6000 to David Arnot to bring his case before the Governor-in-Chief.

I find that the value of Daniel's Kuil, which has been awarded to him, is about £10,000. I have, therefore, now made a proposal which will satisfy all parties, the value of which is, exclusive of his pension, about £14,000.

The values of the various proposals are as follows :

On April 31, 1877, he asked for lands to the value of £46,000. On June 6, 1877, the Executive Council offered him to the value of £26,000, and Mr. Southey proposed £35,000 (including Daniel's Kuil). I have recommended all the farms (13) claimed by him, (except Daniel's Kuil) and a pension of £1000 per annum on himself and £500 on his wife after him, if she survives, and the value is £25,000.

Most of the farms are already sold by him. The Attorney-General and Council think my recommendation a very good solution and Major Lanyon has approved ; so this difficult matter is settled.

*Tuesday, October 10.*—Adolf Erasmus has paid me a morning visit, his coming is rather an event for him. When I used to stay with him, he often remarked that if he paid me a visit in Kimberley in his Boer clothes and "veldt-schoons" (untanned leather shoes) I should be ashamed of him and give him the cold shoulder ; and when he arrived he again alluded to this. I was delighted to see him and took him first to the house of Judge Barry, with whom he became acquainted when we were laying down the boundary line. The judge and I are great friends, and I was sure he would welcome Erasmus : he lives in a little bungalow in a street hard by, quite a small house (such as they mostly use at Kimberley ; mud and iron and canvas), with a verandah covered with creepers and a diminutive garden facing the street. He is an enthusiastic gardener and is trying what he can do to establish a public garden in Kimberley, and has made a dam.

He welcomed Erasmus in Kimberley style, viz.,



by opening a large bottle of Champagne; and there we all stood in the hot sun sipping "fizz" and pledging each other and our respective countries, before 11 A.M. It was no compliment to Erasmus for me to take him to the hotel, so I ascertained if he would be welcomed at Government House—I knew he would—and then I took him to see our principal tin buildings at Kimberley, and discussed the prospects of his getting a farm in Griqualand West, for he is hot upon doing so, though his own farm was cut out into the Orange Free State because he was so anti-English. At lunch time I took him over to Government House and presented him to Major Lanyon, who received him most hospitably, and we joked about his getting a hot joint instead of a cold shoulder, for the Boers love plain speaking. He was immensely pleased with his reception and complimented Major Lanyon very much on the prospects of farmers in Griqualand West, and was in excellent humour.

I volunteered to accompany him some distance out of Kimberley, in his four-horse cart, as he is not so well acquainted with our ways and customs. As we drove through the outskirts we came near a compound without any adequate barriers and Erasmus, in spite of my expostulations, insisted on driving right through it, as it was a short cut, and soon we found ourselves among the fowls of the establishment, which were scattered right and left. This brought out the owner, a highly irascible gentleman, who was justly enraged at our proceedings, and used language which produced voluminous replies from



Erasmus. The Dutch and the English views of ownership were trotted out, and Erasmus shouted out that the English were continually coming up to his house through his fowls. Fortunately they did not get to blows though they were getting on that way, and when I got an opportunity I asked the householder if he had had his dinner yet. He looked surprised and said, "No." "Well, you see, we have had ours!" At this he burst out laughing, and let us go through without more ado. When we were on the road again Erasmus said to me, "What did you tell that man to quiet him?" I said, "I told him we had had our dinner." I had to repeat it before he got an idea in his head, and then he became violently angry, flogged up his horses, and we bowled away at a splitting pace; then when we were out of Kimberley he stopped, burst out laughing and said I was right, and when we parted he was in excellent humour again.

*October 11.*—This morning I had another visitor. Major Lanyon, just after lunch, came into my office with a dubious smile on his face and said he had brought another old friend to see me, and left him with me. It proved to be my old Irish friend from beyond Mima's, and I soon found out why Major Lanyon had passed him on to me. He was in a highly excited state about his farms, abused the Government, the Land Court, and the world in general, and evidently looked upon me as a friend in whom he could confide; but his business was not with me it was with Major Lanyon. I saw no prospect of calming him; he wanted repose and

quiet, and there was only one easy chair, an old deck chair, in the whole of the Government offices, and that was in Major Lanyon's office, for visitors. So, as it was near lunch-time, I said there was a much more comfortable chair for him to sit in in Major Lanyon's office, and there I took him and sat him down, and in a trice he was fast asleep and snoring. Then I repaired to Government House, and was assailed with questions as to what I had done with my friend, and why I had not brought him in to lunch. I smiled enigmatically and told Major Lanyon that he would no doubt see him again. When I met Major Lanyon in the afternoon and asked him after my friend I thought that he was at first a little bit short and cross with me, but he soon warmed up with his subject and told me that on his arrival at his office, one of the clerks had awakened our friend too soon, and that an animated conversation had ensued—Connaught against Ulster. And Connaught got so vociferous that he had to be led away.

*Tuesday, October 16.*—Anthony Trollope has arrived here, and has given us great entertainment : I like him immensely. He is writing about this country, and I hope will prove to be an antidote to Mr. Froude : at any rate his views cannot be quite the same, for he will take the trouble to see various sides of humanity. He is a dear old man, full of contradiction, and very snappish when he chooses, but most good-hearted : he has a wealth of human kindness welling up out of his rugged nature.

We had heard of his masterful ways and inclina-



tion to seek amusement in jokes upon his companions, and we got an opportunity of delivering a thrust upon him very early in the day.

On his way here (to Government House) in the post-cart his portmanteau, containing his manuscript on South Africa, dropped out, was left on the road, and was brought in subsequently intact. Here was our opportunity. We professed doubts about his getting it again, the probabilities of the contents of the manuscript appearing daily in a broadsheet of the local paper, and succeeded in putting Mr. Trollope into a frenzy of excitement. He turned on Major Lanyon ferociously and said hard words of post-carts, drivers, governments, and finally of Administrators, till at last I let him know it was all a hoax, and that his precious manuscript was safe; whereupon his wrath fell on my devoted head; but in the middle of his anger he burst a-laughing immoderately.

He has a white beard, a rugged red face, and is highly peppery, but he is as good as gold, I am sure.

We have been at war ever since we met, and have been making fun of each other. My last story about him has made him very irate. I represented him as coming weary and faint into Kimberley, suffering from pains inside from too long fasting, that we prescribed a hot bath for him, and that he got into a large bath filled with water, but neglected to put an elbow in first to estimate the temperature. No sooner was he in full length than he found the water too hot, and being too faint to get o shout out for assistance. Upon which



and as the readiest means of helping him, turned the bath over on one side and landed him on the floor.

This story was so nearly correct that he has been engaged in hitting out right and left whenever he gets an opportunity, and as he has a very ready tongue, he has kept our party uproariously merry. I have been to three parties since he has been here to meet him—the Lords', the Matthews', and the Barrys'—and he has kept us alive. He goes on to-morrow to Bloemfontein, and expects to be in England on January 10. He has asked me to come home in the same steamer with him, and perhaps I may be ready to do so. I should like it, for he is so exceedingly amusing and original.

He tells us that at home he rigorously writes four pages of the novel then in hand early in the morning before breakfast: each day the same amount. I asked him if his characters were to him alive and had wills of their own, but he would not allow this. They were all strictly under his control. He seems in this respect just the opposite of Walter Besant, who told me several times about the lively action of his characters, who come before him, and act and talk quite irrespective of his control. He said that sometimes for minutes even up to an hour, they would talk on such trivial matters that he would not write them down, but had, all the same, to wait, for they would not skip what they had to say. I have asked other novelists and dramatists and I fancy that Besant's mental pictures are not peculiar to himself, but that they belong to one of the phases incidental to certain minds. Trollope has nothing of this sort,

he laboriously works out all his details ; he places himself high—he classed himself the other day with Lever, Thackeray, and Dickens, as the exponents of four styles of writing. Putting on one side the writings, so far as the authors go, I should infinitely prefer Trollope to any of the others. I have read my report on the Kimberley mine to Trollope and he likes it.

It is really getting very hot and dusty and the drought continues—always drought. It is curious to see a dust storm coming up ; like a rain storm, but all red from the fine sand in the air. Every now and then there is a whirlwind, which is called here a “devil” ; it meanders about and gathers up all within its reach—tents and even tin houses.

I cannot think what has come over this country since the beginning of the century. We have all sorts of authentic accounts that in the early days there were fine springs at Griquatown, that the Molopo was a mighty river, and that all the country of Bechuanaland was well watered ; and one proof is the existence of trees. Young trees cannot grow readily in this dry air. Some people say it is the sheep that do it : the burning of the tall and rank grasses that protected the soil from the sun. How is the rain to be wheedled back again ? Can the sheep be restricted to parts of the country, and can parts be given up to forests and long grass so as to protect the soil ? Around Kimberley our land has been denuded of trees to feed the six hundred furnaces attached to the steam engines used at the mines.

It is amusing to find that some of the stories now



current in this country are similar to stories told over a hundred years ago by South African travellers. For example, Kolben tells a story of a Hottentot who was brought up entirely amongst white people from childhood, and who threw off his clothing directly he saw brother Hottentots in their karosses. Again, the story of a snake with a carbuncle or diamond in his head is an old story found last century at Samos in the Levant. I find that there was a tribe of Chiri-griquas in South Africa early in last century, so that, after all, the Griquas may not be merely half-castes, though their head men certainly are.

*Thursday, October 25.*—I have completed my report for the Kimberley Mining Board, and it has been printed in full in the local papers. I had to be very severe all round, and one of the newspapers compares my report to a torpedo, blowing up everything in its vicinity. The leading articles, however, in all the papers are most complimentary. The Mining Board have sent me two hundred guineas for my services, which the Government allow me to receive. I am offering £50 to the Society of Arts for a prize essay on diamonds, if they will undertake the business.

The first thirty of my land recommendations have come back from Sir Bartle Frere approved.

*Saturday, October 29.*—To-day Major Lanyon asked me if I would be inclined to take the duties of Colonial Engineer here, in charge of the Mine, at £2000 per annum with a seat in the Legislative Council: of course, this was only to know my mind and not a definite proposal. I said, after having







A STREET AT THE DIAMOND BUILDING. 1876

inquired into the disputes now raging over the Mine that I did not think that I could accept it. He said that he would only ask me to undertake it for six months. Evidently my report on the Kimberley Mine is appreciated.

I am now taking up several matters to arbitrate on, but they are all cases in which one side is represented by the Government, the other side consenting to my decision.

*Sunday, November 4.*—I am sitting at the open window of my little room, writing a Masonic lecture to be given next Thursday, but I must stop a while to tell you what I see out of my window.

My room lies at the back of the Government Offices and I look out upon an unenclosed yard. I see a few corrugated iron houses, like those at the gun-cotton works, Waltham Abbey, one tall gum-tree in the distance, and one little gum-tree about ten yards off. There are a few ivy creepers spreading over the iron buildings, and a few tufts of weeds grow here and there, for this month corresponds to May with you, the sun is shining brightly and I am sitting in my shirt sleeves.

It is Sunday morning, and the bells have not yet begun to ring for service, everything is quiet. All I hear, now and then, is the crowing of a cock or the buzzing of a fly.

As I look up I see three figures in the yard, an Indian woman and two little girls pulling up weeds. The woman has her head tied up, but the children have theirs surrounded by most glorious masses



of matted jet black hair. They have funny ragged clothes on, made of bright coloured cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, and silver bangles. They are picking up a morning salad. At first I thought that they were gipsies. Their hair being long and straight distinguishes them from the curly headed Kafir children. They have no business to be about this yard, and when they saw me they were much alarmed, and the woman went quietly away, but the children looked up and when they saw I was not angry they smiled so sweetly and reminded me of — so that I would not tell them to go away, and they went on picking up all the weeds they could find. Poor little things, they are coolies from India, and their parents have probably come up from Natal recently.

You would laugh if you saw them dressed up in pocket handkerchiefs. They are quite covered up, for the coolies here do not go naked as the Kafir children do. A handkerchief in front and one at back over the shoulders, tied in at the waist, and then two or three to make up a skirt.

And where do you think some of the people live? They live in houses made of jam pots. They take the tin jam pots, beat them out flat, fasten them together and sheet over their houses with them; and then you see a bright silver looking house, glowing dazzling in the sunshine.

I have had a meerkat given me, with quite a long tail, and I am to take it home for you all. Mrs. Barber who is very fond of animals, and very kind, is taking care of it for me. I went to tea with her the other evening and she gave me some nice

cakes and I ate a good many. Then some more visitors came in, and I went away, and while she was feeding the meerkat she looked up to them and said, "Bother that brute Warren, he does eat such a lot." Of course, it very soon came round to me that Mrs. Barber had called me a brute because I ate so many of her cakes. I took it as one of the usual stories afloat, but when I next saw her I told her what had been imputed to her. At first she was very indignant, but suddenly she said, "But now I recollect I really did say it. I call the meerkat 'Warren,' and was abusing it for eating so much."

Yesterday was Guy Fawkes day, and some Capetown Boys went round in masks playing the fiddle, and the fool, and they had a guy tied on to a horse.

*Tuesday, November 6.*—I have sent in my report on Waterboer and have now to settle the Griqua claims and the Vetburg line, and that is about all, and I hope to leave Capetown for England about the middle of December, unless some new work is sprung upon me. Next Thursday I give a Masonic lecture, and some time I have to go down to Griquatown again to help Major Lanyon about some trouble outside my land business, though connected with it. I am often called on to assist the Executive Council, because I have got intimately acquainted with many things in examining into land matters and conferring with everybody.

The drought here has partially broken-up and we have had fine showers, but nothing like the rains in the Mediterranean.

I have not got any ostrich feathers yet, I do r



want to buy anything of that sort with uncertain prices till all my work is done. I should like to get some diamonds here, but do not like to buy them. The other day I was looking at some large parcels of diamonds, when the owner took out a funny looking broken piece and wanted me to keep it as a specimen; I don't suppose it was worth thirty shillings, but I refused, and am glad I did so as I find that I should in some way have broken the law to have taken it without a licence.

*November 6.*—I am much disturbed about affairs in the Griquatown district; so many letters are coming to me from various quarters giving different aspects of the case, and putting blame here and there, but they all point to great discontent and disinclination on the part of the community to pull together and work for law and order.

The matter does not really touch on my affairs and yet it does seem absurd that I am to right the natives in their claims to land, and that they are to lose their property again for debts contracted before British law came into the country and when there were no means of enforcing payment.

These terrible *back* debts of the Griquas alarm me. Even so far back as fifty years ago they must have been a difficulty, for my father mentions the "fondness of the Griquas for dress, waggons, horses, &c.; debts to the Boers for these articles": and now we are assisting the Boers (and British traders too) to come down upon these people for debts contracted when they had no means of enforcing payment in full. Why! of course the debts have been



piled on! I have asked whether the magistrates cannot be empowered to compromise these claims by the debtors compounding for three or five shillings in the pound, but the majesty of the law must not be interfered with, and I had better stick to my own business. I am sure that Lanyon is sympathetic, but he seems to be nowhere in front of the law.

The resident magistrate says that he is acting strictly in accordance with our law, and is guided by an opinion of the Attorney-general. Yet some of the rates of interest for back debts are so exorbitant (15 to 20 per cent. or more) that in many instances the interest far exceeds the debt, and I have seen one heavy bill against Waterboer which was quite a small sum when originally contracted, some sixteen years ago: I feel sure that such debts should not be enforced in full against these people. Something must be done to remove the present tension, and I am after asking Major Lanyon to go down to Griquatown himself to look into matters. I have asked that something may be done in the interest of the natives concerning their back debts and the enormous rates of interest charged. I am told that Waterboer's liabilities do not amount to more than £3000, but I fear that much heavier claims have yet to come in.

Then again there are the enormous survey expenses for erven, no less than £2 2s. for each allotment, though they are simply rectangles on plan, and are not marked out in detail on I propose that the expenses should n

five shillings an erf, but the Surveyor-General says that the charges are in accordance with Ordinance 20 of 1874, and Major Lanyon can see no way out of the difficulty, as the survey has been made and must be paid for.

It is mortifying to notice the change that has come over our dealings with native tribes since the Cape Colony has had responsible government (December 1872). In the time of Sir Harry Smith (1851) the Griquas of Adam Kok's territory were permitted to sell their lands to the Boers, and with the money in their pockets they were given new lands (1863) which they possess in Griqualand East to this day. They got more than they were entitled to, but they had to give up their lands under pressure. Now the Dutch view prevails.

In Waterboer's country the Griquas, under their laws, were not permitted to sell their lands—but here comes in the anomaly: Cornelius Kok, a sub-captain of Waterboer, ignored these rules and the Griquas sold their lands in his portion surreptitiously and these sales the Land Court upholds as valid: but the natives who have stuck to their lands in Waterboer's country and who have abided by their laws, have had their land claims disallowed on the plea that they are nomads, and all their lands become Crown lands; so that actually according to this Dutch view, the only property a native can have in his land is when he parts with it.

There ought to be a very high and responsible official to protect and look after natives on behalf of the Crown; for after all the Crown has to "pay

the piper " in the end, and unfair treatment of the natives leads to expenses. I suppose that the High Commissioner really is the protector of natives on a large scale, for his authority goes beyond the Colonies, but he has no money to spend on such matters outside the Colonies, and in the Cape Colony he has no direct control over the natives except in Basutoland : and he has no assistants for the work and no legal adviser except the Attorney-general put in by a Boer majority.

Here is a subject for " Notes and Queries."



## CHAPTER XXI

*Monday, November 12.*—My office is now very full of people each day, I am so chock full of work, that the lawyers have to arrange their times so as not all to come together. A funny misunderstanding with one of them arose a few days ago. He had made a mistake which I corrected and then he observed, "We live and learn!" I completed the quotation as I have always heard it, "and die fools at last!" upon which he became huffy, and our negotiation did not prosper. Next day one of the others said that he was much offended because I had called him a fool, and when I explained that I had only completed his own quotation they were highly amused. He soon appeared quite mollified and ready to complete our business.

A skating-rink has been started in the theatre, and we are to have it once a week, in future, for skating. At present we are all novices, and I have been tumbling about for two hours, getting possession of my legs, which are not so much under control as they would be on the ice. The judge and I are learning together, as we are both equally inefficient in this branch of skating.

*Monday, November 19.*—A telegram came to-day

from the Governor: "When will Warren have his report on Land Question completed? Can he be induced to go to the Transkei or Transvaal?"

So the war is over, I suppose, as the Transkei is where the fighting has been lately, and my work would, I imagine, be to settle the country. I don't think that I should care to take work under the responsible government of the Cape, I am sure it would be difficult; I don't know their views on native questions, or perhaps I do. I have replied that if it is land business I should prefer the Transvaal.

I start to-morrow for Langford near Hopetown, to get some porcupine hunting and canoeing on the Orange River, and to settle some land questions; of course, I put business last.

*Tuesday, November 24.*—I have been away for a week at Langford, and returned in the post cart; sitting for seventeen hours on top of the post bag containing your letters to me, and unable to get at them. Such circumstances must sometimes lead to highway robbery.

Captain Marshall, the Resident Magistrate at Langford, asked me to go down there and stay with him whilst I negotiated with the Albanian reservists about their farms in the Arnot Reserve.

He is a nice old man; was in the Cape Mounted Rifles and rose from the ranks, and is an honour to his corps. He is quite a soldier of the old school, prim, square shouldered, methodical, honest and true-hearted. He keeps tremendous order in his district, and is very much liked, I think.



I have had much trouble with the Reservists; they came to my office and were disagreeable and seemed to think that I was a Government official whom they could sit upon. I just let them know that I only did business with those who were willing to come to some understanding, and it ended by my turning one of them (Mr. Fincham) out of my office. He wrote a rather violent letter to the newspapers stating that if I came down to his farm he would hunt me like a porcupine on a moonlight night. He is a sporting fellow, I knew, and only had got a wrong view of things, so I thought I would have some fun with him. His sons also must be sporting young fellows (the eldest only twelve years old). They went out crow shooting the other day, came across a wolf, and, equal to the occasion, they shot him, and skinned him and brought his skin home.

I started on Tuesday for Langford in the post cart and arrived near Mr. Fincham's house, Witteputs, about 3 o'clock in the morning, on a brilliant moonlight night. I went over to his house and knocked until he came out; he looked very much surprised to see me at that hour. I said that I understood that he wanted to hunt me as a porcupine on a moonlight night, and that I had come over so that he might have an opportunity of carrying out his threat. After some little conversation he said that he only intended to convey that he would fight for his rights till he had not a shred on his back. I said that I did not intend to go into his land claims at 3 o'clock in the morning; I came to be hunted, and wanted him to make good his promises. After much



pressure he declined to hunt me, but asked me in to have a drink, and then we became good friends, and I had an early breakfast with him, or a late supper, as the case may be.

He showed me various things in his sitting-room and on the window there hung a "waxplant" which has beautiful waxen-looking flowers, but a real live plant.

[In August 1900, I passed the same house, and went in by the back entrance and asked to see the waxplant; it was some time before I could make them understand what I wanted, but at last the lady of the house realised what it was, and took me into the sitting-room and there was a waxplant in the window just as it had been some twenty-three years before; so much for continuity of custom. I then told her how I had had my supper with Mr. Fincham a quarter of a century before; she told me that she was daughter of Mr. Fincham, and that her father had been dead some years.]

On arrival at Langford I saw all the Reservists individually but refused to see them in a body. I saw them one by one, and took Mr. Fincham's case first, as he was one of the most tenacious of his views. It did not take us long to settle matters now we understood each other, and then the others, finding their spokesman had given in, soon came to terms, except rich old Rostoll, the pont keeper, who said that nothing would ever induce him to pay rents to Arnot. Then I said, "Capitalise at once, and you can pay to the Government." That was a way out of his difficulty and he has given in too.

It is a very important matter, as now the greater part of the differences between the English and Dutch are pretty well settled, and I shall have only the native claims.

Mr. Fincham was so pleased with the issue of everything that he sent his spring cart for me and carried me in triumph part of the way back to Kimberley.

I have had a charming stay at Langford; there were no porcupines, but a delightful canoe with a sail. The Orange River just now is very low, and there are streams in it as rapid as in the Medway, and here and there still, pretty pools of water. The wind comes down the bank in gusts, and makes sailing somewhat dangerous. Just on the last day I was caught in a squall, upset, and down I went in about five feet of water. The sheets, which are just pieces of whipcord, twined round my ankle, and I was dragged under with my head below the surface. I had to get down and unfasten myself, and then, after a very long breath, got up to the surface much relieved. Then I dived down to try to get the heavy metal ballast out of the canoe, but failed to do this; it will require another man to help. It must be done at once in case the river were to come down. I had no difficulty in swimming and wading to shore. Captain Marshall had prognosticated that I should be cap-sized by a gust of wind, and seemed rather pleased than otherwise. He tells me that the springbucks sometimes pass the Orange river in vast multitudes, and when the river is strong they reach the other bank exhausted; then the farmers knock them on



the head with sticks and there is a great slaughter. They kill them for the skins only, a great part of the meat is wasted, there are not enough natives about to eat it all.

Griqualand West has been treated differently to other parts of South Africa. Elsewhere the Europeans have taken up land, and when they are settled down they have their farms surveyed at their leisure, but here the farms have been surveyed by the Surveyor-General *en bloc*, and every one taking up land must pay for the survey. The cost is about £10 per 1000 morgen.

There are very great advantages attendant on this arrangement. The farms are all made nearly of one uniform size, never much less than 3000 morgen and seldom more than 4000 morgen. There is no conflict about boundaries, and thus litigation is eliminated in that respect. Again, there is no question about titles, and in buying and selling all that is necessary is to transfer the land in the Registry Office, so that legal expenses are reduced to a minimum.

On the other hand, it may be some years before all these farms are sold, and in the meantime the farm beacons may become lost, and farms may be bought on paper which cannot be found on the ground, for there are often no very prominent features on the ground for miles.

Time only will show whether this system now adopted is a good one, but if the lands could be taken up at once there can be no doubt of its advantage. Under the Boer system of taking up land there may



be litigation as to boundaries on all sides and some farms are often of enormous size.

The way in which farms are taken up are as follows: the immigrants select their homesteads at convenient spots some four or five miles apart and then there is an "inspection," when a man rides out from the homestead east, west, north and south at a foot pace each way for half an hour; this is supposed to give a farm of about three miles square, or 3000 morgen (nine square miles).

The lands of these several farms sometimes overlap, but more often they do not, at first, and there is vacant land in between, which the farmers "jump," shifting their beacons year after year, until at last their respective beacons overlap each other and there is a squabble and a lawsuit.

The difficulties connected with the Vetberg line did not turn out to be so insurmountable as might have been expected. There were 39 farms in dispute, 17 under Orange Free State titles and 24 under Waterboer's Albanian leases. They were all in appeal, as their boundaries overlapped, and they all seemed to be guaranteed by Proclamation 72. It is true that the judge of the Land Court had laid down a rule that the Orange Free State titles should take precedence of all others, but it was generally supposed that this judgment would be upset on appeal, because Waterboer was recognised by the Crown as the Paramount Chief, and the most that can be said for the Orange Free State titles is that the farms were bought surreptitiously from Griquas who had no power to sell, or had been

"jumped" without sale; and the only real claim that could be advanced was occupancy. In fact preference could only be advanced for the Orange Free State titles because that Government had been the stronger, and had crushed out the tenants of Waterboer. In this the ancient law of "might is right" had been followed. The Griquas turned out the Bushmen, the English of Albania ousted out the Griquas, and the Boers have turned out the English. And the judge of the Land Court upheld the latter action. The judge recognised both sets of titles, but the British farm claims were to be *subject* to prior claims of the Boer farmers under Orange Free State titles.

I found that the greatest antagonism existed between the two parties, and that a system of mutual annoyance had been persisted in to such an extent for so many years, that the British and Boers could not even meet together to discuss their affairs without danger of coming to blows.

It was hopeless trying to induce them to make any mutual concessions, as both sides had their boundaries guaranteed by the British Government, and it seems equitable that the Provincial Government should give land elsewhere to recompense those dispossessed on either side. After all, so far as money value is concerned, the land in dispute is a very small matter, nothing compared to the loss of quit-rent and impoverishment of the people from their lands being in the hands of the lawyers for so many years.

I found that while the Boers seemed to be most



tenacious as to their boundaries, the British were disposed to be content with a land equivalent at a reasonable rental elsewhere. The Boers were paying £1 per 1000 morgen on their farms, while the British were paying £5 per 1000 morgen on theirs in Albania, but the Boers were willing to pay the higher rate for any overlaps beyond the Vetberg line; so we have settled the matter on these lines, all except one case which must go on to appeal because the land was awarded by mistake to the mortgagee.

*December 3.*—The Natal Survey has turned up again: I have received an official letter from the Colonial Secretary of Natal offering it me, and I have declined it. I see in the papers that Albert Hime, the Surveyor-General, stated that he knew me personally to be a good surveyor, as I had surveyed underground Jerusalem. The papers must have mixed up what he said. Of course I did a good deal of reconnaissance work in Palestine and surveys above ground, but in underground Jerusalem my survey work was principally grubbing about in narrow conduits and channels with a candle, compass, and tape, which is scarcely a qualification for a trigonometrical survey. It was nice, however, to see Hime's references to me; I missed meeting him when I passed Durban, and he has written to say that he cannot come to visit me here as he is so busy.

*December 11.*—I expect to get Sir Bartle Frere's instructions as to my work in the Transvaal next week; he says that I may go to England for a month, but Lady Frere does not like the idea; and,



indeed, if all those troubles go on here and in the Transkei I cannot go, for if I am not employed in settling land matters in the Transvaal I ought to be in Transkei, which does not seem to be quiet yet. I expect to leave Kimberley for the Transvaal about the new year.

I am going to Griquatown with Major Lanyon on a special business which I have brought to his notice; it is not about my land question, but it is about the manner in which natives are treated in the Griquatown district.

*December 12.*—I have had an ominous letter from Lady Frere: it is very nice, but it is a blow to my hopes of getting home soon. She says that she is very anxious to know what I shall decide on, and is fully sure what it is, for that knowing the difficult work Sir Bartle Frere has had I must think every one who can assist him in his great work in this country ought, if possible, to aid; she knows that his great desire will be to keep all the good and able men he can! "We saw Mr. Trollope last week, and he seems to have greatly enjoyed his tour—you and he seem to have made a mutually pleasant impression on each other."

*December 20.*—We have returned from Griquatown. We were to have attended prize-giving at the High School at Barkly on our way back, but on arriving at Likatlong we found the Hart river in full flood, and had to wait for two days in the hot sun on the bank doing nothing. Thermometer 104° to 106° F. in the shade, and very little shade there was. At last I felt that I could remain idle no

longer, and announced my intention of swimming across with my clothes on my head, and walking in to Barkly to procure a raft for bringing over the Administrator. I had just made my preparations when we found the river was commencing to fall, and in a few hours it was fordable again: it rises and falls most rapidly.

I cannot say much about our visit to Griquatown, I was disappointed with the results. We went there in order that things might be put straight, but I do not think that very much was done. The subject bristles with difficulties. As the child says, "The world is hollow and my doll is stuffed with bran!"

This expedition to Griquatown was not so amusing as the last one. There were only two of us; the air of South Africa is charged with combustibles just now, and we were both thinking a good deal. Joseph Orpen, the surveyor, has made remarks about the native questions which are not pleasant; he knows the tribes in Basutoland and on the Eastern frontier very well, and he does not prophesy smooth things.

One of the questions which Lanyon and I have discussed a good deal is that of the responsibility that rests upon subordinates in times of crisis, and we differ a good deal.

We agree pretty well on the military side of the question: that you cannot, as a subordinate, go far in expostulating, however absurd and ridiculous your orders may seem to you to be—you must simply carry them out to the best of your ability.

But in civil matters it is different: but even here



there are limits. In one direction, if you simply carry out orders you become a mere machine, and are of little use to your superiors; in the other direction you may discuss matters to such an extent that you become a nuisance to your superiors. Our discussion lay between these limits. Is it better to be more nearly a machine or more nearly a nuisance, and though neither of us feels very certain of our grounds, yet Lanyon inclines rather to the "machine" side, while I incline to the "nuisance" side?

Of course so much depends on your position; we both agree that the higher you are up the less you can act as a machine.

For example. Suppose that you are an Administrator, and see that the line given you from the Colonial Office is injurious to the country and likely to land you in difficulties; how often may you bring this matter forward and get rebuffed? And are you at liberty at length to say that you cannot carry out a policy that you believe to be injurious? Then again, in matters with your Attorney-General. To what extent are you bound to take his advice on legal matters, if you do not agree with it? As a question in point. Ought Major Lanyon to push on the annexation of Griqualand West to the Cape Colony if he considers it detrimental to the welfare of South Africa? There cannot be a doubt that the Colonial Office (or rather, say the Government) wish to get rid of it. To what extent ought the Administrator to advise the Colonial Office that annexation is not expedient? I feel that Lanyon does not



lie on a bed of roses just now ; there are so many thorny points.

I hope that I have settled the Griquas' claims in a satisfactory manner, but it seems to me to be a most complicated subject. I think it doubtful whether they had the slightest idea that the Chief and councillors were making a cession of that portion of Griqualand West lying west of the Vaal and Hart rivers ; I believe that they were not at any time asked their opinion in open Raad, and that they actually for several years after the cession were led to suppose, both by Waterboer and his councillors, that this portion of the territory had not been given up ; that Waterboer still remained the chief of the Griquas, and that the rule of the British Government at Griquatown was an encroachment on Waterboer's authority, and in contravention of the agreement. To such an extent did the idea prevail that even after the sitting of the Land Court in 1875, Waterboer still held his courts at Griquatown (close to the magistrate's office), and was in the habit of giving out farms at ten shillings each to any natives who were foolish enough to apply for them. I think that the dislike of the Griquas to the British Government is in a great manner due to this deceitful conduct of Waterboer.

In dealing with the land claims of these people I have taken the two lists which Waterboer put in before the Land Court, signed by himself and his councillors, and have recommended every Griqua claimant a farm. These claims amounted in all to about 200, and I found that there was a quit-rent on

them of £5 per 1000 morgen ; this seemed to me to be too high, and after consulting with the Executive Council as to what they would approve of, and with the attorneys of the Griquas what they would accept, I have recommended all these farms at £3 per 1000 morgen. I am, however, of opinion that for the prosperity of the country these quit-rents should be reduced to £1 per 1000 morgen as soon as practicable. It seems to me that the simplest method would be to pass a Bill through the Legislative Council, reducing the quit-rent on the land throughout the province to £1 per 1000 morgen from January 1, 1878, provided the owners agree to certain conditions regarding occupation and improvements somewhat similar to those already in force on some of the farms in Natal and the Cape Colony, and under such arrangements as will ensure the farms being in the hands of *bonâ fide* farmers, and not in the hands of speculators who have so much to do with the land question of Griqualand West.

In addition to these claims before the Land Court, about 170 claims have been sent to me, and for which no proof of former occupation can be shown ; they are said to be based on so-called "Burgher rights" of the individuals, but the applications seem to me to have been arranged as a land speculation by enterprising persons, one of whom I found had entered into an agreement to receive £20 on every farm, should the land be granted.

As I have no power of a court to sift the validity of the claims I have recommended locations to be granted at once to all these persons, of the ground



on which they are now living, with the intention that if they are found to be inclined to industrious habits, and desirous of improving their lands, it will be for the consideration of the government whether hereafter they are granted to them. I have also recommended that the natives who have no claims to farms may at once be awarded locations sufficient for their use ; and also, having in view the fact that many of the natives to whom farms are awarded will certainly sell them, that locations should be reserved for them as soon as they have spent their money and have become destitute.

I have further recommended that any Griqua who has no farm awarded to him shall have a water erf allotted to him.

This, I think, will entirely remove all prospect of grievance on the part of these natives.

The following account will give some idea of the condition of land in Griqualand West ; a reference to the maps will show the distribution.

A morgen is a little more than two acres.

White settlers occupy all the land east of the Vaal river except the Pneil Mission Station . . . . .	Morgen	1,568,000
White settlers west of Vaal River . . . . .		616,000
Total lands occupied by white settlers . . . . .		2,184,000
Total lands of Griqualand West . . . . .		5,696,000
Lands available for natives, &c. . . . .		3,512,000
	Morgen	
Lands recommended as farms to natives . . . . .		803,000
Native locations—recommended . . . . .		660,000
		<hr/>
		1,463,000
Unoccupied lands, available as Crown Lands		<u>2,049,000</u>



The total permanent native population in Griqualand West is estimated at 21,000, and allowing about ten natives on each white farm, and thirty more on each native farm, we account for about 10,000 natives, leaving about 11,000 to be provided for. Of these about 7000 had been already located between the Vaal and Hart rivers. The locations seem, then, to be more than sufficient, but there are plenty of unoccupied lands should more be required. At present the locations are not nearly occupied to their full extent.

I very much doubt whether British law is suitable to native tribes in a transition condition. You may say that we are usually successful in our treatment of natives, but I think that that is due to the British man and not to the British law. An Englishman has individuality and strikes out a line for himself and can thus cope with difficult native questions, but saddle him with an Attorney-General in native affairs and he is a lost man.

I much doubt whether our people realise what sterling qualities many of the Hottentots and Griquas possess; we look upon them as drunken, lazy, insolent vagabonds: and so they are now. But how much of all this is due to our own teaching? Some of the old-established colonists speak in the highest terms of these people as servants and farm assistants, so long as they are kept away from drink; but they say that our administration of British law has injured them. They are not fit for the full liberty of action which our law allows, and, consequently, they get into all kinds of difficulties. The

liberty and licence on the Diamond Fields is also answerable for much.

Like many other half-civilised people they speak the truth in a certain way, and they keep their promises. In fact, in some respects they are far more truthful than we are, particularly as to a bargain. They always expect the European rigidly to keep to his side of the bargain however they may infringe on their side. This is to be expected as they look upon Europeans as a superior race.

Half the difficulties which occur with Hottentot servants arise from a misunderstanding on this one point. A native agrees with you to work at a certain rate of pay per diem. He gets drunk, loses a day, and you fine him one or more days' pay. This he resents, and he watches his opportunity of paying you out for what he considers a breach of the agreement. The result is that you, in the end, lose ten times as much as you would have done by overlooking his fault.

All the people I have met, who have been successful with their natives, are of the same opinion. They overlook their faults if they possibly can, but bring the faults home to them in some kindly way; for these people can be touched by kindness.

Moffat gives some notable instances of the happy results of kindness after faults have been committed, and he was looked up to by the natives. Colonel Anthony Durnford has the same faculty for acquiring influence over natives by kindness. They recognise at once when kindness proceeds from strength of character and when it proceeds from weakness.



It is hopeless, with the present condition of liberty at our Diamond Fields, to better the natives about here, but it is quite possible to see that with just laws and a highly positioned native protector we might again have faithful native servants and farm assistants.

After all, the very thriftless condition of the Griqua proceeds from a virtue—hospitality !

A true Griqua will share his last crust with his friends, and when his friends are numerous and lazy, his last crust is very soon reached.

I begin to doubt these small locations : yet so much is said in favour of them that I feel I do not know enough to rely on my own judgment. We shall know better a few years hence when we compare the Grikwas of Griqualand East with those of Griqualand West : for the systems adopted in the two cases differ essentially.

*December 25.*—This is Christmas Day. A queer, unearthly kind of Christmas it is for us all ; a public holiday it is supposed to be, but we are all so busy with work that the public offices are open as usual ; the rumours of war are giving much extra work. It is abnormally hot, but just for an instant yesterday it really did look like Christmas, for a thunderstorm came on and for a few moments the ground was as white as snow, covered with large hailstones, and the air full of whiteness. But soon it was all gone and a seething hot-house vapour arose, a contrast to the dry heat we are accustomed to. I think everything is wrong just now ; I am getting tired of Griqualand or am out of sorts. I was looking at the



photographs to-day, and trying to get the children to smile as usual, but they all looked glum. I think it is this native business that is affecting us all, it begins to assume serious proportions, and we do not know where it will not turn up next or what preparations to make: so I shall be glad to be at active work again, and to do something to help to stem the torrent. At present I am completing my report on the land settlement here, which, I am glad to say, is nearly completed. There are a few tags to gather in.

I have had a nice letter from Sir Bartle Frere, and he has forwarded me a copy of a letter he has sent to Mr. Sargeaunt about my services here, and regarding my future work in the Transvaal.

“KING WILLIAM'S TOWN,

“December 5, 1877.

“MY DEAR MR. SARGEAUNT,

“Captain Warren has nearly finished his work in Griqualand West, and I have asked him before he returns to England to see you and Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and to explain to you the work he has been doing for us, first between Griqualand West and the Orange Free State, and latterly in unravelling the tangled web of land settlements in Griqualand West. You can have little idea of the mess in which Lanyon found everything relating to land and land tenures, when he took charge of the province, nothing was certain, nothing was settled, no one was safe, no one could make himself safe, or secure a good title, and this after vast expense in Land Commissions and Land Courts. Lanyon saw what was wanted, but he had not time

to do it himself, and was naturally anxious to have it done before he made over the province to the Cape Colony under whose rule there was little prospect of an early or a just settlement.

"He satisfied us that Captain Warren would do what was required splendidly and well, and he has more than fulfilled the expectation formed when Lord Carnarvon appointed him, and at very small expense compared with the benefit his settlements will confer on the security and value of the land property in the province, and on the public revenue at the same time.

"He will tell you himself what he has done and how and why he has done it. He seems to have the very rare talent not only of securing the confidence of his official superiors in the honesty and thoroughness of his work—which is not an uncommon quality in the Royal Engineers—but of gaining the confidence of all, white and black, with whom he has to deal, which I find is a very rare quality indeed in this country. So you will not wonder my thinking that he is the very man for Sir Theophilus Shepstone if he can get Lord Carnarvon to appoint him to report on and settle land claims in the Transvaal and leave to you a fair Public Revenue from your lands without disgusting the landowner, and to give the enhanced value attaching to your titles without filling the pockets of land-sharks and -jobbers at the public expense.

(Signed) "H. B. FRERE."

*December 27.*—"It never rains but it pours."  
The London and South African Exploration Com-



pany, through their manager, Henry Webb, have now written to ask me to give my professional opinion as to the best method of working the Du Toits Pan and Bultfontein Mines, for future guidance, and inquire if I can find time to make a full report thereon, especially as to the present system of working on the edge of the reef; and what restrictions in this respect should be imposed, if this method is as injurious as they believe it to be; also what plan I would recommend as a basis to work upon in the formation of internal and external roadways. I have replied that I cannot say what I may be able to do at the present moment, but that probably in a fortnight I shall know what my movements are to be, and that at the present I am just finishing my land report and too busy to take up anything extra.

*December 31.*—I wrote to you last mail in a very hipped style, finding fault with everything; I hope this time to be a little more reasonable, but the weather is very hot and there are no conveniences here to make the hot weather enjoyable. We have to shut our windows to keep out the dust storms, and the very candles by which we write bow down with disgust at the heat. To-day I saw a row of candles all ready for night use and they had curved over till the wicks were downwards; they looked very comical.

To-morrow I go with Major Lanyon to Barkly to see the river diggings for three days' outing, and come back for about two days—and then I shall have completed—but what next! There is another



view of affairs. If volunteers go from here I shall go with them !

I suppose that I have made some good progress here in my settlements, as a few nights ago Feltham told me that some people wanted to know if I would be insulted if I were asked to take charge of the Kimberley Mine at £3000 per annum. I said that I did not care to think about it as the work was not to my liking.

*January 1, 1878.*—I have heard from Ravenscroft dated Colombo, November. "I wonder if you would care to come here for the purpose of opening out the ancient cities of Anaradharpona and Pollinarniva. Something in this direction has been done by the Government architect, but it wants carrying out on a large scale. I was speaking to the Governor on the subject and I said that if the work was to be thoroughly done, we ought to obtain the services of a man like yourself—he said yes ! but I fear his price will be too high. I replied that if the work is to be done at all it would be found cheaper, and of course more satisfactory, to employ a thoroughly good and competent man than to potter on with one who is not thoroughly competent."

*January 3.*—I have had an interesting tour with Major Lanyon round the river diggings, about Barkly. Their glory has departed, but the diggers would not be behindhand in welcoming their Administrator, and he has been received with triumphal arches, and cheers and drinks, as befitting the reception of a popular Governor. He has made a great many neat little speeches, and it has all gone off well.

We went down some of the claims : they are just shafts in the boulder soil adjoining the river and remind me of my shafts at Jerusalem ; but these are not dangerous, though some of them are forty feet deep. It seems to me that they are groping in the dark, and that the only methodical method of examining the ground would be to turn it over, commencing at one point, going right along the river bank. Some miners also want to turn off the river and dig in the bed ; no doubt that will be done some day. But the whole question is whether the river diggings will pay now that diamonds are found so much now readily in the *matrix* itself at and around Kimberley. No one yet seems to know where the volcano is situated from which the diamonds of the river diggings have been brought.

Our constant topic of conversation is now the prospect of a native rising in the Eastern Province, and I hear many opinions ; of course, we have the Imperial view and the Dutch view, and I am bound to say that many English take the Dutch view, because they think that a Colony ought to settle its own affairs. But they want to direct their own native policy and then fall back upon British troops as soon as they are in difficulties. If all the people were English it would be a different matter, but at present it is the Boer riding the British hobby with his own spurs.

So long as the Cape Colony was a Crown Colony it was easy to prevent ourselves drifting very far into unknown difficulties, but what are we to do now with responsible Government ? It stands to



reason that the Colonial Government would not go so far in experiments on the natives if they had not British troops to help them, and if they really had to pay for the cost of the war. It seems to me quite certain that they would be more careful in their proceedings if they were entirely responsible. But as it is at present they benefit by war. Troops bring money into the country, and when the war is over they get the native lands.

It is a difficult millstone to see into; but this I can make out: (1) When the British Government has to pay for the cost of native wars and furnish the troops, it ought to be allowed the principal part in the guiding of the native policy. (2) The lands which are acquired at the end of the war, should be available for British immigrants, for they have been paid for with British money. (3) When the native policy is directed by the responsible Government the whole cost of the war ought to be defrayed by the Colony.

*January 7.*—The war cry is “over the Border!” At last my uncertainty is over. For the last month I have been longing to go south-east, but I thought my duty was towards the Transvaal; now, however, my Transvaal land business is postponed indefinitely, and I am told off for military duty as a volunteer, I am thankful to say. The war is not over after all: very far from over many suppose, and our little province of Griqualand West is going to the assistance of the Cape Colony. A mounted volunteer corps called the Diamond Fields Horse is to be raised, and I am to be Commandant. We take over several of the



volunteers from the Du Toit's Pan Hussars and Kimberley Light Horse, but very few of our men are mounted as yet, and we pick up our horses on the way down. Captain D'Arcey has gone down to Fauresmith to buy horses for us and we march there on foot.

My land settlement is all complete except the report and that still requires about ten days' work. It is a very lengthy report of about 26,000 words, exclusive of the tables, schedules, maps, &c., and together with my reports on each case will, if ever published, make a Blue Book of at least 200 pages.

This settlement ought to have been made in 1871, when the province was first annexed; if that had been done the native claims would now be a matter of the past and the country would be fully occupied; as it is we have some discontent, which no adjustment can now rectify. Anyhow things have been put on a proper footing. I am seeing Major Lanyon and the judge as to some berth for my clerk, Mr. W. H. Hutton. He has assisted me splendidly and would make a most valuable public servant, just the kind of man wanted here.

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